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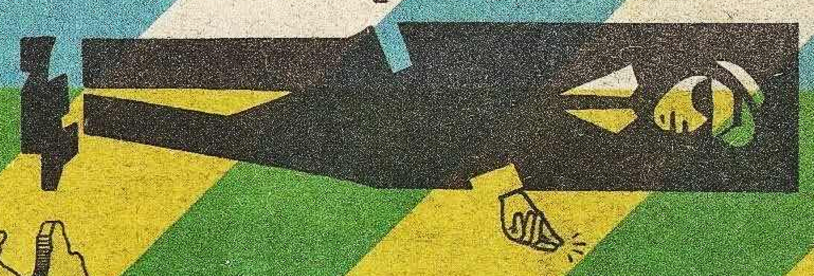

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NME CHARTS

Week ending December 22, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Another Brick In The Wall	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	3	1
2	(6)	Rappers Delight	Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)	3	2
3	(4)	I Only Want To Be With You	Tourists (Logo)	4	3
4	(2)	Walking On The Moon	Police (A & M)	4	1
5	(15)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	5
6	(5)	No More Tears	D. Summer/B. Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)	6	2
7	(23)	Have A Dream	Abba (Epic)	2	7
8	(20)	Day Trip To Bangor	Fiddlers Dram (Dingles)	2	8
9	(3)	Que Sera Mi Vida	Gibson Brothers (Island)	5	3
10	(19)	My Simple Heart	Three Degrees (Ariola)	3	10
11	(13)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	6	8
12	(9)	Nights In White Satin	Moody Blues (Deram)	3	9
13	(11)	Union City Blue	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	11
14	(8)	Confusion	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	4
15	(7)	When You're In Love	Dr Hook (Capitol)	10	1
16	(—)	John I'm Only Dancin' (Again)	David Bowie (RCA)	1	16
17	(27)	Living On An Island	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	17
18	(24)	Wonderful Christmas Time	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	2	18
19	(12)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen (EMI)	9	4
20	(22)	Rockabilly Rebel	Matchbox (Magnet)	5	20
21	(30)	Is It Love You're After	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	4	21
22	(18)	Diamond Smiles	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	14
23	(10)	Complex	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	5
24	(14)	Still	Commodores (Motown)	7	3
25	(—)	Tears Of A Clown	Beat (Two Tone)	1	25
26	(29)	My Feet Keep Dancing	Chic (Atlantic)	2	26
27	(16)	It's A Disco Night	Isley Brothers (Epic)	6	13
28	(—)	London Calling	Clash (CBS)	1	28
29	(—)	Blue Peter	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	29
30	(—)	Christmas Wrappin'	Kurtis Blow (Mercury)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Brass In Pocket — Pretenders (Real).
I'm Born Again — Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa).
It's My House — Storm (Scope).
Please Don't Go — K.C. and the Sunshine Band (T.K.)
Working For The Yankee Dollar — Skids (Virgin).
With You I'm Born Again — Billy Preston & Syreeta (Motown).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 21, 1974

1	Lonely This Christmas	Mud (Rak)
2	Streets Of London	Ralph McTell (Reprise)
3	Wombling Merry Christmas	The Wombles (CBS)
4	You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet	Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
5	You're The First, The Last, My Everything	Barry White (20th Century)
6	Get Dancing	Disco Tex & The Sex-O-Lettes (Chelsea)
7	The Inbetweenies/Father Christmas Do Not Touch	The Goodies (Bradley)
8	My Boy	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	Down Down	Status Quo (Vertigo)
10	I Can Help	Billy Swan (Monument)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 22, 1969

1	Two Little Boys	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
2	Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town	Kenny Rodgers & The First Edition (Reprise)
3	Melting Pot	Blue Mink (Philips)
4	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
5	Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6	Suspicious Minds	Elvis Presley (RCA)
7	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell (Capitol)
8	Winter World Of Love	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
9	Tracy	Cuff Links (MCA)
10	The Onion Song	Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 25, 1964

1	I Feel Fine	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	Downtown	Petula Clark (Pye)
3	I'm Gonna Be Strong	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4	Walk Tall	Val Doonican (Decca)
5	Somewhere	P. J. Proby (Decca)
6	Yeh Yeh	Georgie Fame (Columbia)
7	No Arms Could Ever Hold You	Bachelors (Decca)
8	I Understand	Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
9	Little Red Rooster	Rolling Stones (Decca)
10	I Could Easily Fall	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2	Abba (Epic)	7	1
2	(2)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	1
3	(3)	Love Songs	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	4	3
4	(5)	20 Golden Greats	Diana Ross (Motown)	5	2
5	(4)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	11	1
6	(7)	The Wall	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	3	6
7	(8)	Night Moves	Various (K-Tel)	4	7
8	(11)	ELO's Greatest Hits	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	8
9	(6)	Rock 'n' Roller Disco	Various (Ronco)	7	4
10	(19)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	2
11	(10)	Lena's Music Album	Lena Martell (Pye)	10	4
12	(13)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	13	3
13	(9)	Setting Sons	Jam (Polydor)	5	6
14	(18)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	7	14
14	(—)	Peace In The Valley	Various (Ronco)	1	14
16	(17)	Greatest Hits	10cc (Mercury)	11	5
17	(12)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	9	2
18	(21)	The Specials	Specials (Two Tone)	8	8
19	(—)	20 Hottest Hits	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	1	19
20	(20)	20 Golden Greats	Mantovani (Warwick)	6	6
21	(15)	Crepes & Drapes	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	15
22	(24)	Metal Box	Public Image Limited (Virgin)	2	22
23	(—)	Tranquility	Mary O'Hara (Warwick)	1	23
24	(16)	Out Of This World	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	6	11
25	(—)	Sid Sings	Sid Vicious (Virgin)	1	25
26	(25)	Wet	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	5	20
27	(23)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	15	4
28	(—)	Bee Gees Greatest Hits	(RSO)	5	6
29	(—)	Outlandos D'amour	Police (A&M)	29	7
30	(28)	Echoes Of Gold	Adrian Brett (Casablanca)	3	22

UP AND COMING:

All Aboard — Various (EMI).
Fawlty Towers — Soundtrack (BBC).
Platinum — Mike Oldfield (Virgin).
Astaire — Peter Skellern (Mercury).
Chic's Greatest Hits — Chic (Atlantic).
London Calling — Clash (CBS).

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES show how modern popsters should look circa '65. Fifteen years later Smokey (second from right) cruises up the American charts while The Beat revamp an old Miracles hit into British chart life.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(2)	Escape	Rupert Holmes
2	(1)	No More Tears	Barbra Streisand / Donna Summer
3	(3)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band
4	(5)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
5	(6)	Send One Your Love	Stevie Wonder
6	(4)	Babe	Styx
7	(9)	Jane	Jefferson Starship
8	(13)	We Don't Talk Anymore	Cliff Richard
9	(13)	Do That To Me One More Time	The Captain & Tennille
10	(11)	Rock With You	Michael Jackson
11	(7)	You're Only Lonely	J D Souther
12	(17)	Coward Of The County	Kenny Rogers
13	(16)	Cruisin'	Smokey Robinson
14	(8)	Still	Commodores
15	(20)	Head Games	Foreigner
16	(19)	Cool Change	Little River Band
17	(15)	Take The Long Way Home	Supertramp
18	(25)	This Is It	Kenny Loggins
19	(26)	Don't Do Me Like That	Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
20	(28)	The Long Run	Eagles
21	(22)	I Want You Tonight	Pablo Cruise
22	(24)	Better Love Next Time	Dr Hook
23	(12)	Heartache Tonight	Eagles
24	(—)	I Wanna Be Your Lover	Prince
25	(18)	Half The Way	Crystal Gayle
26	(—)	Deja Vu	Dionne Warwick
27	(—)	Third Time Lucky	Foghat
28	(30)	Don't Let Go	Isaac Hayes
29	(14)	Dim All The Lights	Donna Summer
30	(—)	Damned If I Do	The Alan Parsons Project

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	The Long Run	Eagles
2	(2)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer
3	(3)	Cornerstone	Styx
4	(4)	Wet	Barbra Streisand
5	(8)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	Bee Gees
6	(6)	Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants	Stevie Wonder
7	(7)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
8	(—)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
9	(5)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
10	(12)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
11	(10)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
12	(14)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
13	(13)	Head Games	Foreigner
14	(9)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
15	(15)	Masterjam	Rufus & Chaka
16	(17)	Freedom At Point Zero	Jefferson Starship
17	(21)	Phoenix	Dan Fogelberg
18	(18)	Keep The Fire	Kenny Loggins
19	(12)	Rise	Herb Alpert
20	(20)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart
21	(25)	Night In The Ruts	Aerosmith
22	(16)	One Voice	Barry Manilow
23	(23)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
24	(19)	Ladies' Night	Kool And The Gang
25	(—)	Live Rust	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
26	(30)	Prince	Prince
27	(24)	Flirtin' With Disaster	Molly Hatchet
28	(22)	Dream Police	Cheap Trick
29	(—)	Hydra	Toto
30	(28)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1)	One Jah One Aim One Destiny	Hugh Mundell (Rockers)
(2)	Poverty	Michael Prophet (Freedom Sounds)
(3)	Tamarind Farm	Mighty Diamonds (Hot Rod)
(4)	Evil Woman	Delton Screechy (Nigger Kojak)
(5)	Dream Lover Baby	Jewels (Cash & Carry)
(6)	Can't Take Wha Happen In The West	Big Youth (Cash & Carry)
(7)	Your Man	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
(8)	Lambs Bread International	Welton Ire (South East Music)
(9)	Frog In The Water	Errol Scorcher (Tippa)
(10)	Superstar	Ranking Dread (Youghman Promotion)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: DADDY KOOL RECORDS
94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

* denotes import.

(1)	Jazz Carnival	Azymuth (RCA)
(2)	I Wanna Be Your Lover	Prince (WEA)
(3)	Rappers Delight	Sugarhill Gang (Sugarhill)
(4)	Christmas Wrappin'	Kurtis Blow (Mercury)
(5)	Music	Al Hudson (MCA)
(6)	Love Injection	Trussel (Elektra)*
(7)	Spacer	Sheila B Devotion (Car)
(8)	We've Got The Funk	Positive Force (Sugarhill)
(9)	Are You Ready	Billy Ocean (GTO)
(10)	It's My House	Diana Ross (Motown)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: QUICKSILVER SOUL SOURCE
36 Hanway Street, London W1

INDIES

(1)	Tears Of A Clown	The Beat (Two Tone)
(2)	Brass In Pocket	Pretenders (Real)
(3)	Guns of Navarone	Skatalites (Island)
(4)	Fall Out	Police (Faulty Products)
(5)	Louie Louie	Kingsman (Jerden)
(6)	Crawling From The Wreckage	Dave Edmunds (Swansong)
(7)	Gabrielle	Nips (Chiswick)
(8)	Dirty Water	Inmates (Soho)
(9)	Solitary Ashtray	Nik Turner's Inner City Unit (Riddle)
(10)	Just Can't Be Happy Today	Damned (Chiswick)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: ROCK ON
3 Kentish Town Road, London NW1

NEWS

DEBBIE HARRY and the rest of Blondie flew into London this week, at the outset of a UK visit lasting best part of five weeks. They'll spend the build-up to Christmas rehearsing, appearing on TV and radio, and tomorrow night (Friday) hosting a special music-biz party. Their Christmas Day plans are secret, but on Boxing Day they begin their round-Britain jaunt. See Gig Guide, page 55).

Blondie win on points

BLONDIE this week complete a remarkable double, emerging as the top singles act of the year in the *NME* Chart Points Table — having already secured the No.1 album of the year with 'Parallel Lines'. This LP was so far ahead of its rivals that it became a clear winner back in mid-October — but the race to capture the singles title has been very much closer.

Earth Wind & Fire were heading the table until four weeks ago, but then dropped out of the weekly Top Thirty, allowing Blondie to overhaul them — hotly pursued by Abba. So Debbie & Co finish an incredible year, as the most consistent sellers of both singles and albums — a double only previously achieved by Abba and The Beatles.

TWO MORE DATES have been added to the sell-out Blondie tour, both extra appearances at venues they're already playing. They go back to the Deeside Leisure Centre, near Chester, on January 19. And with their three London Hammersmith gigs (11-13) long since sold out, they're now returning to the Odeon on January 20.

For this extra Hammersmith show, 1,000 tickets are being reserved for members of the Blondie Fan Club, who should write direct to the club quoting their membership number — limited to two per person, make cheques and POs (at £4.75 per ticket) payable to "Blondie Fan Club", and enclose SAE. Remaining tickets are being sold at the box-office, priced £4.75 and £4.25 — but with all Blondie tickets at a premium (some are known to have changed hands at over £20 each), you'll have to be either quick or lucky to obtain any for this extra gig! At Deeside, all tickets are £4.25.

CLASH EXTRA

THE CLASH have added another batch of dates to their New Year tour, reported two weeks ago — at Canterbury Odeon (January 6), Crawley Lesiure Centre (11), Hastings Pier Pavilion (12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Leeds University (31) and Derby Kings Hall (February 21). Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2 at Canterbury, Ipswich and Aberdeen; £3 elsewhere.

Extra dates still subject to confirmation, but expected to be finalised, are at Bristol Locarno (January 13), Glasgow Apollo (22), Blackpool Tiffany's (24) and Portsmouth Locarno (February 12). The gig at Bradford St. George's Hall is brought forward from January 31 to 29.

These new bookings mean that original gigs at Bath Pavilion (January 11) and Taunton Odeon (12) are now cancelled, but they are being rescheduled for late February — when, in fact, a further week of dates is likely to be added.

MORE MADNESS IN THE STRAND

MADNESS are to headline an extra London concert during the holiday period — at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Friday, December 28. Support acts are Bad Manners, The VIP's and eight-piece all-girl band The Bodysnatchers. Tickets are on sale now, priced £3. This is in addition to the Madness gig at the same venue two days later.

THE SKIDS are playing a couple of home-town Christmas gigs this Saturday and Sunday (22-23) at Dunfermline Kinema, supported by Fingerprintz. Tickets are £2.25 (advance) and £2.75 (doors).

SQUIRE stage their Christmas party at London W.10 Acklam Hall tomorrow (Friday), aided by two support bands. Doors open 7pm, and admission is £2.

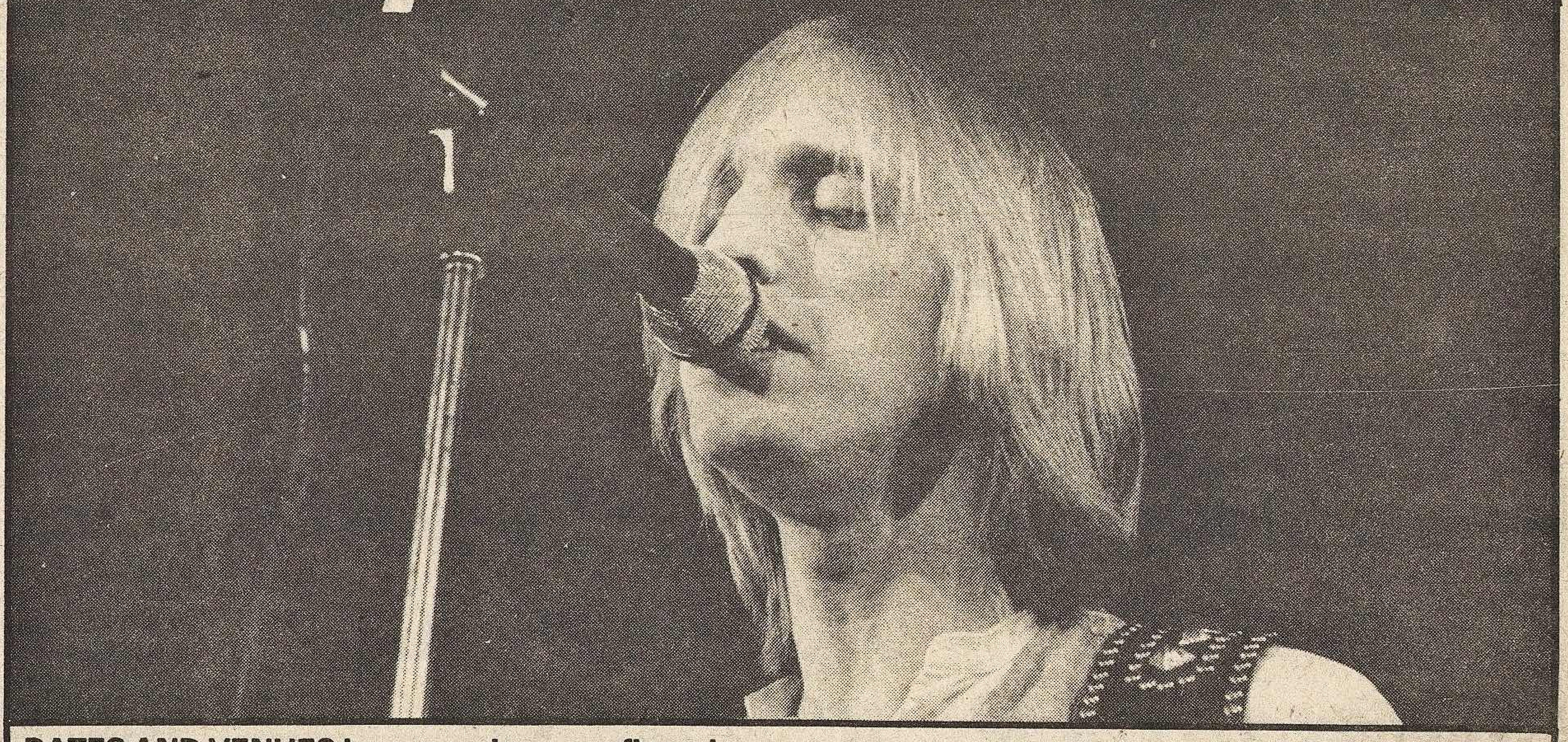
THE SELECTER have been booked as the headlining attraction at London Camden Dingwalls on New Year's Eve.

POLICE: toys for tickets!

THE POLICE have added an extra last-minute show to the tail end of their UK tour — it's a special London charity concert, with Squeeze as guest artists, and it takes place at the Lewisham Odeon this Saturday (22). It goes under the name of 'Regatta de Cats', but it's a gig with a difference, in that tickets may only be obtained in exchange for toys for Dr Barnado's Homes.

Capital Radio, who are co-organisers of the event, will be opening their foyer in Euston Road from 9.30 am today (Thursday) to accept toys and distribute tickets. There are 2,500 tickets available, but each applicant is restricted to a pair — and remember, you can only obtain them in exchange for toys.

Petty: 11 concerts

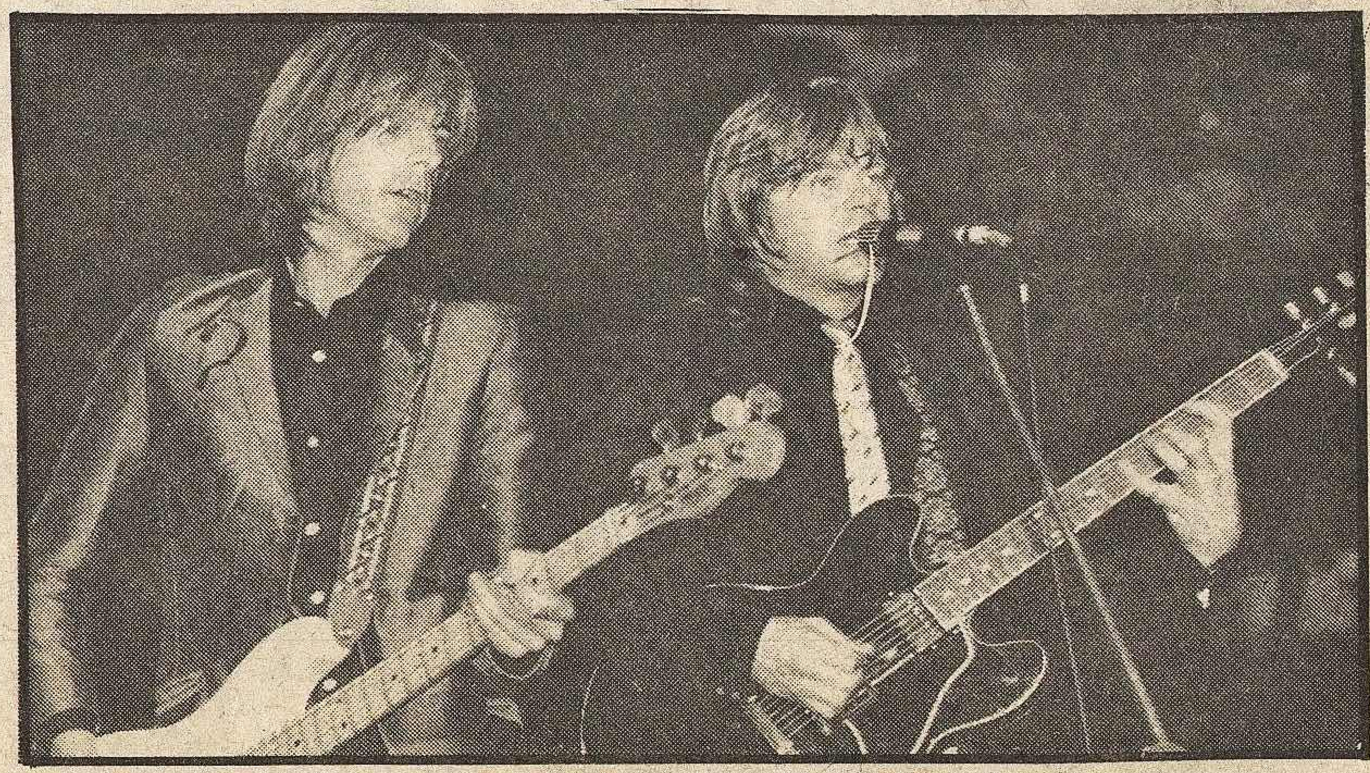


DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the 1980 UK tour by Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers. They visit Leeds University (February 22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Edinburgh Usher Hall (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Liverpool Empire (26), Brighton Dome (28), Southampton Gaumont (29), Manchester Apollo (March 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Birmingham Odeon (5) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6).

The tour, plans for which were revealed by *NME* in October, marks the band's first appearances in this country since Knebworth in the summer of 1978. It's unlikely that they will have a new album issued to coincide, as their latest set 'Damn The Torpedoes' was released only recently — but MCA are planning a new single.

Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, and readers should check with individual box-offices. They'll be on sale at all theatres, and through the usual ticket agencies, from January 2. Tour promoters are the MAM Agency, and it's possible that one or two more dates may be added, although these won't be announced until the New Year.

Rockpile rocking around



ROCKPILE — comprising Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe, Billy Bremner and Terry Williams — set out on a major 20-date British tour at the end of next month. And they'll be supported by Texas blues band The Fabulous Thunderbirds, making their first visit to this country.

Dates are Newcastle Polytechnic (January 25), Nottingham University (26), Exeter University (28), Reading University (29), Canterbury Kent University (31), Leicester Polytechnic (February 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2), Birmingham Top Rank (3), Keele University (5), Liverpool University (6), Bradford University (7), Lancaster University (8), Fife St Andrew's University (9), Aberdeen Fusion (10), Edinburgh Tiffany's (11), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (13), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (14), Brighton Top Rank (15), Uxbridge Brunel University (16) and Bristol Locarno (17).

Ticket prices are £2 advance and £2.25 on the doors (Newcastle, Exeter and Liverpool); £2.25 advance and £2.50 doors (Birmingham); £2.50 advance and £2.75 doors (Leicester); £2.50 advance and £2.80 doors (Uxbridge); £2.20 only (Nottingham and Reading); £2.30 only (Cromer); £2.50 only (Canterbury, Fife and Aberdeen); and £2.75 only (Bradford). At all other venues, admission is £3.

Dave Edmunds — who's had a highly successful chart year, culminating in the success of 'Crawling From The Wreckage' — will have a new single issued by Swan Song to coincide with the tour. The Thunderbirds recently had their debut album 'Girls Go Wild' released by Chrysalis.

- As reported, Rockpile also appear as special guests in the Wings charity concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 29.

DOZEN 999 CALLS

999 have now confirmed most of the dates and venues for their New Year tour, plans for which were reported last week. It's their first UK outing for over a year, and it includes two nights in London in early February. The schedule coincides with the mid-January release by Polydor of their third album 'The Biggest Prize In Sport' and new single 'Trouble'/'Made A Fool Of You'.

Dates set are Liverpool Eric's (January 24), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (26 and 27), Edinburgh Tiffany's (28), Sheffield Top Rank (29), Guildford Civic Hall (31), Cambridge Corn Exchange (February 1), Leicester University (2), London Camden Electric Ballroom (8 and 9), Brighton Top Rank (13) and Retford Porterhouse (15).

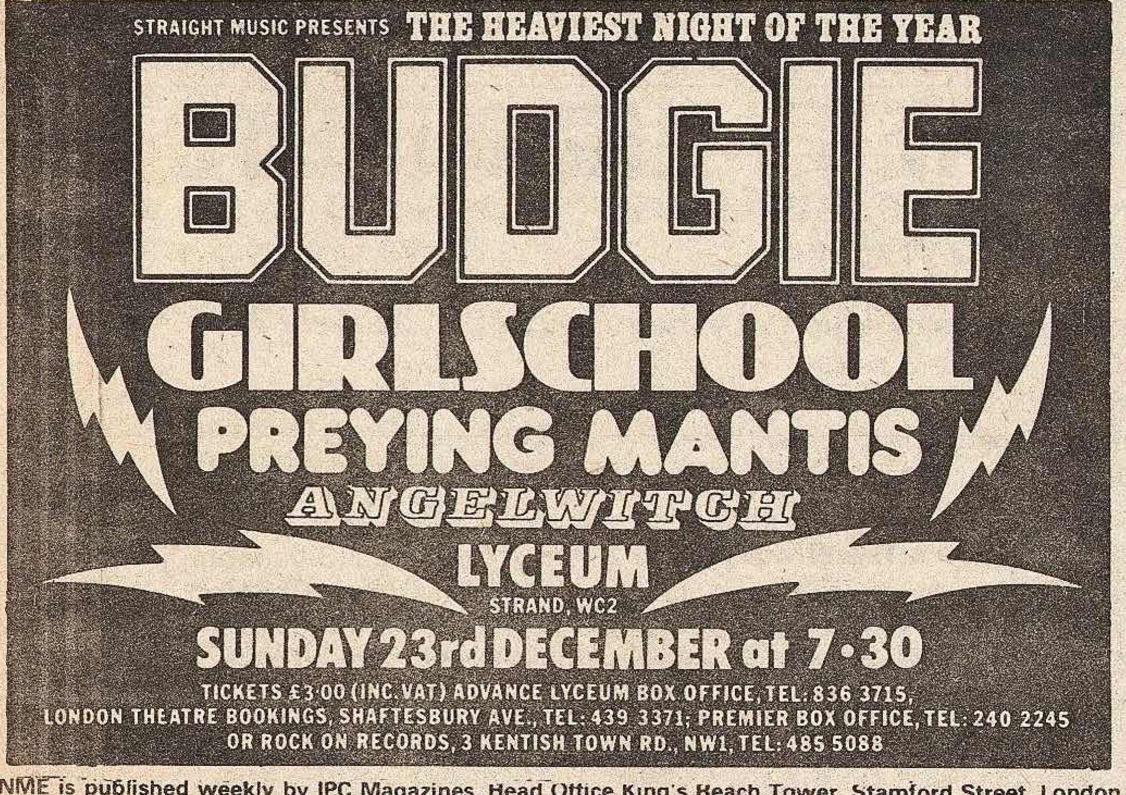
During the first part of January, 999 undertake short tours of Norway and Sweden; they interrupt their UK itinerary to spend five days (February 3-7) filming for American TV; and in the latter part of February they tour Germany and France. Then on March 1, they leave for their third U.S. tour — their longest yet, lasting over two months.

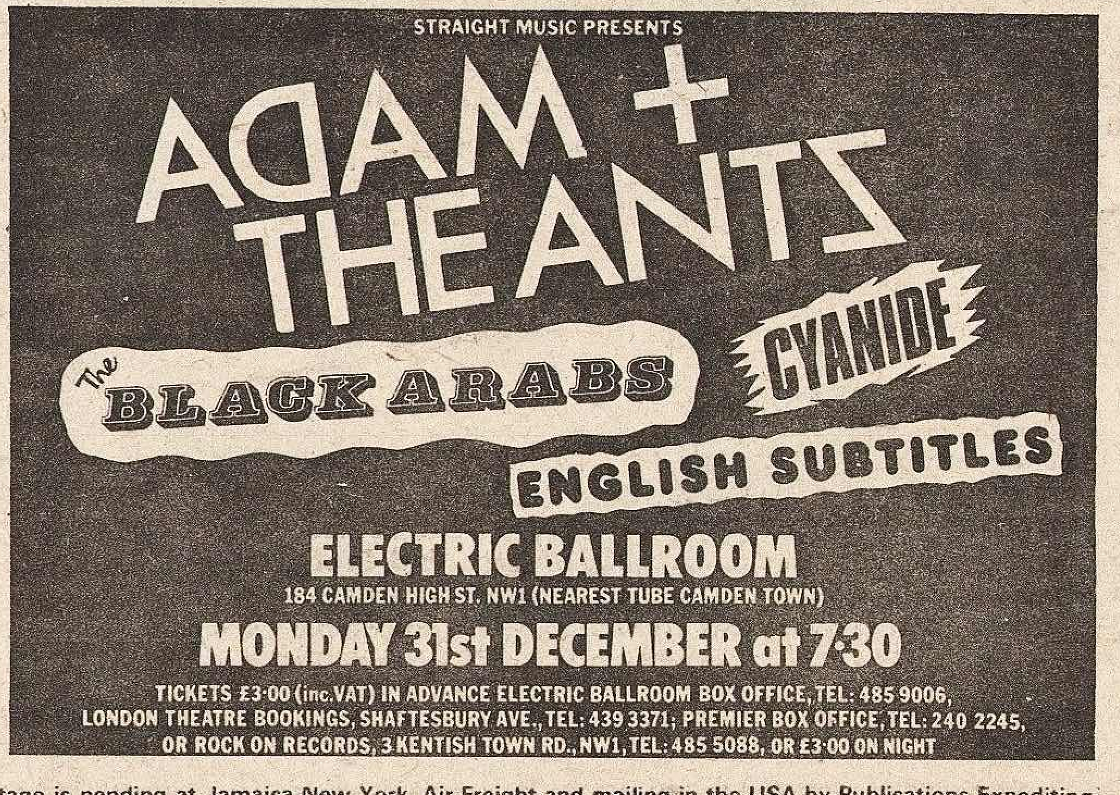
Their January releases are the first under their new deal with Polydor — their third label in six months. They were initially with U-A, then switched to Radar, but subsequently left that company when it was absorbed by a major label.

MANOEUVRES IN HEADLINE TOUR

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK, who've recently been playing support to The Talking Heads, are to headline their own tour starting at Liverpool Eric's on February 15 (other dates to follow shortly). It coincides with the release that month by DinDisc of their second single 'Red Frame, White Light', plus their debut album which is still untitled.

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS will headline their own 'Feeling The Power' tour early in the New Year, supported by two other bands and spanning a period of two months — details to follow shortly. Meanwhile the band play Dudley J.B's tomorrow (Friday) and guest with The Purple Hearts at London Camden Electric Ballroom on December 27.





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Pretenders: big tour to promote LP

THE PRETENDERS, whose debut album — with their name as its title — is released by Real Records (distributed by WEA) on January 4, will be promoting the LP by way of a major UK tour in the New Year. They'll spend most of January rehearsing for the outing, and are expected to go on the road early in February, with an American tour to follow the British dates.

Meanwhile, they play two Christmas specials at London Marquee this Saturday and Sunday (22-23) — tickets are £1.50 on the doors (1.25 members). The upcoming album contains 12 tracks, all new compositions by the band, except for the Ray Davies number 'Sobbing.'

Stranglers, Squeeze: ambitious 1980 plans

THE STRANGLERS, just finishing a Japanese tour, will be heading back east again in the New Year — this time performing in territories not normally visited by rock groups. They've been lined up for a string of concerts in India (Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi) during the second half of January, and it's believed the last Western rock band to play that country was Hawkwind ten years ago. They then go on to Thailand for concerts in Bangkok, before setting out on a more orthodox tour of Australia and New Zealand. It seems they were also being negotiated for a concert in Katmandu, but the idea had to be dropped because of the difficulty in transporting their gear over the Himalayas! Throughout their travels the band hope to find time to write material for a new album, which they'll start recording on their return home. There are, at present, no definite plans for British dates — but their spokesman said they are "thinking about doing some gigs, or even a tour, later in the spring."

Squeeze's CHRIS DIFFORD —in festive mood

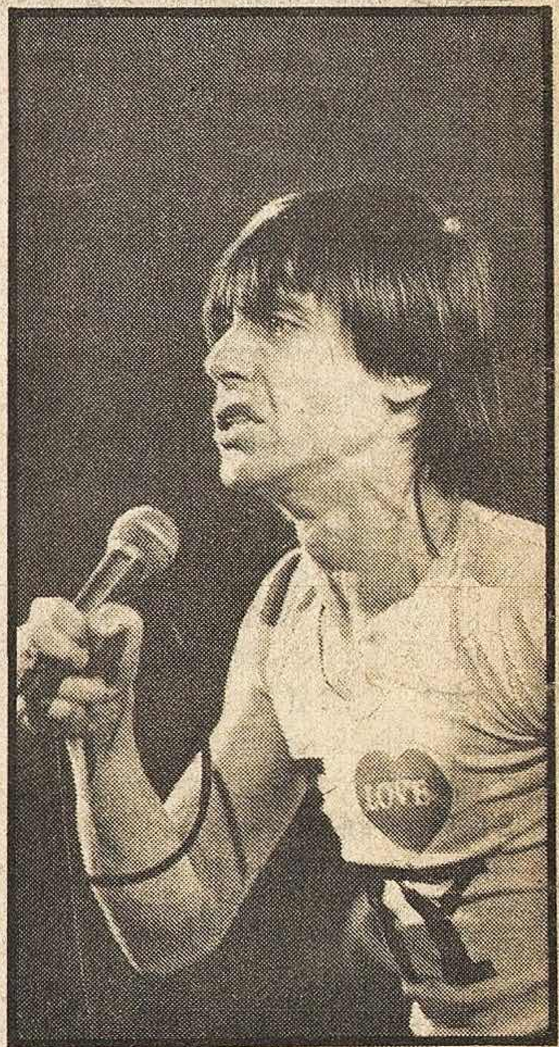
SQUEEZE — who, as reported two weeks ago, are being lined up for a month-long UK tour starting February 10 (details to follow shortly) — will be headlining another extensive British tour in the summer. And they also intend to play a number of open-air summer festivals. They say this is all part of their plan to compensate their supporters for cancelling so many dates this autumn.

In fact, the band have now virtually firmed up their schedule for the first eight months of 1980. They spend January touring Australia, then return home for the UK tour and the release of their new A&M album, now officially titled 'Argy Bargy.' A six-week American tour begins in mid-March, then they begin work on their next LP — and for this they've devised the unconventional plan of recording in a wharf, using mobile facilities! Their summer UK tour and festival appearances will subsequently take them through to the end of August.

IGGY HERE FOR FEBRUARY GIGS

IGGY POP returns to Britain in the New Year to headline a series of major concerts around the country, from Edinburgh to London. He'll be playing eight shows, starting in the first week of February, and full details of dates and venues — currently being set up by the MAM Agency — will be announced in our next issue in two weeks' time. He'll also have a new album released in January, as a prelude to the tour.

Right now, Iggy is in the process of finalising his backing band for the UK visit. He has recently been touring the States with a line-up which included Glen Matlock (ex-Sex Pistols and Rich Kids), Brian James (ex-Damned and now fronting his own outfit The Brains) and Ivan Krall from Patti Smith's group — but it's not yet clear if all, or any, of these will be backing him in Britain.



Roll-Ups back again

THE ROLL-UPS, the London band who built up a considerable following on the gig circuit prior to their break-up in 1978, have re-formed. They play their comeback gig tonight (Thursday) at London Canning Town Bridgehouse. and are currently being lined up for an extensive New Year tour. Original members Lea Hart (lead vocals and guitar) and Jeff Peters (bass and vocals) have now recruited two new members, ex-Grand Hotel guitarist Rob Green and ex-Giggles drummer Paul Simmons. And these four will be joined on live appearances by former Zaine Griff synthesiser player Bernie Clark. The Roll-Ups' first single 'Blackmail' is rush released on the Bridgehouse label this week, to be followed by their debut album 'Low Dives For Highballs' on January 18 — and they are currently recording an album in London with Joan Jett of Runaways fame.

The Bridgehouse label has big expansion plans for 1980, including worldwide distribution deals. Among other new releases are the singles 'Streetalk' by Rory Gallagher's former bassist Gerry McAvoy (out this week) and 'Jealousy' by London-based band Wasted Youth (January 18).

GAYE OPENS IN BIRMINGHAM

MARVIN GAYE has added another date to his UK tour, to compensate for the cancellation of The Biggest Disco In The World, in which he was to have appeared. That event was due to take place in Birmingham on January 19, and instead he'll now be playing his own show in that city on the same day — at the Odeon (tickets £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50). Edwin Starr supports, and this now becomes the opening date of Gaye's tour.

MORE TV HIGHLIGHTS

IN ADDITION to the holiday TV specials we've already reported, here are details of six more shows of which you may care to make a note:

- Repeat of the *Wings Over The World* documentary of the band's world tour (BBC-1, Christmas Eve at 2.40 pm).
- Kate Bush special with Peter Gabriel guesting (BBC-2, December 28 at 8.15 pm).
- Repeat of the classic Presley documentary *Elvis — That's The Way It Is* (BBC-1, New Year's Day at 5.55 pm).
- *White Rock*, the film about the Winter Olympics, with music by Rick Wakeman (BBC-1, January 3 at 7.45 pm).
- Repeat of the *Rock Goes To College* show featuring Ian Dury & The Blockheads (BBC-2, January 4 at 11.35 pm).
- Blondie's concert at Glasgow Apollo on New Year's Eve is now confirmed for live screening by BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* (10 pm), as forecast last month.

GRAHAM FENTON: chief rockabilly rebel

Matchbox are in demand

MATCHBOX, currently enjoying their first hit with their single 'Rockabilly Rebel', have been added to the line-up for the Country Music Festival at Wembley Arena next Easter — and this appearance will be part of a co-headlining club, concert and college tour they'll be undertaking at that time with U.S. rockabilly veteran Mac Curtis.

At the outset of 1980, they complete their current one-nighter tour with newly-booked gigs at Derby Talk Of The Midlands (January 1), Southend Barons Club (4), Llanelli Glen Ballroom (5), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (10), Aldenham Walhall College (12) and St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (19).

● Two late festive season bookings for Matchbox, both in London, were confirmed at the weekend. They top at Camden Music Machine on Christmas Eve and at Fulham Greyhound on New Year's Eve.

All-star 50th anniversary concerts at the Rainbow

LONDON's Rainbow Theatre is to stage a special series of all-star concerts throughout 1980 to mark the venue's 50th anniversary. The building was completed in April, 1930, and first opened as the Finsbury Park Astoria five months later in September — and next year's big-name celebration events will be concentrated in the months of April and September, although a spokesperson stressed that it will be "an on-going event for the whole of the year".

The theatre's present owners, Strutworth, are also planning a permanent exhibition to be housed in the circle foyer — which will cover the venue's history as a music-hall, cinema and rock venue. The concerts, however, will only reflect its history since it has been the Rainbow — the idea is to present many of the top names who have appeared there since its inception, covering jazz, folk and MOTR, but mainly rock.

The celebrations will culminate on September 29, the exact 50th anniversary of the theatre's opening, in a star-studded charity show. It's understood that one of Britain's top promoters has been invited to help organise the concerts, and both BBC TV and radio have expressed interest in covering some of the shows.

DURY CONFIRMED FOR LONDON BENEFIT GIG

IAN DURY & The Blockheads are now confirmed as the headliners of the fourth benefit concert at London Hammersmith Odeon after Christmas, as forecast by NME last week. They top the bill on Thursday, December 27, with Matumbi in support — plus a special "mystery guest" band. (We're not allowed to say who the secret band are but, take it from us, they're big enough to top the bill in their own right).

Tickets for the Dury show are £5 each, limited to four per applicant, and available by post only from The Box Office, Odeon Theatre, Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith, London W6 — and write the name "Ian Dury" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. Postal orders only, made payable to "Odeon Hammersmith", and enclose SAE.

The Specials are now definitely set as guests in The Who's concert on December 28. It's understood there has been an enormous response to this show, and to the other two — Queen (Boxing Day) and Wings (29). Although applications were still being dealt with at press-time, it was confidently predicted that all three would be sold out this week.

● The Boomtown Rats have told the organisers of these concerts, which are to aid Cambodian relief, that they would like to do a show for the same charity. Attempts are now being made to set up an additional concert for the Rats, or to slot them into one of the other four shows as a special guest attraction — though they are NOT the mystery guest in the Dury show, mentioned above.

— and Specials confirmed as Who's guests

Boys: first 12 dates

THE FIRST BATCH of dates has now been confirmed for the New Year tour by The Boys, their first UK outing for 18 months. Their spokesman stressed that many more gigs are still being finalised, to bring the total up to more than 30, but the first dozen set are: London Marquee (January 2, 9, 16 and 23), Port Talbot Troubadour (10), Gloucester The Alternative Venue (11), Dudley J.B.'s (12), Newbridge Club & Institute (13), Retford Porterhouse (18), Scarborough Penthouse (25), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (26) and Swansea Circles (28). They'll be promoting their new Safari album 'To Hell With The Boys' and single 'Kamikaze'. Currently on release on the same label, they have a Christmas single titled 'Rub-A-Dum-Dum', which they've recorded under the name of The Yobs.

NEWS BRIEFS

CHRIS FARLOWE is playing a short series of gigs over the holiday period — at London Putney Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Granary (Saturday), London Marquee (27), Penzance The Garden (29), Norwich Cromwells (January 10) and Blackpool Dixieland Showbar (12).

THE NASHVILLE in West Kensington, London, is to stage a series of R&B nights on Thursdays in the New Year. This follows the success there of Red Beans & Rice — who, by the way, return to the venue on December 28 and February 4. January bookings for the new series are The Blues Band featuring Paul Jones (3), Blast Furnace's Revenge (10), The Little Roosters (17), The Untouchables (24) and The Bogey Boys plus Johnny G (31).

STEEL PULSE play their final gigs at Retford Porterhouse (tonight, Thursday), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (Saturday) and Leeds Fan Club (Sunday), before going into the studios right after the Christmas holidays to start work on their new Island album.

ELECTROTUNES have added more gigs to their tour, promoting their first single 'If This Ain't Love', issued by EMI's Cobra label on January 11. They play Torquay 400 Club (this Saturday), York College of Ripon & St John (January 11), London Herne Hill Half Moon (12 and 26), London Fulham Greyhound (18), Newbridge Memorial Hall (February 10), Swansea Circles (11) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (12).

SECURITY RISK have been added to The Damned's Christmas show at London Camden Electric Ballroom this Saturday (22), and play London Clapham 101 Club in their own right on December 28. At the end of the year they'll be shortening their name to The Risk, and play their first gig in this new guise at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club on January 9.

WISHBONE ASH have added three more dates to the tail end of their New Year tour, two of them in Ireland. The first is at Cardiff University on February 19 (all tickets £2.50), then they play Dublin Stadium (21) and Belfast Ulster Hall (22).

PROTEX — back in their native Ireland for Christmas, for the first time since June — play Belfast The Pound on January 2. Then it's back to England for the release of their debut Polydor album 'Strange Obsessions', and they resume gigging here at Birmingham Underworld on January 4.

GARY NUMAN supporters were the victims of a con trick last week, when he was advertised to appear in a concert at Hanley Victoria Hall on Saturday (15). He was billed as Special Guest in a show featuring Bitch and The Revillos, and a number of tickets (no-one knows exactly how many) were sold at £1.50 each. In fact, both the concert and the alleged promoters — Neon Heart Records — were non-existent.

LATEST RECORD NEWS

Wishbone album, single

WISHBONE ASH have a new album and single issued next month by MCA, to tie in with their British concert tour. 'Just Testing' is their tenth studio LP, but the first they've produced themselves, and it's released on January 18. It's preceded on January 4 by a single taken from the album, titled 'Living Proof'.

● A special price of £6.34 has been set for the live double album by **Millie Jackson,** titled 'Your Mother Wouldn't Like It', just released by Polydor. And there are plans for Millie to tour Britain in the late winter, possibly in a double-header with Isaac Hayes.

● Top Glasgow band **Sneeky Pete** have their debut album coming out after Christmas — in cassette form only. Titled 'Live And Kicking', it will be on sale at all leading local shops, priced around £3.

● Cherry Red Records have signed **Richard 'Kid' Strange** to a solo contract. Formerly the leading light behind the now-defunct Doctors Of Madness, he has a single released early next month titled 'International Language'.

● Stage One Records have now issued the **Ben Brierly** single 'Sid Did It', which was recorded when Sid Vicious was being held by New York police, but was not released at the time of his death. Brierly, formerly with The Vibrators, is married to Marianne Faithfull.

● 'Soon You'll Be Gone' is the new single by **Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons,** released by Rockburgh Records on January 4. It's taken from their album with their name as its title.

● Sonet Records launch a new label called Titanic on January 1, and the first release is the single 'Hallelulah (Solar Rider)' by 18-year-old **Nancy Kramer,** sister of Olivia Newton-John's manager Lee Kramer. It's a dance version of Handel's Hallelulah Chorus — complete with 135-piece orchestra and choir!

● Five-piece outfit **Spare Parts** have produced their own debut single, which couples 'She's A New Kind Of Girl' and 'Paint It Black'. Out this week on Random Records.

● Latest Oval Records single is 'Rhythm On The Radio' by **ABC,** taken from the compilation album 'The Honky-Tonk Demo Tapes'. The B-side is 'The Party's Over' by **Witches Brew.**

● This week Merseyside label Skeleton Records issue a four-track EP called 'The Blank Tapes Vol. 1'. It contains 'Sooner Or Later' by **The Zorkie Twins,** 'Doctor' by **The Geisha Girls,** 'Total' by **Junk Art** and 'You're The One' by **Attempted Moustache.** It's in a picture sleeve and sells at 99p.

● **Ulterior Motives** have a double A-side single out on Motive Music Records, being distributed by Red Rhino. Titles are 'Another Lover' and 'Y'gotta Shout'.

● **Muggins Blight** are a Skipton band who take their name from a rare sheep disease! Their debut germ-free EP is available at £1.10 (including p&p) from Mick Smith, Look Records, 29 Moorland Terrace, Skipton, N Yorks.

● Although negotiations for a major label deal are going ahead, reggae band **Black Slate** have decided to release their first album on their own TCD label in mid-February. This has been prompted by heavy advance orders for their TCD single 'Sticks Man', reissued this month in 12-inch form.

● A new **Simple Minds** single is scheduled for release by Zoom Records early next month. The A-side is 'Changeling', taken from their current album 'Real To Real Cacophony'. And the coupling is a live version of 'Premonition', recorded in October at Hurrah's in New York.

● A compilation 27-track album titled 'Discreet Repeat', featuring the best of **Ian Matthews,** is released in February by Rockburgh Records — who have licensed tracks from Phonogram, Elektra, WEA, CBS and Mooncrest, who have all had Matthews signed to them at one time.

● **John Foxx,** who left Ultravox earlier this year, has formed his own label Metal Beat to be distributed by Virgin. The singer-composer's first solo releases are the single 'Underpass' (January 4) and album 'Metamatic' (18).

● **Jimmy Silver** — singer, writer, guitarist and tenor saxist — makes his debut on Gem on January 4 with his own solo single. Out on the same day and label is 'Marguerite' by **Bob Morgan & Steppin' Out.**

● **The Beat,** currently making a big impact with their 2-Tone single 'Tears Of A Clown', are set to join Arista in the New Year. They are expected to sign in February.

DIAMOND ELPEE DUE

NEIL DIAMOND'S first album for more than a year, titled 'September Morn' and produced by Bob Gaudio, is released by CBS on January 4 — the first side is devoted to new Diamond compositions, and Side Two consists of well-known standards. The title track is released as a single the same day, coupled with Diamond's version of The Monkees' hit 'I'm A Believer' — which, of course, he wrote.

● A single by **Toto** called 'St. George And The Dragon' is issued by CBS on January 4, followed two weeks later by their album 'Hydra.' And it's understood that they're being lined up for British dates in the spring.

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THERE ARE ONLY TWO PHIL SPECTORS IN THE WORLD AND I AM ONE OF THEM

Selected tableaux from The Guy Stevens Story by Charles Shaar Murray

"They rushed down the street together, digging everything in the early way they had, which later became so much sadder and perceptive and blank. But then they danced down the street like dingledodies, and I shambled after as I've been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centrelight pop and everybody goes 'Awwwwwww!' . . ."
— Jack Kerouac, 'On The Road'

"He's in love with rock and roll, WOOAAHHH! He's in love with getting stoned, WOOOAAAHHH!"
— The Clash, 'Janie Jones'

"With Guy Stevens it was very, very special, because if it hadn't been for him seeing that glimmer of whatever that I certainly wasn't aware of, I'd still be workin' in the factory right now."
— Ian Hunter

Guy Stevens? Forget him. He's had it."
— A Music Industry Figure

TAKE A DEEP breath and you could recount the Guy Stevens story in one sentence.

Kingpin mod deejay at the Scene Club in '64, Our Man In London for Sue Records, the legendary soul label, first house producer for Island Records where he signed and produced Free and Spooky Tooth as well as inventing Mott The Hoople, discoverer of The Clash after a long time in hibernation and now finally producer of their new album 'London Calling'. The man who got Chuck Berry out of jail in 1964, the man who supplied The Who with the compilation tape that gave them most of their early pre-original material repertoire, the man who introduced Keith Reid to Procol Harum and generated 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' only to fail to get them signed up and then had to stand by and watch them sell 90,000,000 copies for someone else, the man who smashed up every piece of furniture in a recording studio to get the performance he wanted out of the group he was recording, the man who Mick Jones of The Clash still thinks is responsible for getting him fired from his first real band, the man who heard Phil Spector rant about how it was him, Phil Spector, who *first* discovered The Beatles, the man who . . .

Guy Stevens, with the rolling, popping, bulging eyes of a veteran form speedfreak, the boozer's lurch and slur, smashing through or falling over every obstacle between him and the *perfect* rock and roll record, the *ultimate* rock and roll record, the *final* rock and roll record the *next* rock and roll record . . . be that obstacle, human or inanimate, himself or something else. Staggering, screaming, crying, flailing, laughing, Guy Stevens arouses pity, terror, admiration, revulsion, contempt.

In 1971 they wrote him off as a hopeless loser, a man too far gone into the depths of alcoholics' perdition to be of any use to himself or anyone else again.

And now, in the closing weeks of 1979, Guy Stevens is back in the charts. It is — as they say — a mighty long way down rock and roll. The inevitable corollary is that it's an even longer way back up again. Guy Stevens has been to hell and back.

"WHAT HAPPENED was I was living in a one-room no-water flat in Leicester Square and playing records for Ronan O'Rahilly — later of Radio Caroline — down at the Scene Club. I had an R&B night every Monday, and a lot of people like the Stones and Animals used to come down . . ."

Guy Stevens is ensconced in a taxi heading for a friend's flat, where our interview is scheduled to take place. He had arrived at the *NME* offices half an hour late and roaring drunk, his hand lacerated and bleeding following some sort of incident with a glass door. Apparently, the prospect of being interviewed — at once exhilarating and terrifying — had sent him down to the pub as soon as it opened. He is 15 years away in time, back when Mod really was mod, back when Guy Stevens had a direct line to R&B central.

"I got all my records mail-order. You sent 'em the money and got the records back within seven days from Stan's Records Store in Shreveport, Louisiana, USA and it's right down deep in Tennessee . . ."

Wait a second, Guy. How can it be in Tennessee if it's in Lousiana?

"Well, it's somewhere around there. It all started for me when I was 11 years old and the first record I ever heard was 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' by Jerry Lee Lewis and that was the end of my school career. What I did was to start this thing at school where every boy in the school had to pay me a shilling a week — that's 5p — to be a member of my rock and roll club, and I chose the records. We had 'Peggy Sue, 'That'll Be The Day', Larry Williams' 'Bony Maronie', all the hits of the time, Jerry Lee Lewis' 'Great Balls Of Fire' . . . and I got expelled for it eventually.

"So I was expelled at 14, and I went to work for Lloyds, the insurance brokers. They thought I was kinda funny. By '63 I had all these records that I'd imported from Stan's Record Store in Shreveport Louisiana, right? . . . And Peter Meaden came round one night. He was the bloke who formed The Who, and he arranged to bring them round one day with their manager, Kit Lambert.

"And they were really weird. They just stood there. My wife, who I was then living with — we're separated now — made a cup of tea for each one of them and they *still* stood still. I played 'em 'Rumble' by Link Wray and put it on a tape for them — because by then I'd built up this enormous collection and Steve Marriott and everybody used to come round to get material.

"So The Who were there with Kit Lambert, and he offered me a fiver to make a two-and-a-half-hour tape for them, because Townshend hadn't started writing and they had no material to play on stage. So I played 'em all James Brown stuff, 'Pleeeeeeeeeease Pleeeaaase Pleeease' . . ." Hair flying, right there in the cab, Stevens becomes James Brown. "And I played 'em 'Rumble' by Link Wray, which was *the* classic Pete Townshend record, which he'd never heard before."

Stevens' mouth begins to emit gigantic, grinding guitar chords and odd flecks of spittle. Demonic possession by a guitar.

"So Townshend, Daltrey, Entwistle and Moon sat there for three hours drinking tea looking like little schoolboys and my poor wife was going, 'Would you like another cup of tea' and they're saying, 'Uh . . . well . . . um . . . ah . . . dunno,' and I'm playing the records going, 'Jesus *Christ!* WAKE UP!' I was going through my cabinet where I had all my singles, I had *every Motown single, every Stax* . . . I went to Stax in Memphis in 1963 and they said, 'It's just a record shop'. I said no, no, you've got a studio and they say, 'We're just a record shop'. So I went behind the shop and there was the studio where Booker T made 'Green Onions'. The whole lot, Rufus Thomas . . . and it was the size of this taxi we're sitting in now."

One visualises a younger Stevens, mod suit, hair cropped short, ranting and screaming at the bemused counter assistant at Stax, or a young, shy Who clutching cooling teacups while this *maniac* jumps up and down, hitting them with soul music and screaming . . .

"And at Stax I said to them in 1963, 'Don't you understand the importance of what you're doing?' I can't tell you enough . . . they were *nuts! They thought the record shop was more important than the studio!*"

The whole industry thinks shops are more important than studios, though.

"Well, if they think filing cabinets are gonna sell records, then they'd better start selling them now. Records sell because they are made by dedicated people who love to sing and love to play, and that's what it's about. The record companies are full of people who are either secretaries, hangers-on or people who don't know anything about music all thinking, 'Well, it's better than working in a bank'."

FROM DEEJAYING, scenemaking and propagandising blues, soul and rock and roll, Stevens moved to operating Sue Records as part of the then fledgling Island label. From living off what he made from selling Scene Club tickets at Piccadilly Circus tube station, he graduated to a £15 a week salary from Island. From label administration to production was only one band away.

"What happened was that these guys came down from Carlisle in a van in '65. They were called The V.I.P.'s, later to be known as Spooky Tooth, and they were all nutters, all complete maniacs, and they ambushed Island Records at the same time as I did. I was always at total war with Chris Blackwell (then — as now — Island's headman) and . . . I can't put him down in a nice way, really. He was always a millionaire dilettante: he had a million anyway so he didn't need to bother, but I never knew this. I had just started the Sue label, and I got Charlie & Inez Foxx, I got James Brown, I got a hell of a lot.

"Sue was formed by a guy called Juggy Murray in New York, and he started the label with Charlie & Inez Foxx's 'Mockingbird'; that was Sue 301. I went over to get a record called 'The Love Of My Man', which nobody has covered, and I hope Elkie Brooks isn't listening. 'The Love Of My Man' by Viola Kilgore. Unbelievable. Un-be-*liev*-able. Blitzkrieg, out the window, number one, *easy.* He owned the copyright. Chris went over and offered him $500. Juggy wanted half a million. It got to three in the American charts; if you check back you'll find it. One of the greatest records I've ever heard in my life.

"I wanted it to be on Sue. The main thing was that I wanted everything good to be on Sue. I wanted *Bob Dylan* to be on Sue. That was why I started importing records for Island with David Betteridge (now a CBS high-up) and Chris. And it nearly bankrupted Island."

"Hey Joe, d'you like Chuck Berry?" "Well, OK then . . . but just a small glass." Strummer grins smugly after finally meeting someone who is older than Charlie Harper of The UK Subs. Pic: Pennie Smith.

BY NOW we're established in a luxurious flat belonging to a friend of Guy's. We're drinking coffee and brandy, except that Kosmo Vinyl — acting as Guy's part-time minder on behalf of The Clash — is surreptitiously filching Guy's brandy glass every time it's refilled and drinking it himself. Guy doesn't appear to notice, since every so often he is allowed to take a sip.

We're in '67 now, discussing the first Traffic album 'Dear Mr Fantasy', the getting-it-together-in-a-cottage-in-the-country one with the ghost on the cover. "I did that cover! I went down to the cottage in Berkshire with them, I did the cover, I did *everything!* It sounds terrible to say all this . . . maybe I should say nothing. What do you want me to say?"

"Tell 'im the facts, Guy," interjects Kosmo from across the room.

"Steve Winwood asked me to come down, said 'I want you to produce Traffic and live with us'. So I went down there and it was a bit fairytale, a bit weird. There were some very weird things going on. They were smoking a hell of a lot, and each one of them would come out and say to me, 'Oh God, I can't go on with life' and all this. That was Jim Capaldi. Then Steve Winwood would come out with, 'I can't cope! It's all gone too far! It's all too much! We've had a hit single! Oh God!' And then *Chris Wood* started going, 'Oh God! I've had enough!'

"I said, 'Hang on, I've just heard this from three people! What *is* this? Have you all learned it off parrot fashion or what?' I was down there with all my belongings, all my records and everything thinking 'Jesus Christ, they're all going *mad!*' And what they were all going mad over was Steve's girlfriend, but that's definitely another story . . .

"But the worst thing that happened between me and Blackwell was the 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' incident. He had it on his desk for a week! What happened was this boy I knew called Keith Reid came into the office with these words he'd written. He worked in a solicitors' office for £4.50 a week, and he brought in these words which were vaguely Dylanish, and I told him the words were great and suggested that he got himself to a good songwriter."

Reid ended up with Gary Brooker and Procol Harum. Chris Blackwell turned the result down, and when it was finally issued elsewhere, it made number one in two weeks flat, became one of the biggest records of '67 and still sells astronomical quantities whenever it's reissued. Guy Stevens had a nervous breakdown.

At the same time, Guy's massive record collection was stolen from his mother's house in 1967, and — to add insult to injury — the thief sold them all off for ninepence each (that's old money. In comtemporary currency that would be 3.75p each. Weep!).

"The guy didn't know what he was selling. I had every Miracles record. Every Muddy Waters record. I had every Chess record from 001. Listen! I was at a session with Phil Chess in 1964 with Chuck Berry when he was doing 'Promised Land' and 'Nadine'. I was at the session! I was taking photographs! I got Chuck Berry out of prison! I put tremendous pressure on Pye Records, who had Chess and Checker over here, and the head of the company at the time was Ian Ralfini.

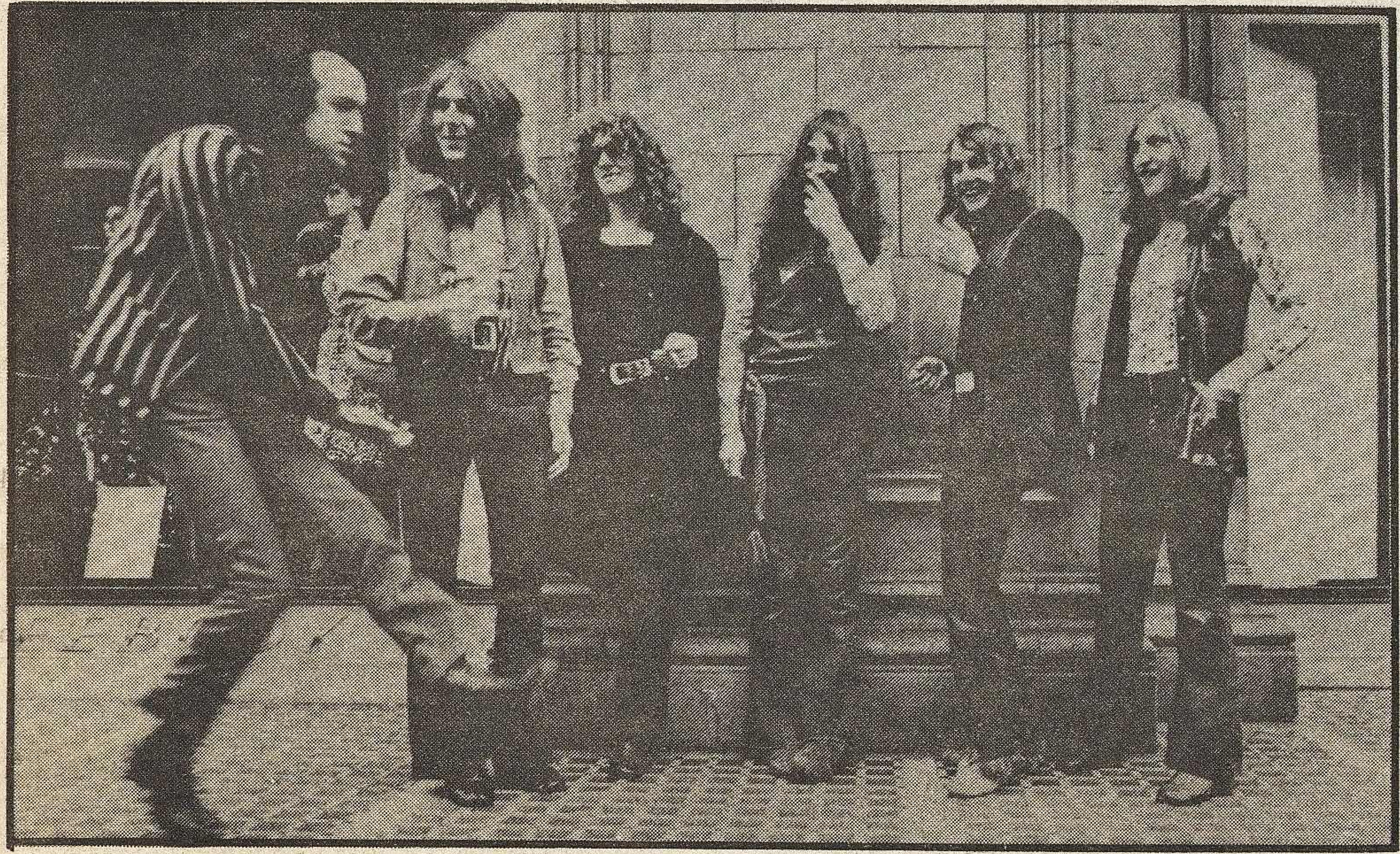
"I put pressure on him to get 'Memphis Tennessee' released as a single. It was out as a B-side, with 'Let It Rock'. They taped all the Chuck Berry tracks *off my records!* Not from master tapes but from my records! I mean, I may have spat on them or something. You never know what happens, do you? Now you'll know that if your old Chuck Berry records jump or something, it's probably me spitting on them.

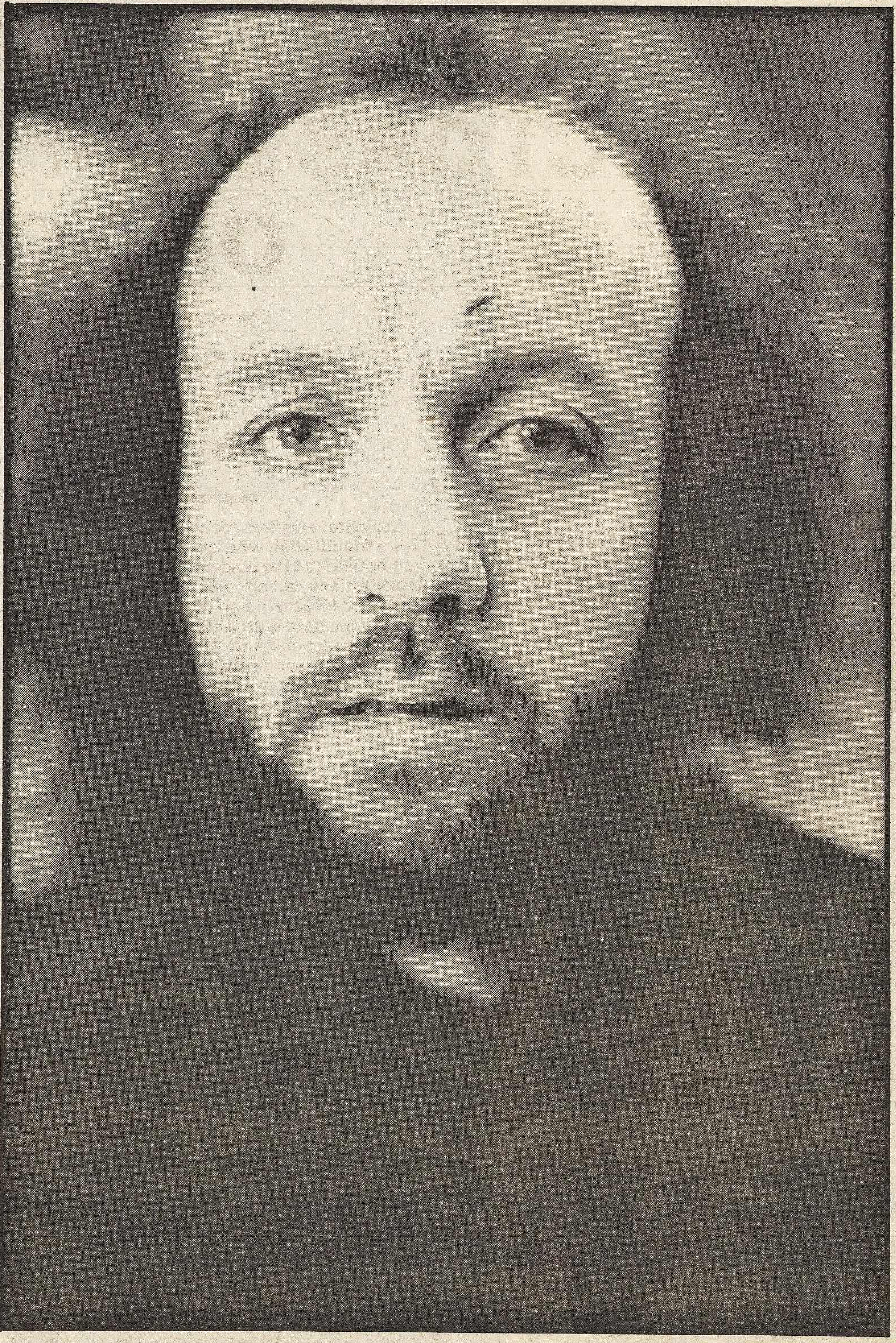
"The first thing I actually produced was with Spooky Tooth. It was called 'In A Dream' and it *built up.* All my records build up. Have you

Above: *Guy Stevens meets Chuck Berry 1964. "Here Chuck, inventing rock'n'roll as we know it must be a pretty taxing occupation." "Not sure if I care fo' yo' choice o'words boy . . ."*

Below: Guy fails the audition for the Mott The Hoople second XI, circa '68. For some reason. Island used this as a publicity handout shot. (L-R): Stevens, Mick Ralphs, Ian Oonter, Overend Watts, Verden Allen, Buffin.

Right: Just as we always pictured a Clash producer. Pic: Pennie Smith.





noticed that? Now, what I've done with the new Clash album is I've made 'em actually *play* a bit. I hope that's no offence to anyone . . . they haven't turned into Andy Williams or anything. Actually, I could do a really good Andy Williams. You wanna hear an Andy Williams impression?"

Guy lurches to his feet, something like a slow-motion film of somebody falling over projected in reverse. He approaches the white piano in the corner of the room, punches out a horribly discordant introduction to 'Moon River', saunters to the centre of the room and collapses into a paroxysm of mock sobbing. He chokes out an anguished monologue about Claudine Longet and the death of the ski instructor and then returns cautiously to the sofa.

"That's it. Ask me another question. Now the thing is that these blokes — Spooky Tooth — came down from Carlisle in a van, and they were *incredibly heavy,* both physically and because they were all taking about 500 blues a week. I loved them. I thought they were incredible and I took Blackwell along to see them. 'Spooky Two' was *the* album. The mixing on that was incredible: that was my engineer Andy Johns. I don't know what happened to him. He's still alive, but he's in America.

"Andy — if you're listening — please come home." Stevens lurches closer to the cassette microphone and raises his voice. "You can work with anyone here at any time, but" — confidentially now — "don't get messed up like you did before."

AND THEN came Mott The Hoople, and that story starts "in Wormwood Scrubs. I was doing eight months for possession of drugs and I read this book called *Mott The Hoople* by Willard Manus. I wrote to my wife and said, 'Keep the title secret'. She was my ex-wife, or separated wife, I don't know what they call them, and she wrote back, 'Are you joking? *Mott The Hoople?* That's ridiculous!' Anyway, when I came out of prison Island re-employed me at £20 a week — I went up a fiver — and I've got to admit that Mr Betteridge came and picked me up from the gates of Wormwood Scrubs.

"And then I wanted to have a pee, and he said. 'Fuck that, have a pee if you want one, but I'll be two miles down the road'. I said, 'Wait a minute, I just got out of *prison!* Show some sensitivity, for fuck's sake! I don't even know what roads *look* like anymore.' So I went for a pee and he drove off, and then finally he said, 'Oh, I didn't know you were following us'. I only found them because my wife was waving her arms out of the window and yelling . . ."

Memories cascade out of Stevens, virtually unchecked. He is obviously pissed and ranting, but there is something eerie about his conversation: he appears more medium than raconteur. His voice undergoes startling changes; one moment almost precise, the next moment so alien that it seems as if he is maintaining his grip on the art of speech only by a conscious effort. He recalls Janis Joplin telling him at the Albert Hall that she was going to overdose within a year. "She was the kind of girl who would walk into a bar and just *take over the whole bar.* She'd walk up and . . . 'Awwwwwl *raht. A-whoooooo's* gonna bah me a *drank?* A-whooooooo's gonna bah me 'nother drank? Whooo's gonna bah me 'nother *double* drank?'

"Janis Joplin I loved. I loved her music and since her death I've felt funny and tortured about it. If I'd tried . . . when I get really sad I cry at home and play that second track off 'I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama'."

He also remembers a pre-Yardbirds Eric Clapton, dragged up to Guy's den and finding Freddie King albums blaring out at him while Guy banged a hammer on the floor and screamed 'Play, Eric! Play" while the young fellow tried to hide in a corner.

He moves on to chaotic Mott The Hoople sessions where studios were reduced to rubble.

"I never hit a microphone. Everything else I destroyed. Why? ANGER! I'm just a very angry person. When a group's been sitting there for two weeks without getting anything done, you've got to . . . lemme tell you about Hunter. The first time . . . I love the fact that he came from a wife and three kids in Archway — changing buses twice — to get to what he thought was some dodgy demo session. He didn't know what it was going to be. The guy at Regent Sound just told him that there was some bloke rambling on about Jerry Lee Lewis and Bob Dylan.

"Ian had a cold and a headache, but he came down and he played 'Like A Rolling Stone' and I stopped him and said, 'That's it. You're hired. Come by the office tomorrow and pick up your fifteen quid with the rest of the band'. He asked what the band was called and I told him Mott The Hoople. He went, *'Whaaaaat?* Mott The *What?'*

"He came in the next morning and got his fifteen quid, and then he finally believed. I'd organised everything, set it all up. There was no embarrassment. The only thing I'd like to say on my behalf is that I think David Bowie scored most of the credit rather than me. I'd chosen the name, found the band — because they had to be right, I'd auditioned over 70 bands in a year.

"I knew they had to be right, have the right attitude. Then I saw these blokes lugging an organ up the stairs, and they were really *lugging* this fucking great organ up the stairs. It was *enormous,* a Hammond C3 the size of a piano, and I thought, 'I don't care what they sound like. They've done it. *They got the organ up the stairs'.*

"What happened was that I made five great albums for Island with Mott and luckily David Bowie picked up on them. That was great, I was really pleased. He saved their lives.

"The actual incident that happened . . . you know 'Ballad Of Mott The Hoople'? Well, they disbanded in Zurich, they just said, 'Well, see ya when we get off the train'. Bowie had heard about this, and he'd based most of his rock thing on Mott, all his rock artistry and all his rock vision. I think if he'd been Ian Hunter, he'd have loved it.

"I saw these blokes lugging this enormous Hammond organ up the stairs and I thought, I don't care what they're like — they got the organ up the stairs!"

"The real trouble with Ian, though, is that he takes himself so seriously. He takes himself *much* too seriously."

Today, Guy Stevens says, "I never really recovered from Mott The Hoople." Ask him about the period between 'Brain Capers' (his last Mott album) and 'London Calling' and his reply is simply, "You're asking about a very mixed-up period of my life."

He refocuses. "I never really got over working with Ian Hunter. You've got to realise that . . . I think Chrysalis Records are doing a great job, signing him up and . . . the trouble with Ian is really . . .

"HE-E-ELLLLP!" A comic wail of distress masks the real one effectively enough for the conversation not to be derailed.

"Listen, The Clash are really great to work with. I found 'em in '76. I produced demos of the first album, 'White Riot' an' all that. This character called Bernie Rhodes who owned a garage in Camden Town and happened to live opposite where they rehearsed . . . I was living near there at the time and I wandered in. They were doing 'White Riot'."

He launches into his own impromptu performance of the song, spittle flying, hair bouncing, eyes bulging. "'WHITE RIOT! I WANNA RIOT! WHITE RIOT! A RIOT OF MY OWWWWWWN!' And I just thought 'Right! RIOT! RIGHT! RIOT! Let's gooooooh!'

"And then Bernard got *very tricky."*

The conversation then saunters into the minefield of The Clash's financial history, a topic over which a discreet veil should be drawn. Suffice it to say that anyone thinking that The Clash's popularity and influence has created a proportionate bulge in their bank accounts is suffering from severe delusions. If anyone's "turning rebellion into money", it certainly ain't The Clash.

WHICH IS WHY we find The Clash in a room in a West London office building winding down after a business meeting. The previous day the 'London Calling' video had been shot in the Battersea drizzle, and an evening's rehearsals have just had to be cancelled because their equipment is still waterlogged and as such unfit for immediate use.

■ *Continues page 77*

Pic: Kevin Cummins

The tale of two men and their Teac
Or: Orchestral Manoeuvres In the Dark
Word processing: Paul Rambali

LIVERPOOL'S Lime Street station opens onto a typically drab cityscape.

A one-way traffic tangle, a shopping centre, and a civic hall gleaming with civic pride.

"When McCartney played there recently the queue for tickets blocked half the street."

Andy McCluskey, one half of the garage synthesiser duo with the unlikely if memorable name of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, regards the inevitable veneration of the city's main contribution to British culture with youthful detachment. When McCartney was into leather jackets, he was still wearing nappies.

"Even though it was almost twenty years ago The Beatles still mean a lot to people here. It's the only thing they've got to be proud of, I suppose — apart from the football team."

Not a stone's throw from the car park that marks the spot where the Cavern stood is an old printing works: the basement now a bakery, the ground floor a music shop, and the first floor in the midst of being turned into a 16-track studio by Orchestral Manoeuvres. The money comes from their recording deal with Virgin subsidiary label Din-disc, the know-how from their sound-man and manager, who likes to be known as Chester Valentino.

It's a prudent move (it sure beats the syndrome of spending contract advances on a narcotics spree), and even though they've yet to find money to complete it, with the essential equipment in place they've been able to record their first album. Thus for the cost of a month or so in a plush London studio they own an album *and* a studio — or two-thirds of one at any rate.

"But we certainly haven't got much money in our pockets now. We have to at least do well enough next year to get our next advance from Din-disc. Then maybe we can live."

ORCHESTRAL Manoeuvres make a frontier pop — or so people tell them. It describes their output so far — which, being but one single and a track called 'Julia's Song' on a very good Liverpool compilation album 'Street To Street' and recorded with a band of local friends called The Id — is a slim basis for categorisation. 'Electricity' was the name of the single, Factory was the label, Martin Zero was the mixmaster for the version now available, and the chances are that it will turn out to be the sleeper of the year.

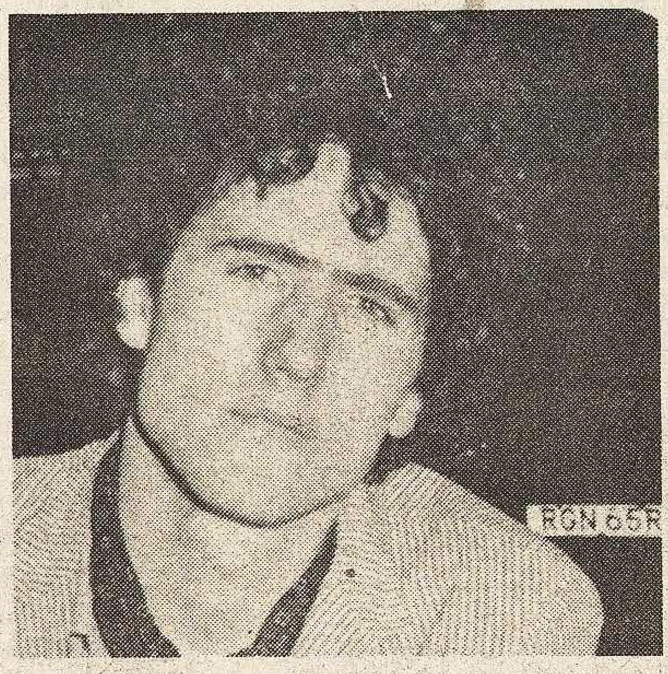
"Electricity' comes from somewhere inbetween The Velvet Underground and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. It's the best electronic garage record since Thomas Leer's 'Private Plane' — sharing the latter's odd insistence and avoiding both the solemn poker-face of the future and the silly mechanoid jokes that presently characterise the electronic medium. But the biggest compliment I could pay Orchestral Manoeuvres would be to say without a trace of irony that they make a very interesting noise, that being the reason they were drawn to the quintessential punk instrument in the first place. And what is the quintessential punk instrument? The synthesiser.

"A beginner can play it and sound as good as a professional. The thing about a synthi is that it's easy to get an interesting noise, and it allows you — this I think is where it comes into our music — to try out ideas and possibilities without having to spend years learning to play an instrument in order to do the idea.

"That's why we moved into that area — because it opened up a lot of possibilities that you could just throw away . . . when you got bored with one sound, instead of buying a new instrument, you just switch the knob around to another."

Simple as that. Actually, the root causes of the growing popularity of artificial noise spread back through the surface upheavals of the decade. They lie with people like Bowie and Eno and the German bands who influenced them, and with the increasing sophistication of musical technology.

Think back to Ike and Tina Turner's 'Nutbush City Limits', with its synthesiser solo that would jar against the grinding funk backdrop. I hear that record now and I barely



Andy McCluskey

notice how weird it once sounded. Just as the development of the electric guitar changed the music of the day, so the development of processed or synthesised sound is

Pix: Adrian Boot

changing it now. After all, you can buy a reasonable synthesiser for about the price of a Fender guitar.

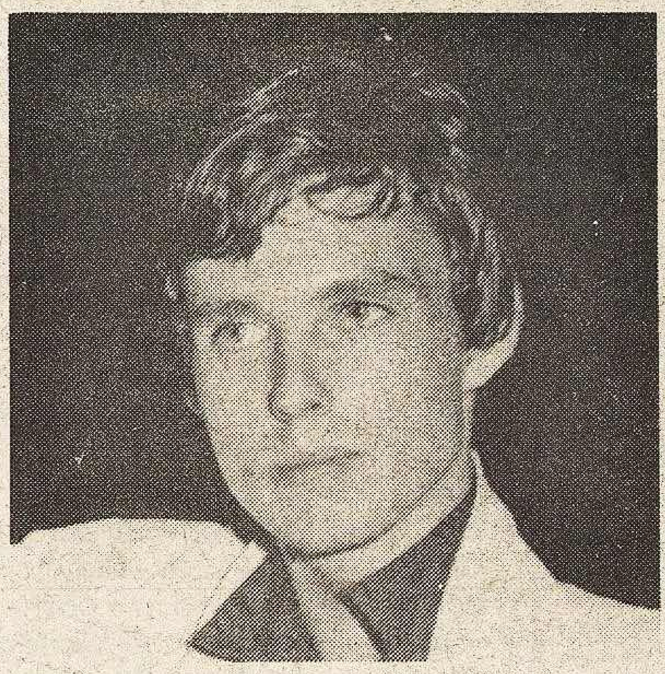
But what it really comes down to is noise, or, more accurately, tonal quality, timbre. It was the novel (and therefore catcy) *sound* of those big unreal minor chords that made 'Are Friends Electric' a hit. And it's an example of the kind of sound we are slowly becoming attuned to, without particularly noticing.

"There's something happening. There's a real change going on. It's a new breed of instruments coming into people's consciousness."

Andy McCluskey has seen it too. The perfect symbol of this shift is what various people are doing at gigs around the country: people punching buttons and twisting knobs with one hand and doodling in the air with the other. Perplexing behaviour until you realise what the person is actually doing is playing an *invisible synthesiser!*

ORCHESTRAL Manoeuvres didn't use a synthesiser to make 'Electricity'. McCluskey had an old bass, and Paul Humphrey owned a run-down electric piano and organ that cost in total the princely sum of £75.

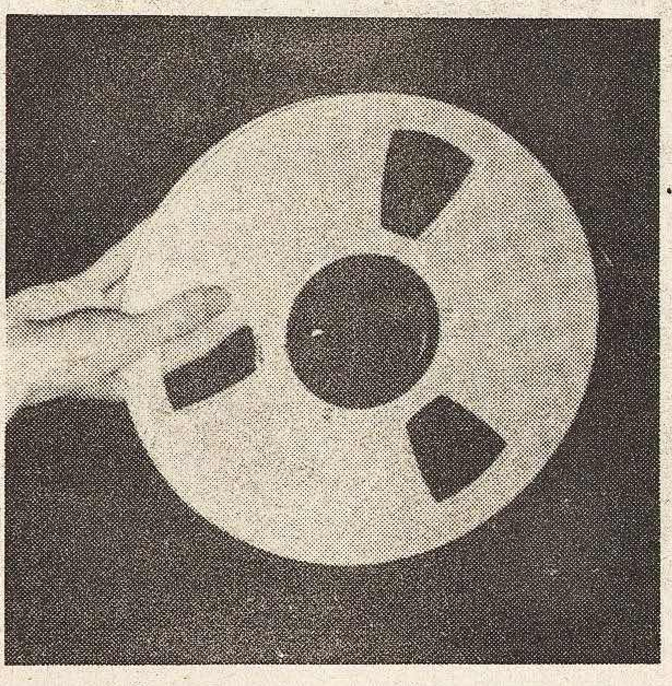
The song was first conceived — as a few phrases thrown together around the title subject — when the pair would meet at Humphrey's house across the Mersey in Wirral. They'd just left school and



Paul Humphreys

discovered you could make noises on echo units, or could wire radios together to interfere with each other. This seemed a much better pastime.

Later Paul Humphrey spent two



years doing electronics at college, with the vague hope of ending up somewhere other than the GPO. Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark is the name under which they continue to tinker with ideas and resistors. It's the In The Dark part that I like, though, because it sums up their playful experimentation. The main technique they use is to throw things against the wall . . .

" . . . and see what happens. That's the whole idea. We work out our songs by playing them onstage until we get them right. We have an idea and we see if it worked. The things that work we keep and the things that don't we discard. We used to spend hours and hours playing in Paul's back room, driving his mother mad. Me on bass and Paul on keyboards plus anything else we could get hold of.

"Half our songs just come from tinkering about like that, the other half from an actual idea, often a very un-musical idea. They're like logic problems almost, for instance working out the possibilities of a certain beat. But we like each song to be different; we don't work to a pattern."

The role of spokesman falls on Andy, who is more definite about the aims and explanations behind the group, whereas the contributions they make to the music is equal. On stage, Paul plays keyboards, Andy plays bass and sings, and Winston, their tape recorder, plays everything else. An inevitably unconventional arrangement.

Says Andy: "Part of our appeal, I suppose, is that we can't play formally. We learnt ourselves and developed our own bad habits."

Although they will be replacing it with flesh and blood when they next tour, Winston currently appears on stage with them, and its presence deflates the contrivance of certain of their contemporaries.

"People keep asking us why we don't go all the way and mime the whole set," shrugs Paul, "but we're not that wacky really."

"We're not into conning people or pretending to be anything," adds Andy. "We just do what we feel like and we let people know that we do what we feel like.

"We use whatever's to hand, and we've found electronics interesting, basically. We're not trying to be electronic just for the sake of it. With The Human League, it's their image. They're trying to lead the life. With Kraftwerk, it's their ethic: 'nothing as *crude* as hitting a skin or strumming a string will be seen in the future.' We're not trying to be the future, or project that image — which in terms of getting much bigger could be a drawback for us."

In the short term maybe, not in the long run. An electronic sound isn't the sound of the '80s; it was one of the sounds of the '70s. But 'electronic' denotes 'automation' denotes 'the future'. A bit of a fishy notion, that, but one that scares off people with a reactionary (micro) chip on their shoulder, and attracts those who think embracing analog pop and digital display puts them in tune with the coming decade.

"I'm really worried about that," admits Andy. " . . .People predicting electronic music as the next big thing. I hate things like that. Predictions. It's irrelevant. But I suppose it's the season. It'll pass . . . Actually I was thinking today about what happened in the '70s. What did we have in the beginning? We had Slade at the top of the charts. We've been through a whole decade and we're not a million miles away from all that. Even Gary Numan isn't that far removed from Marc Bolan."

And with that rather generous comparison considering another name from the same era that he might've invoked, we must leave them. They have an album to finish in time for release in February, which promises to be at the very least . . . interesting.

Actually Orchestral Manoeuvres are intelligent enough not to take themselves seriously, and accessible enough to be serious contenders. They belong to a new breed of Northern bands of an advanced sonic persuasion whose attitude is pleasantly free of the self-conscious radicalism of the capital. They'd still be doing what they do if no-one had ever come along and decided it might be pop.

Andy had it right when he told a stiff and studious audience at the recent Talking Heads gigs that they could relax and perhaps even shimmy a little if they felt so inclined. "You don't *have* to stand there and think about it," he said.

DAVID BOWIE

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2	3	THE POLICE — REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.49	£1.50
3	2	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74	£1.25
4	5	ROD STEWART — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19	£0.80
5	4	THE JAM — SETTING SONS	5.06	4.06	£1.00
6	7	E.L.O. — GREATEST HITS	5.29	3.79	£1.50
7	12	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.49	£1.50
8	6	ABBA — GREATEST HITS VOL. II	5.29	4.59	£0.70
9	8	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	6.00	£2.00
10	NEW ENTRY	THE CLASH — LONDON CALLING	5.00	3.75	£1.25
11	9	DIANA ROSS — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.49	£0.80
12	10	THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74	£1.25
13	11	HERB ALBERT — RISE	4.99	3.74	£1.25
14	30	CHIC — CHIC'S GREATEST HITS	5.00	3.99	£1.01
15	19	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74	£1.25
16	15	NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE — LIVE RUST	7.50	5.75	£1.75
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19	NEW ENTRY	HOT CHOCLOATE — 20 HOTTEST HITS	5.29	4.49	£0.80
20	21	10 C.C. — GREATEST HITS	5.35	4.55	£0.80
21	17	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.74	£1.25
22	13	LITTLE FEAT — DOWN ON THE FARM	5.00	3.99	£1.01
23	27	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74	£1.25
24	20	DONNA SUMMER Greatest Hits	6.50	4.75	£1.75
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29	32	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24	£1.25
30	33	O.S.T. — MONTY Python's Life of Brian	5.00	3.99	£1.01
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40	41	RY COODER — BOP 'TIL YOU DROP	5.00	3.99	£1.01
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43	36	STEVE FORBERT — JACKRABBIT SLIM	4.99	3.74	£1.25
44	35	A.W.B. — BEST OF	5.49	4.24	£1.25
45	52	THE TOURISTS — REALITY EFFECT	4.99	3.74	£1.25
46	53	E.L.O. — A NEW WORLD RECORD	4.99	3.74	£1.25
47	34	MANHATTAN TRANSFER — Extensions	5.00	3.99	£1.01
48	NEW ENTRY	DUSTY SPRINGFIELD — GREATEST HITS	4.99	3.74	£1.25
49	44	BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST — Eyes of The	5.06	4.06	£1.00
50	47	E.L.O. — THREE LIGHT YEARS (Boxed Set)	9.99	7.50	£2.49
51	46	SIMPLE MINDS — REAL TO REAL CACOPHONY	5.00	3.75	£1.25
52	NEW ENTRY	VARIOUS ARTISTS — The Secret Policeman's	5.29	4.04	£1.25
53	58	THE GIBSON BROS. — CUBA	5.29	4.04	£1.25
54	37	STEVE HOWE — THE STEVE HOWE ALBUM	5.00	3.99	£1.01
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56	50	THE HEADBOYS	4.63	3.63	£1.00
57	NEW ENTRY	ADAM AND THE ANTS	4.25	3.49	£0.76
58	NEW ENTRY	KOOL & THE GANG — LADIES' NIGHT	4.99	3.74	£1.25
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THRILLS

The Movement To Mould The '80's!

Thrills Finds Leader Of Beatnik Revival!

FOLLOWING a phone call to the *Thrills* desk a writer journeyed last weekend to a central London address to check out a bizarre story so far only hinted at.

Here, exclusive to *Thrills* are his astonishing findings.

The address I'd been given lay in that no-mans land to the south of Euston Road and west of Tottenham Court Road — an anonymous street, the only signs of life provided by nondescript Indian restaurants and an indistinguished pub, the type that relies on lunch-time trade and was by now empty but for a handful of near down-and-outs.

However, as I stood in a nearby doorway, several young people hurried towards me, most of them dressed in black. They opened the door and the wailing of a trumpet could be made out from somewhere deep within the earth. As they made their way down the steep staircase, one of the last of the group, a girl with long, straight black hair and heavy eye make-up turned and glanced at me. "Ginchy!" she giggled to her friend and then disappeared.

Now I knew I was in the right place ... It is said that the beatnik revival began suddenly last summer when a Young Conservatives' summer barbeque in Hertfordshire was suddenly invaded by black-clothed young people, some wearing bowler hats and waving flagons of cider. The more daring clambered up the centre pole of the marquee in which the dance was being held, others commandeered the deejay's console and replaced the Abba and Boney M tracks with mint copies of Acker Bilk and Kenny Ball singles. They left as quickly as they'd arrived ...

Claims that the now near-legendary Hertfordshire incident was one of a series of spontaneous outbursts throughout the country and that the movement was in fact stronger in Lancashire and parts of Yorkshire than in the South appear to have some foundation. Indeed, it is said that in the Pennine country, in such townships as Hebden Bridge, beatniks have never died away, living hermetic, though culturally correct existences.

And with this new revival a new mythology has, perhaps inevitably, emerged. There is much talk of one Ramblin'Dave, first a beatnik in the late '50's, who many claim was personally responsible for this attempt to take Beatnik-ism forward into the '80s.

Based in Somerset amidst a group of ageing original Dads (as they are known in the slang of the sub-culture) Dave is legendary for wearing open-toed sandals throughout the year. A short figure with black, balding hair brushed forward, a goatee beard and dark glasses Dave is said to have hitch-hiked all over the country during the past year delivering the beatnik call to arms...

So it was that I descended the dark and dingy staircase in search of Ramblin' Dave himself or any of those black-clad youths who would explain this newest and strangest cult.

At the bottom of the stairs, the figure on the door resembled Dave's description. As I paid him the fifteen shillings he demanded (many beatniks are notoriously traditional, though it would be fallacious to consider that word as synonymous with reactionary) I asked him if he *was* Ramblin' Dave. He shook his head — Dave had just left.

Dave has always 'just left'.

It was early evening but even so, Le Caff, as it's been known since its opening three months ago, was comfortably full. Louis Armstrong's 'Gate Mouth Blues', Bix Beiderbeck's 'Royal Garden Blues' and similar relics from a bygone era boomed from the speakers, while the house combo tuned up in the corner. Half a dozen couples were jiving, a strange, loping, skipping slow jive. They sported striped french matelot sweaters, sloppy jumpers, tight jeans with frayed bottoms, wrap around shades. Everyone seemed to be drinking cider or expresso coffee. A pair of giggling females drifted by, twirling waist length bead necklaces and gesturing extravagently with grotesquely elongated cigarette holders, a scent of Turkish tobacco and cheap perfume trailing behind them.

I was beginning to feel out of my place in my cherry red Doc Martens, Johnson and Johnson's drape jacket, leather jeans, tab collar two tone shirt and skinny lurex tie, and I was getting odd looks from the group in the corner with the duffel coats and goatees. I shuffled through an adjacent arch to what was going on elsewhere.

What I saw made me feel like I'd just seen the UK Subs guesting with the London Philharmonic. There before me a young man, naked but for a pair of oversized army shorts, was cycling to and fro atop a vast canvas of myriad oil colours which stretched from one wall to the other.

"What's he doing?" I asked my neighbour, a small teenager with several CND badges on his duffel coat. "Hey you know like crazy, daddyo, what a square, like Bird Lives, like Jackson Pollock, action painting, cool ... gorra ciggy, mate?"

"He's squarer than a cube," laughed one of the female duo who'd passed by earlier.

"I'm stricly from the fridge," I rallied, but my heart wasn't in it.

Before I could say more the teenage CND supporter had pulled a City Lights pocket poets edition of Lawrence Ferlinghetti from his sleeping roll and began to read large sections of it to no-one in particular.

A band struck up in the other room. A braying saxophone was being played by a completely bald seventeen year old accompanied by

■ *Continues p.13*

Shy of publicity and in disguise Ramblin' Dave, spokesman for a generation makes his getaway. Picture exclusive: Pennie Smith.

Swastika Saga Goes On

Now Artist Rushes To His Own Defence

After last weeks letter to *Thrills* from Richard Branson comes a letter from Jamie Reid, the artist responsible for the swastika design. Once again, we'll let you make up your own minds who's right.

Dear Thrills/Danny Baker,

Thanks. By printing the "Stratoswasticastor" on your Thrills page, it will be seen by perhaps 600,000 people instead of the odd sixty thousand that may buy the Sid Sings album. Before going into the reasons why it is better seen by as many people as possible, here is some background information.

The story goes at least as far back as the Some Product record. This was the first album to be released after the Court Case in which British justice combined with the music industry — in the form of Virgin Records — and others to bring about the demise of Glitterbest. (The company was put into the hands of the receivers, a firm of accountants called Spicer and Pegler, who still run it today). Virgin were then in a position to pick up the lucrative pieces and make some money. Jamie Reid, who had previously done all the Sex Pistols artwork decided to carry on and see if there was a way in which sleeves and advertisements could be used to show the exploitative and oppressive nature of the music industry.

The sleeve for 'Some Product' was designed by Jamie Reid and Trevor Key. The record itself was described by its producer as being "forty minutes of absolute rubbish" and the problem facing them was how to design a cover which would actively discourage sales and demythologise the Sex Pistols, who by that time didn't even exist as a band. It seemed an unhealthy situation had developed, in which the Hero status of the Sex Pistols couldn't be broken. People would buy anything that had their name on it. Like Henry Cooper and Brut, the Sex Pistols name was being used to sell a record which was nothing at all to do with them. The sleeve would, of course, have to be acceptable to the record company. Incidentally, neither Reid nor Key are employed by the much maligned and abused Virgin Art Dept. — there isn't one. The collection of products on the sleeve is an attempt to show that the music industry, like any other, will thoroughly exploit all avenues open to it to make money, using all the conventional marketing practices and product spin-offs. The title of the album was thought up by Trevor Key and not the record company. Anyone who would listen to this record after seeing the sleeve must have been suspending disbelief and anyone buying it after listening to it, obviously wanted it.

Next comes the Credit Card on 'The Great Rock'N'Roll Swindle'. This single was already on the album of the same name and releasing it was a breach of contract (only four singles per album and this was the fifth) and again the music industry was cashing in on a record, which none of the people involved in making it had any control over its release and received very little money for it. So again, how to design a telling sleeve. Record companies and their employees are constantly maligned in the music papers for their expense account lunches and their eagerness to wave their American Express cards (though why is unclear, since who would want to carry that much cash). So why not use this symbol to show the way in which record companies (and not just Virgin — they're all at it) use the talents of their artists to make money and then more money. The Credit Card, then, is shown with the Sex Pistols (or the artist) as being the supplier of cash/credit and Virgin Records (the music business) as the insatiable recipient of the money earned by the artist. In the event, American Express took exception to the sleeve and injuncted the record. Right results — wrong reasons.

Now, coming back to the use of the swastika. This was designed by Jamie Reid to be used on a poster for California Uber Alles by The Dead Kennedys (the lyrics are about the new style of "fascism" by the so-called liberal Jerry Brown). It was subsequently decided by Jamie Reid and Trevor Key to use it on as many music industry products as possible. Its use is to try and show the oppressive nature of the music industry. That people are being fed pap to keep them from thinking and acting. That the music industry is set up with the sole single aim of making money. That it is condoned by the powers that be, simply because it is a sop to people who might otherwise be constructive about their own dire circumstances.

In each and every instance the music papers have failed to pick up on any one of these visual pointers. They could reveal the true nature of an industry which sees talent as product and product as money and money as power. "Art" is a swear word in the music industry. But the journalists trudge on, supported by and defending the music industry, by occasionally attacking one company or another for releasing a record for purely financial reasons. All records are released to make money. Don't be surprised to see the "Stratoswasticastor" on Andy Williams' next record.

Archive Fun Once

ARCHIVE FUN is indebted to 'nearly Normal' of Amsterdam for supplying us with this snap of Dartford Grammar School's Basketball Class of '60-61'. The weighty specimen at the right end of the standing row was to become the behemoth of the grime generation, a threat to a nation of pop kids and train carrier to Princess Margaret. Yes cats, the singleted nine-stoner with a chest like the inside of a spoon is none other than Mick Jagger seen here for the first time as previously only Bianca was privi to. Elsewhere on the team we note Jerry Lee Lewis (front second left), Henry Winkler (back extreme left), Bobby Vee (front second right), and Phil Lynott (front far left). The chap standing three from the right and with a face like a bag of spanners went on to earn thousands as a John Belushi lookalike. And the sap on the end of the crouchers can think again if he believes that we haven't spotted those bi-focles he's just slipped off and onto the gym floor! All in all a more hideous selection of doubtful cro-magnons we here at Thrills have never bust a gut to.

Late Result.

Dartford Grammar (0) 1 St Wyman's Academy for Correct Young Ladies (3) 6.

Lee Lewis M. Waters, J. Lennon, C. Watts (2), A. Warhol, M. Jagger (og).

TO ELLEN BACK — The continuing saga of Rock Foleys

THE adds that came out around a month ago read "Who the hell is Ellen Foley?"

It was a good question. The picture on the ad showed that she was blonde and cute. If you listened to her album "Nightout' you would have discovered that she had a fair mid-'60s voice with touches of Springsteen, The Shangri-Las and even Dusty Springfield. The album was produced, arranged and pretty well played all over by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson, and by way of an extra plus, there were also a brace of songs by the elusive Philip Rambow.

It all added up to sufficient reason to make the cab ride to West 89th Street to find out once and for all who Ellen Foley was and what she was doing in this kind of company. Could it be that glamflash veterans never die, they just roll on by proxy with a cute, big eyed blonde to front for them?

The real live Ellen Foley that answered the door was very blonde, very big eyed, but certainly no Barbie Doll. There was a professional determination about her which made it clear she's no-one's manipulated puppet. This is no chantuese, plucked from the typing pool by a Svengali with dollar signs in his eyes and sexism in his heart. Ellen Foley is pretty much in control of her own destiny.

In other words, she is in there with the best of them, doing what it takes to carve out a foothold in the wonderful world of rock & roll. This started as long ago as 1972. It was an eclectic kind of carving, more Judy Garland show-biz than strict rock and roll. There was some singing in small-time bands, but there was also off-Broadway acting, TV walk-ons and the odd soap opera ("I played a mental reject nurses' aide"). There was even a revival of *Hair* and the *Hair* movie.

Are these really the credentials of an aspiring rock star? If you subscribe to the school of thought that the only route for a rock and roller is the bar band and the battered truck, then they definitely aren't. If you take a broader view that just about anything is grist to the rock & roll mill, then Ms. Foley's first break has to be unique.

Pic: Joe Stevens

Ellen Foley: *"If I thought I was there just as a physical prop I wouldn't be doing it."*

It came while she was touring with the *National Lampoon* stage show, a spin off from the popular and verging-on-gross U.S. satire magazine, which also starred Meatloaf, prior tp his incarnation as the world's most outsized rock star.

"The *Lampoon* show was kind of sexist. I suppose you could say I was the token woman. I did one sketch that was Patty Hearst in jail. I had a song called 'Born to Gun'. I also did a character called Rhoda Tyler-Moore, a composite soap opera heroine. She was blind."

Blind?

"Blind. Meatloaf played her boyfriend who kept doing these disgusting things to her. He'd come up behind her like a mugger and then attack her like a dog. I guess you could say that I was victimised all the way to the bank."

The hook-up with Meatloaf led to Ms Foley contributing the female vocals of the 'Bat Out Of Hell' album, particularly the drag out, call and response on 'Parade By The Dashboard Light', where she delivered the classic turnround line, "What's it gonna be, boy . . . yes or no?"

After the success of 'Bat Out Of Hell,' the logical move was for Ellen to join the Meatloaf roadshow, an option she declined.

The split was amicable, but it did produce a certain amount of ironic confusion, not the least of which was a widely shown promo film of Meatloaf doing 'Paradise By The Dashboard Light' in which Ellen Foley's voice is coming out of replacement Carla DeVito's mouth.

The next move was to take almost a year, with the support of record company and management, sorting out, writing and hunting down material. A fortuitous meeting with Hunter and Ronson brought them into the picture as producers: "Ian had heard the stuff that I'd done. It had this dramatic quality to it that he liked, and it kind of went on from there."

Another chance contact was with Philip Rambow: "I was working with Mick doing some pre-production. Rambow had been in Jamaica and was on his way back to London. He stopped by to see Mick and played us some of his songs."

Two of these, "Night Out" and "Young Lust" made it into the final selection for the finished album.

Right at this moment, Ellen Foley is in an enviable position. Her album is out, she's ready to go on the road with a band already run in and house trained by Hunter and Ronson. She has the finance and support to turn her creative dream into reality, and she doesn't shy away from the obvious sex appeal in her voice and presentation.

"Rock & roll," she says," is very much about sex and passion and romance. I also think my voice is as strong as my sexual act. If I thought I was just there as a physical prop, I wouldn't be doing it.

"If I can sing a song like 'Stupid Girl' on the album then I'm laughing at everybody's vanities and hopefully breaking down the idea of the male/female problems there are supposed to be."

Although Ellen Foley is in an enviable situation and isn't still beating her head against the company door, begging for a break, she seems aware that she has still to produce that elusive something that separates success from nothing-at-all in the rock business.

While talking about Philip Rambow, she happened to remark that maybe his angst had given him inspiration. The obvious question was, did she think the same applied to her?

"Maybe not enough."

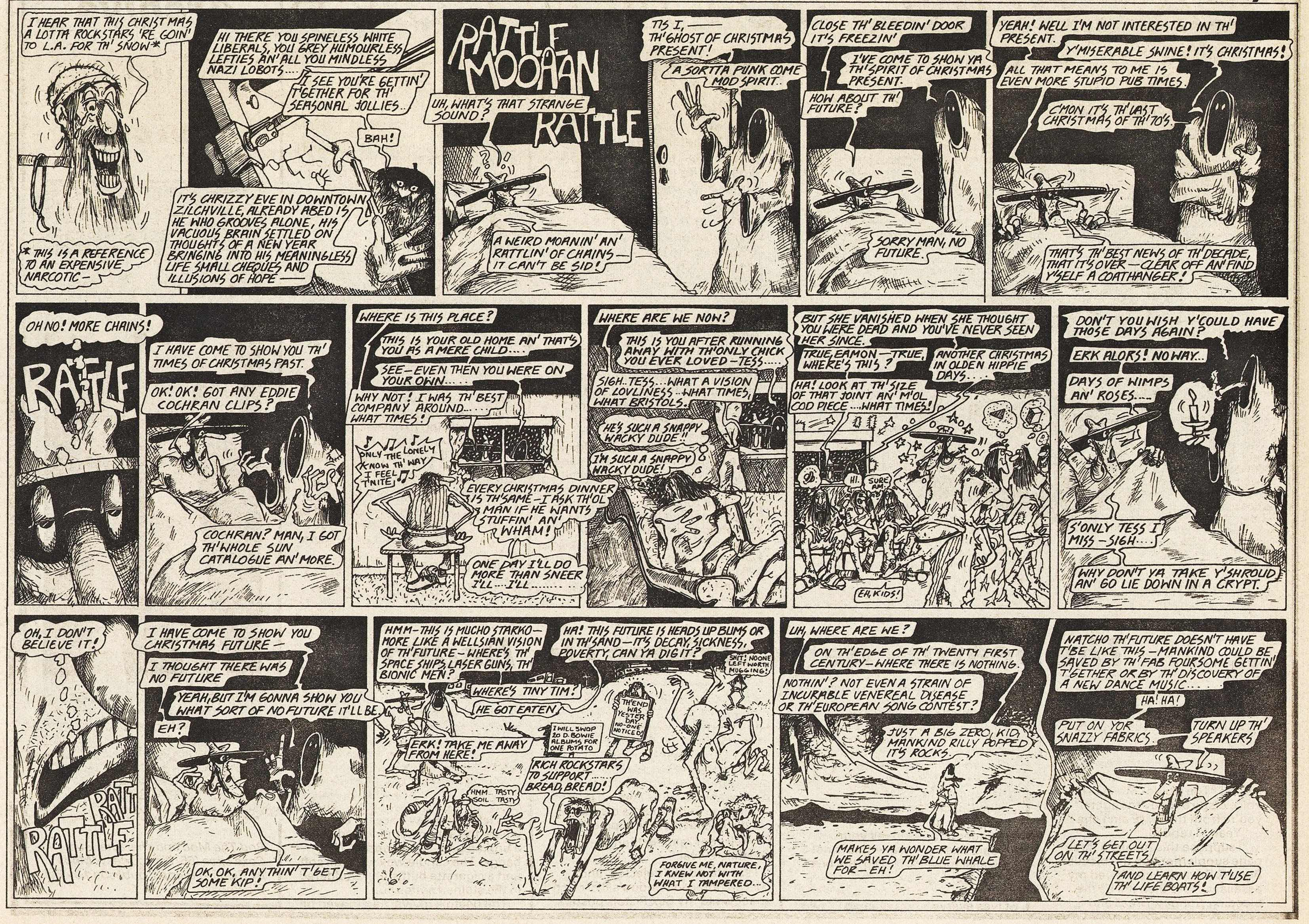
When the preparations have all been made and you take the show on the road, that's the time when you finally find out if your inspiration is also a saleable commodity.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

Benyon



HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Scrawl A Stiff Slogan — Win A Year's Stiffs.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

PLUS 20 LENE LOVICH LPS ON THE LOOSE

FED UP with spray-canning walls with world-wise witticisms or scribbling social comments on loo walls? Well, now's the time to have your special talent recognised.

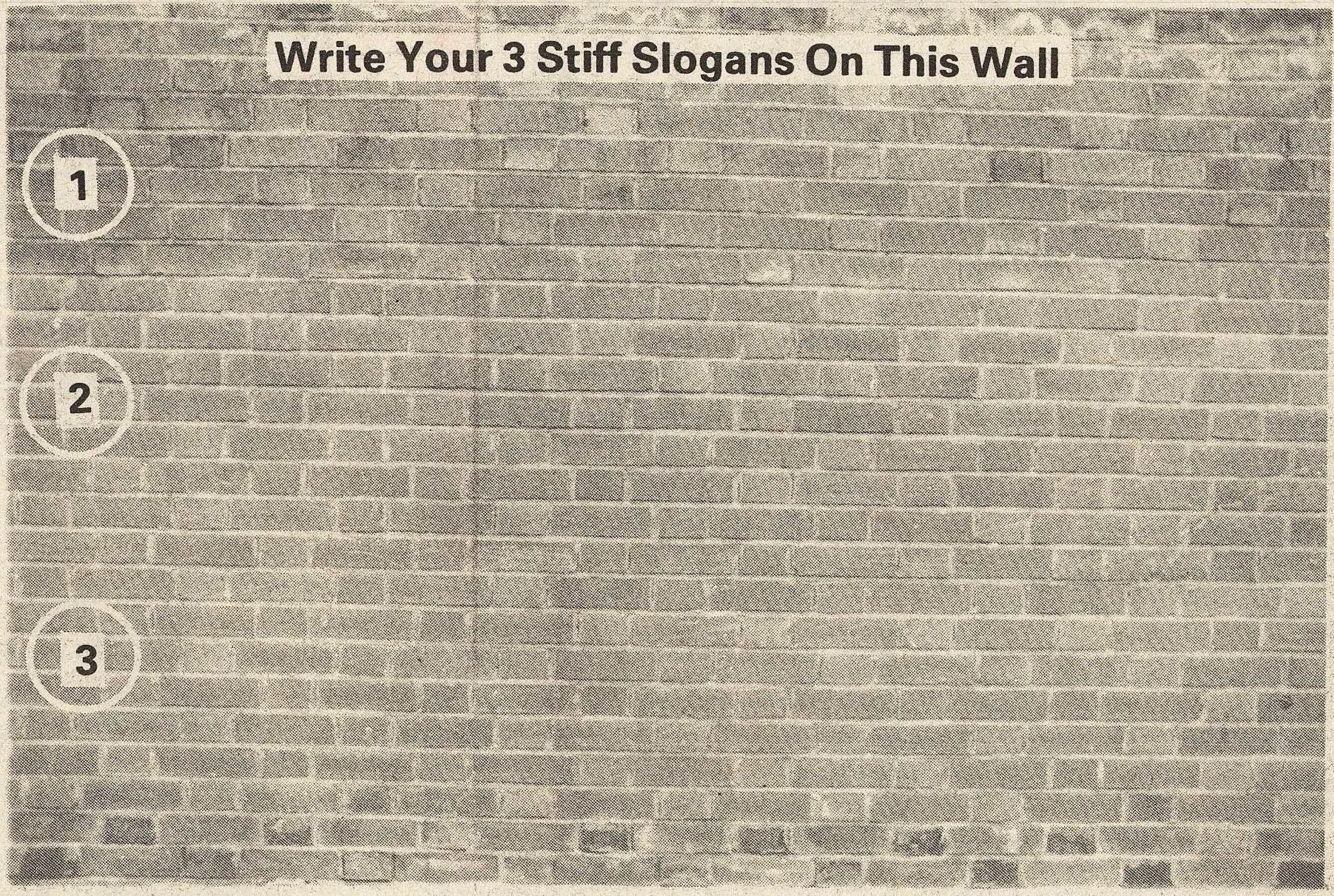
NME offers you a unique opportunity to leave your permanent mark on the '80s and pick up a recorded reminder of the last 12 months for your trouble.

As Stiff Records stroll into a new decade, they're seeking a new motto to replace their familiar "Reversing Into Tomorrow" catch-phrase.

This is where your assistance is required. We're positive that many of you with a gift for the irrepressible smart-ass one-liner can come up with (1) a rash and racy slogan for Stiff to use. You're also (2) asked to concoct an appropriate title for a proposed Stiff Records compilation. And, for a tie-breaker (3), suggest a six word slogan for the '80s.

The first prize will be a complete set of *all* Stiff Records releases for 1979 (see separate display), plus the label's first release of 1980 — the new Lene Lovich album 'Flex'.

And the goodies keep coming. In the privacy of your own home do you fancy asking La Lovich, "How Do You Pronounce Your Name?" or maybe you'd like to corner Ian Gomm and quiz him about what precisely is a Gommcaster. Thrill to their candid replies time and time and time again, 'cause included will be two promo-only Stiff Records radio interview DJ albums which were distributed in the States. The first ten runners-up will be mailed a copy of Lene Lovich's 'Flex' album plus both the Lovich and Gomm interview albums whilst the next ten runners-up secure a copy of 'Flex'.



Name ....

Address..

....

Clip out and send to: NME Just Another Stiff On The Wall, IPC Competitions Dept, 55 Ewer St, London SE99 6YP.

RULES: This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of *New Musical Express* and the staff of Stiff Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of *NME*.

The first prices is a complete set of all Stiff Records releases for 1979 plus American-only pressings still in the cupboard as follows:

Singles: Buy 42 **Lene Lovich:**Lucky Number (7" & 12") . Buy 43 **Rumour:** Frozen Years (7" promo). Buy 44 **Rachel Sweet:** I Go To Pieces (7"). Buy 45 **Rumour:** Emotional Traffic (7" red/orange/green/blue and black). plus: Hard Enough To Show (7" promo). Buy 46 **Lene Lovich** Say When (7" & 12" plus one-sided promo). Buy 47 **Kirsty MacColl:** They Don't Know (7" and picture disc). Buy 48 **Lew Lewis:** Win Or Lose (7"). Buy 49 **Wreckless Eric:** Hit & Miss Judy (7" & 12"). Buy 50 **Ian Dury:** Reasons To Be Cheerful (7" & 12"). Buy 51 **Angie:** Peppermint Lump (7"). Buy 52 **The 45s:** Couldn't Believe A Word (7"). Buy 53 **Lene Lovich:** Bird Song (7" & 12"). Buy 54 **Duplicates:** I Want To Make You Very Happy (7"). Buy 55 **Rachel Sweet:** Baby, Let's Play House (7"). Buy 56 **Madness:** One Step Beyond (7" & 12"). Buy 58 **Michael O'Brien:** Made In Germany (7"). Buy 59 **Pointed Sticks:** Out Of Luck (7"). Buy 60 **The GTs:** Boys Have Feelings Too (7"). Buy 61 **Jona Lewie:** God Bless Whoever Made you (7"). Lew 1 **Lew Lewis:** Luck 7 (7" three versions). Last 5 **The Sports:** The Sports (7"). Horn 1 **Davey Payne:** Saxophone Man (7").

Albums: Seez 13 **Rumour:** Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs & Krauts. Seez 14 **Ian Dury:** Do It Yourself. Seez 16 **Lew Lewis:** Save The Wail. Seez 17 **Madness:** One Step Beyond.

DEAF, BLIND, BUT NOT DUMB

Tomorrow's leisure today?

The Machine that talks back.

THERE I was, on the corner of Broadway and 52nd Street. It's not the pleasantest part of town, too close to the primal sleaze of Times Square, but what the hell it's one of the places in New York where you can find a full blown pinball arcade.

Anyway, I'm checking out this machine with a backflash like a heavy metal album cover — all snakes, demons, scantily clad nubiles and sword-wealding warriors. It calls itself a William's *Gorgar*.

So, I think to myself, what the hell and I drop my quarter into the slot and then . . . goddamn! — the machine speaks to me! I swear to God the machine speaks to me.

"Gorgar speaks!"

"Me Gorgar. Beat me!"

I take a step back. It's got this voic like a punch drunk Martian. I can tell you, I'm worried. Talking pinball machines are but a shot away from the white room with quilted walls. I'm just starting to sweat when somebody tells me that this is the very latest thing in electronic leisure devices. It's *Gorgar*, the world's first talking pinball machine and I have just put my quarter into the test model, the only one in the eastern half of the United States.

As I play the game, I start to discover the full horror of *Gorgar*. Hi a target and he bellows, "You got me!" Drop the ball into his "snake hole" (1,000 when lit) and he thunders, "Me got you!" Rip a special score out of the creature and he positively screams "You hurt Gorgar — me hurt!"

But this time you realise that Gorgar doesn't have what you'd call a wide vocabulary. Talking, howeve isn't his only trick. He also has a repertoire of thirteen very peculiar noises, plus a throbbing heartbeat that quickens and grows louder as the score mounts.

Playing with *Gorgar* for the first time is a trifle hard on the nerves. Pinball has always been something of a solitary sport as far as I'm concerned, and to have some machine yelling and throbbing at you is a bit disconcerting until you get used to it.

It also makes you wonder what they'll think up next. Machines that bite you, punch you in the mouth or make humiliating remarks about how you dress? The future is nearer than we think.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Archive Fun Twice!

Rod The Mod and characteristic Coke circa '65. Pic courtesy 'Mods' by Richard Bames, published by Eel Pie Books.

■ *From p. 11*

The Beatnik Revival Goes On, Dadyo!

a middle aged man on piano, and a scrawny seven foot youth on double bass. He was painfully thin, sunken cheeked, wearing a London School of Economics scarf and a pair of ill fitting cavalry twill trousers. On a card behind them was scrawled the legend "The Spider Moses Trio". A voice disturbed my thoughts. " 'Ere you're from the *NME* ain't cha?"

"Yeah."I replied.

"I suppose this means a three page supplement on the bleeding Beatnik Revival," continued my assailant "And then it'll be the bleeding *Sunday Times* and *Observer* jumping on the bandwagon, bloody A&R men from EMI and Virgin, and Jimmy Pursey explaining it all to late night television.

So who are you? I asked, taking in his standard goatee beard, French beret and duffle coat.

"I'm Chuck Beret, the cultural spokesman of Le Caff," he continued. "You can tell your readers this from me — this is not a revivalist movement. Dig, the beats have never been away dad, we are everywhere. I've just come up from St Ives everywhere I hitched I saw Beats and I thought this is it, a chance to get self disrespect, no having to dress up smart anymore or having to spend hundreds of pounds in Boy and Seditionaries ...

"We don't want any mods or punks getting into our scene, and we don't want the skins coming down either. The Teds, they're disgusting, strictly deadsville, like Hippies.

"Tell your readers there is no Beatnik revival."

I sauntered out dejected, and walked home in London's flickering shadows to my Sex Pistols posters, Clash white labels, and Scritti Politti demo tapes. Somehow they didn't seem enough anymore.

The following evening I went back to Le Caff, this time with a photographer to capture the exclusive feature the beats seemed so reluctant to see. It was the same cellar, but completely empty. All that was left was a few traces of oil paint where the action painting had been, a broken bass string, and a CND badge. The candle wax was still soft, and a cigarette butt still smouldered in the stained coffee cup.

The beatnik revival had moved on

The Day UFO's Buzzed The House of Lords

THE WORLD, declares the eighth Earl of Clancarty, is not an apple — solid to the core — but a donut. It is hollow. And within this hollow there exists a Tolkienian mish-mash of 'long-gone' races. Mongolian-type midgets, fair-haired giants and the like. They've been there at least 12,000 years and amount to what's left of the Atlantean Empire. And yes, they have flying saucers.

Of course, it's this kind of nutty hypothesising that gives the House of Lords a rotten name, driving members of the dependable Lower House into fits of reform fever.

But is the eighth Earl really mad? Or is he just one more far seer in a blind world? Is he, for that matter, an Atlantean himself, given his queer habit of referring to 'humans' and 'only humans' as though he were somehow exempt?

The next few weeks will tell. For at this moment, he says, the earth's very bowels are being penetrated by an expedition of fellow Hollow Earthers (Do-Nutters). From an opening in the continent of (censored) the team has already descended some 105 miles in their marsh buggies. What they have discovered remains secret but last reports spoke chillingly of 'strange sounds'.

The eighth Earl is of course used to being thought of as slightly boffo. As founder member in the fifties of Flying Saucer Service Limited and author of eight UFO books, he knows the nature of the sceptical response. Derision and belly-laughs he declares to be old, reliable chums.

Besides, he has his admirers too. In January he was able to stage a full-scale UFO debate in the Lords that kept the House awake for just short of 3½ hours and drew into his camp such venerable figures as Lord Kings-Norton, ex-president of the Royal Institution ("top job in the science hierarchy").

Out of this debate has grown a Study Group of 20 nobles plus a Tory from 'the other place' that has pledged itself to self-education and the short-term objective of an 'Intra-Governmental Inquiry'.

There has already been some semantic difficulty over this last proposition, the nitpickers correctly maintaining the 'intra' means 'within' whereas what Clancarty actually means is 'inter' — an inquiry performed openly by several governments. It's this kind of fuzzy imprecision that dogs the whole slippery area of ufology. Nothing can be proved. Not even the apparently straightforward business of polar openings.

"At one time," says Clancarty, "there used to be flights advertised over the pole. But they never did go over the pole. They always used to keep a certain distance away because the compasses would go potty and put their passengers at risk. So that's one reason why there's been no real proof."

For evidence of these polar openings he offers his own *Secret Of The Ages: UFO's From Inside The Earth* — a book written with a ton of old-boy erudition and fairly dripping with enthusiasm. There are quotes aplenty from the Great Greeks and Inca and Aboriginal legends but nothing of great substance except, perhaps, the reports of polar explorers discounted or ignored by the scientific establishment.

Nansen, the Norwegian, for example, insisted that in the 'farthest northern regions of the polar area the weather got so warm it was sometimes unbearable'. He also discovered signs of warm-blooded animals such as foxes.

The only answer, says Clancarty, "seems to be that they came out of the interior of the earth" and that the hot weather was caused by "warm air blowing up through the polar entrance."

Clancarty further submits that governments such as those of the U.S., U.K. and Soviet Union are covering up. And he is supported in this belief by Lord Hill-Norton, admiral of the Fleet and former chief of Britain's Defence Staff.

"He is presently a member of the Group", reports Clancarty "and he had told me that he's very interested in the subject and has not been satisfied with some of the answers he had been given.

"So I asked him and I said don't answer if you feel you're doing something you shouldn't apropos the Official Secrets Act etcetera and I said 'have you got any info on how the Ministry of Defence people go around to persons who've seen UFO's in this country?'

"After a sighting, MoD people suddenly turn up with proper identity cards, telling people not to talk about what they've seen. And he said he not only didn't know what these cards looked like but that he actually didn't have anything to do with the matter. Even though he was Chief of Defence Staff. — Too high up, y'see."

HOW DEEP then does this conspiracy run? Are the men of the Ministry actually in cahoots with the subterraneans? Are there subterraneans in High Places?

According to the Earl of Kimberley — another debater — four U.S. presidents proclaimed their 'belief' in UFO's and promised to uncork the bottle at the first opportunity. They were Eisenhower, Johnson, Ford and Carter.

"I strongly suspect," said Kimberley, during the debate "that Her Majesty's Government knows why this has not happened. And if they do know, then they should inform your Lordships."

Answering for the Government, Lord Trefgarne dismissed the call for an inquiry, promising that time and the advance of "scientific wisdom" would serve to debunk UFO theories. "Today, no-one takes witchcraft seriously and there are no fairies at the bottom of my garden."

Undaunted Clancarty suspects the authorities are being a little off-hand, that they seek to trivialise an issue being considered seriously elsewhere. Ten governments now openly acknowledge that UFO's 'exist' and are 'real'. France, Norway, Sweden, Brazil, Argentine, Venuzuela, Mexico, the Philippines, Peru and Grenada.

It is, of course, the British way to present an inscrutable even whimsical front when its nuts are on the line. And to this end the clamourers get referred to the BBC and the Post Office whose job it is to monitor the nation's airwaves.

The Russians, says Clancarty, play the same game but with boots on. But even here there are signs of a crack in the iron wall.

"Up to very recent times there has been an efficient cover-up in the Soviet Union, y'see. And then in September 1977, an enormous UFO was seen over a town near the Finish border. Enormous thing, half a mile long. And I'm told it started dropping some sort of rays. Radiation came down from it onto the paving stones of the town.

"And it kept coming back, hovering there for sometimes hours at a time. And this went on until quite recently. And then shortly before our debate the Russians declared a UFO alert, which was reported in a supplement to *Izvestia.*

"They ask all Soviet citizens who've seen anything or have any UFO info to report it at once to the Soviet Academy of Sciences, y'see. Which is a complete about face. I'm told there has been mild panic."

In the U.S. the wall has also been breached.

An organisation called Ground Saucer Watch — with the help of the Freedom of Information Act — has recently winkled 900 pages of hitherto secret documents out of the Pentagon. While there are no photos of green men pickled in ice, there are at least signs that the American Defence establishment is, to use Clancarty's view — "bemused".

"It is becoming more and more difficult," he says, "to put some of these things down to natural phenomena. Now is the time for Governments to come into the open and tell us what they know."

He refers to a recent case reported in British newspapers. A Scottish forester claims to have been assaulted by two "wheel-shaped aliens with arms" who grabbed him by the side of the trousers and dragged him towards a silver-coloured spacecraft. The man, described as 'sensible and straightforward', fainted and was last reported to be hiding somewhere in England.

But what, as is usually asked, can be the purpose of such random and mystifying acts? A cosmic joke with us poor, dumb humans as the butt?

Clancarty suspects a motive grander than mere mischief. He believes the subterraneans and perhaps their sky brethren too, mean to warn our surface culture away from "mucking about with these nuclear things". And that their oddball methods are aimed simply at preserving their secret.

"I think it's obvious to anybody", he says, "that these weapons are not going to do us any good in the long run. I mean if we have to arm ourselves against the Russians and vice versa there's something wrong somewhere. Because it's going to get progressively more awful."

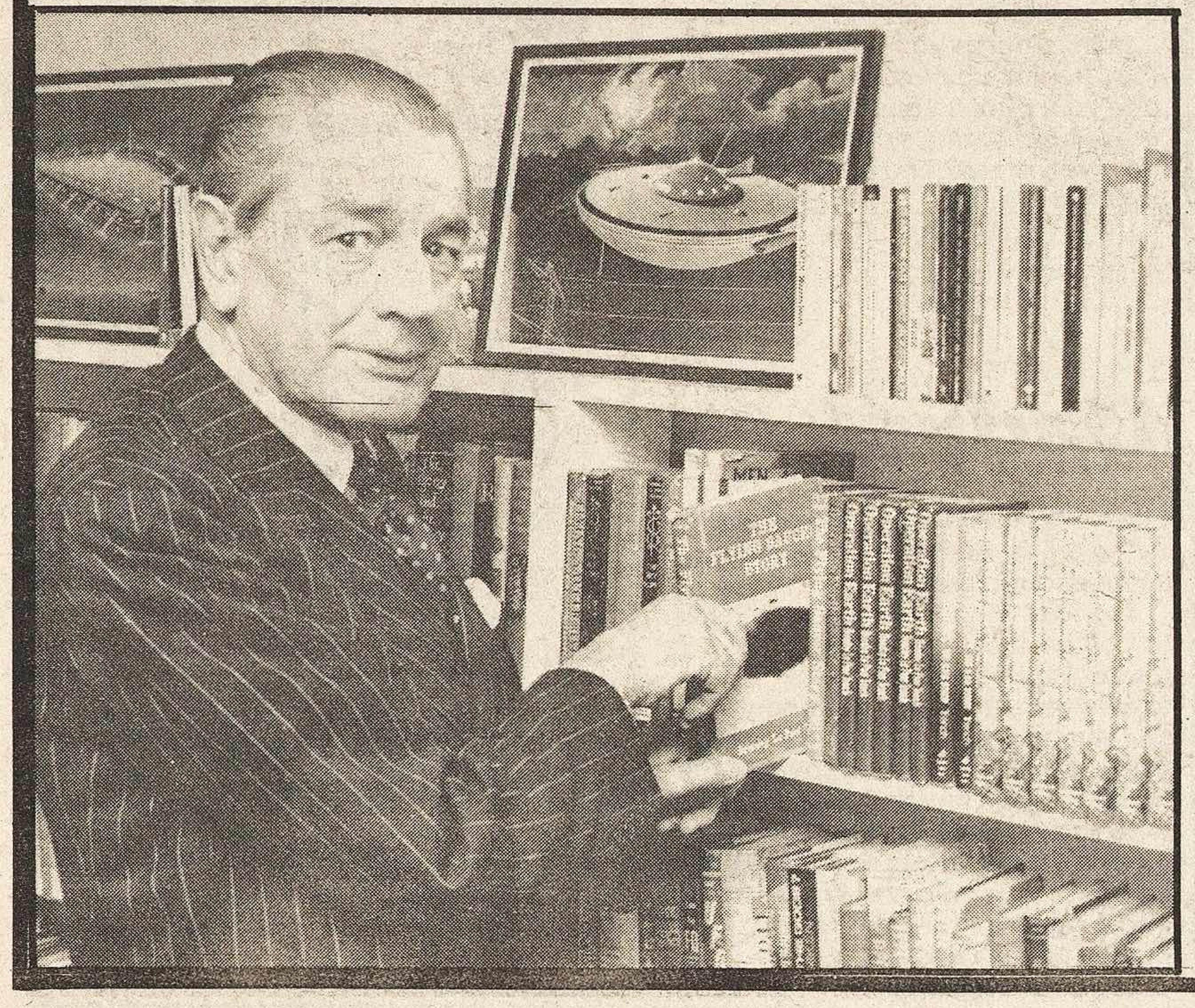
So that's the message?

"I honestly don't know. But my own message would be for the world to live in peace and get rid of all these nuclear things. But of course they won't. Being humans."

ANDREW TYLER

THRILLS

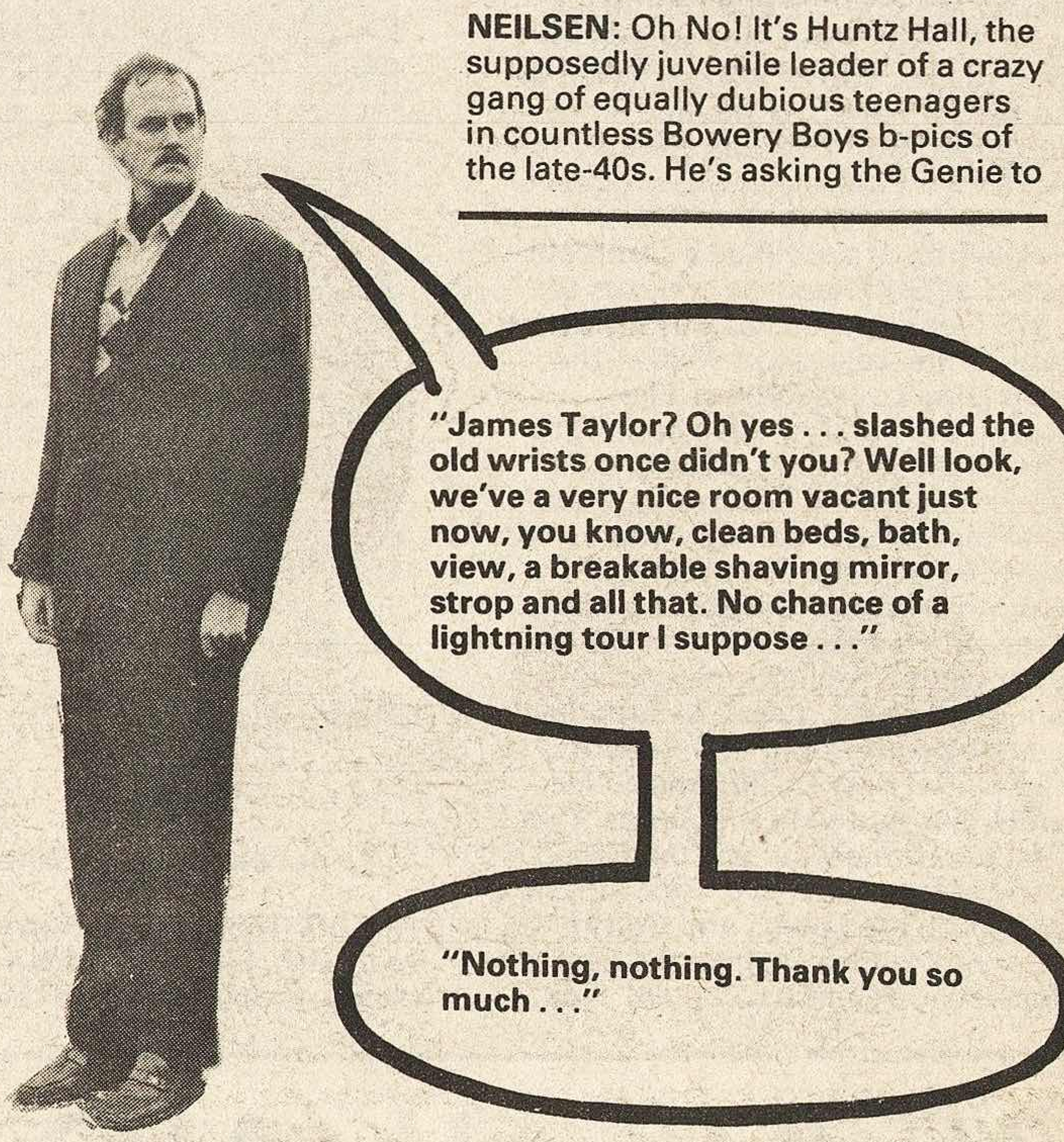
Lord Clancarty The Eighth.



Doppelganger ....

Ricky Neilson

NEILSEN: Oh No! It's Huntz Hall, the supposedly juvenile leader of a crazy gang of equally dubious teenagers in countless Bowery Boys b-pics of the late-40s. He's asking the Genie to



Come In, Gift 82, Your Time Is Up

Elvis, Ritzy Mitzi (with block and tackle holding hair in place) and introducing Zoe 'Wiggles' Topaz pictured here coming last in the 'Peer Amazingly Into The Mob Of Studio Technicians' finals held in Hollywood.

THE ELVIS PRESLEY saga shows no sign of sagging. In recent weeks we've heard about the departed's drug habits and his home porn video. The latest facet of the Presley legacy to come in for close scrutiny is the fabled (and sometimes rather weird) Presley generosity.

In his time, Presley handed out a great manner of random gifts of rings, watches, cars and even houses. Some went to loyal retainers, good buddies or girlfriends, some went to total strangers like Minnie Person who, out of the blue, found herself the owner of a brand new Cadillac courtesy of Elvis.

This was all well and good when the man was alive and bringing in the bucks, but now that it's all down to royalties and residuals, the executors of the Presley estate, his former wife, Priscilla, accountant Joseph Hanks and the National Bank of Commerce are trying to get some of it back.

The first move is against a Presley ex-girlfriend, Linda Thompson. In 1974, Presley purchased a Memphis town house and then let Ms. Thompson's parents live in it on a rent free basis.

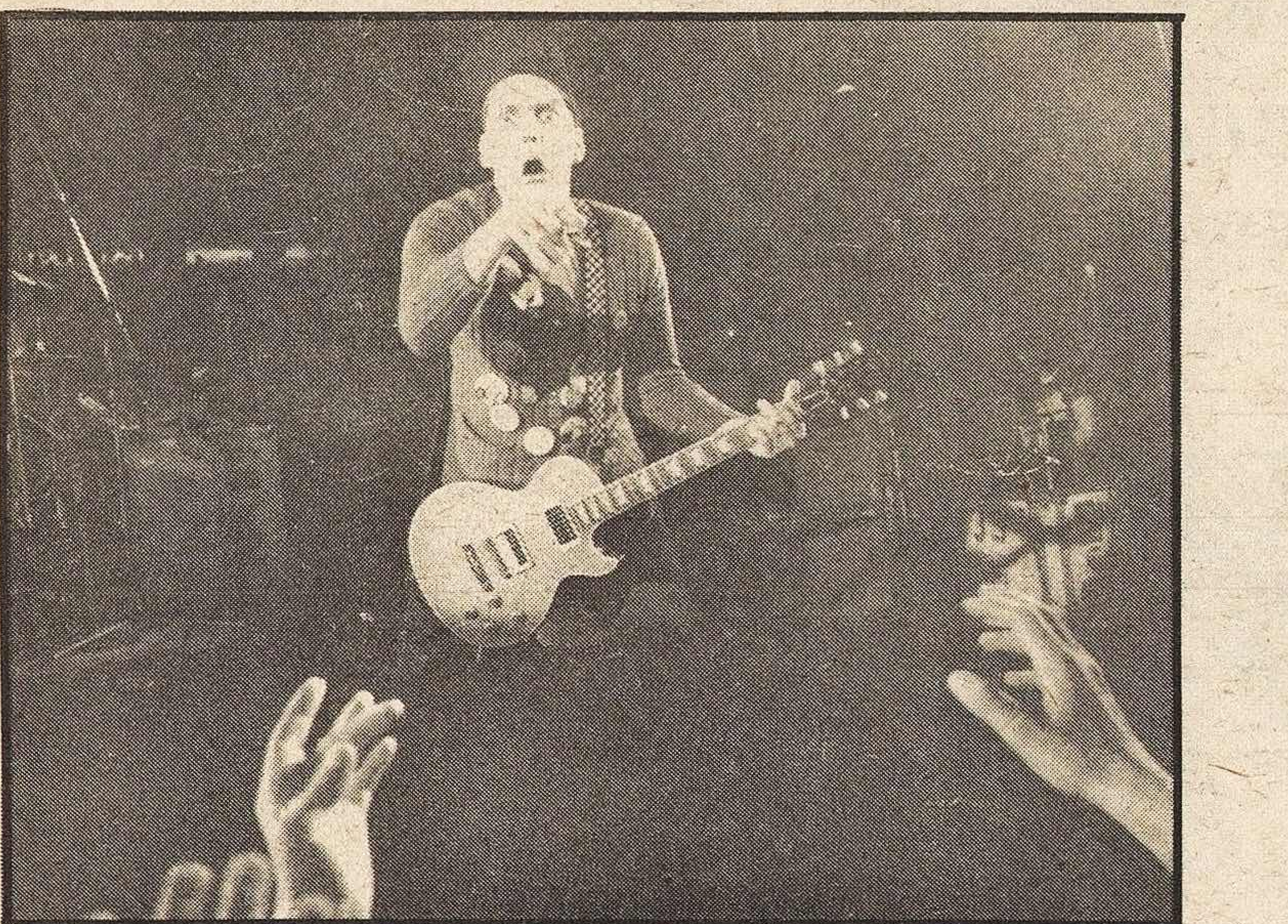
The Presley estate takes the attitude that this kind of thing has to stop and, accordingly, first demanded a $250 a month rental from the senior Thompsons and when the couple failed to come up with this, eviction proceedings were instituted.

Apparently the estate is now making efforts to recover other of Presley's lavish gifts. It's hard times when the King is dead.

MICK FARREN

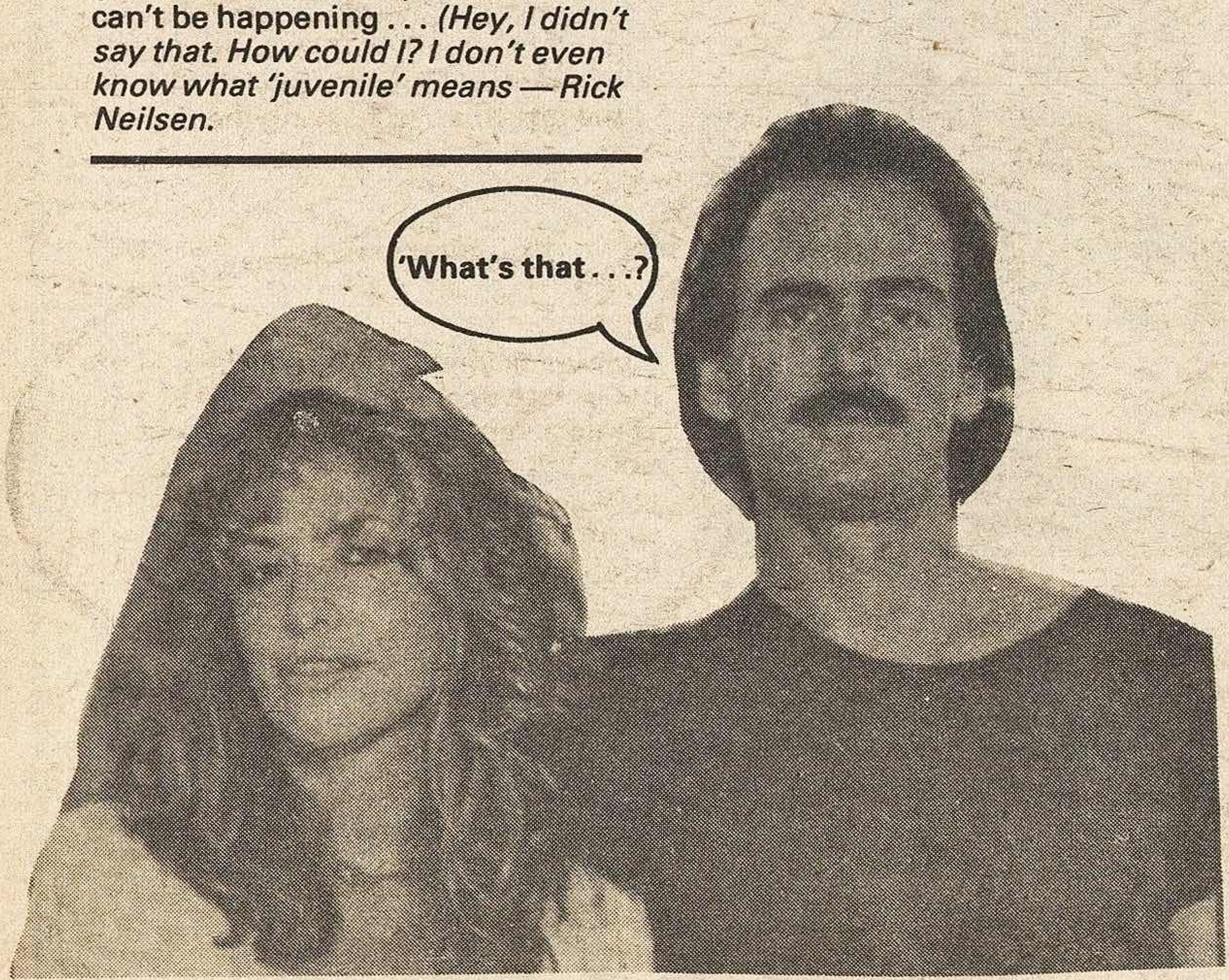
THRILLS

The Dope



Huntz Hall.

turn those milk-shakes into electric guitars! What a cheap trick! This can't be happening . . . *(Hey, I didn't say that. How could I? I don't even know what 'juvenile' means — Rick Neilsen.*



DANGEROUS VISIONS

Gum Trees And Glum Trees

DAVID BELLAMY is up a gum tree.

Honest. Botany's cherubic teddy bear has a new series all to himself — him and the Australian outback. Bet your bottom bacteria that we will be brought the *weirdest*, the *driest*, the *most poisonous*, and — in short(s) — a populist diet that promises for Aussie algae what Patrick Moore gave dwarf stars: a new public.

Boulder size thumb nails establish relativity, leaning loutishly on whole, living plant communities — the microscopic side of sociological analysis — whilst inter-tidal zones shape up to warts. Green fingers and prehistoric watermarks: "some of the world's most poisonous reptiles are *not unknown*." Every pebble is an insect, and the exfoliation hides a thousand explanations. Bellamy fries his eggs on rocky plateaux, looking set to spill all the beans on that one daft detail from Mother Nature's outback tableau you least expect: 'Now the reason that *this* duck-billed platypus is looking so down in the mouth . . .'

Bellamy's voice plays tunes, lunging and lisping around like a child with a day-old hobby. The enthusiasm is spellbound, and quite often a bit beyond outsiders. The bubbling syntax of *Up A Gum Tree* is lumpen, steamy, a confection of phrases like "about a *billion*" or "now *there's* a desert if ever I saw one!" The empirical-elbows-in viewmaster approach swings symbolic, from descriptive litany to a rocky pool crawly creep, a tiny *Alien* lookalike Bellamy dubs as "plastic mini-monster" to — cut — Bellamy in helicopter, suddenly automated, the spage age, all set to give the bush an aerial go of it and no messing. And the humanity in this chap's kitbag! Cut again, this time to Dave — not a bad Flyin' Doc for a pom — down drinking jugs of lager at a local saloon in some town called Marble Bar, framed up in its gallery of gnarled Aboriginal physiognomy: history fossilised.

Bellamy, all all-weather-pumps and bandy suntanned legs — *World About Us* meets a Watney's boozer Mediterranean hols — turned up the next Saturday in the sub-topical confines of *Parkinson* decked out in a starchy Rolf Harris safari suit, but proffered no comments on the pianist's perennial plastic palm trees. Home truths?

Over on BBC2, Gavin Millar did a Bellamy on Hollywood: "a ghost town, a dinosaur." His *Talking Pictures* was economics and politics on and off the set, and as predictable in one main line of questioning — why no British film industry? — as a shoestring (cough) TV cop. No fault of its own, and all that.

We had Franc Roddam, maker of *Quadrophenia* and a recent Los Angeles recruit, looking for all the world like a Fleetwood Mac press officer, oozing blowdried, moneyed confidence. Where the introductory shots to Roddam's interview were all purring business glee over a transatlantic phone, Martin Scorcese, director of *Taxi Driver*, got located hunched squarely over the cutting desk: coincidence?

Pale, fast-talking, aesthetically neurotic, Scorcese as interviewee looked every bit the part he played in *Taxi Driver;* except he was no longer aiming to blow away an unfaithful spouse with a ·45 Magnum, but old notions of cinema production with — everybody's new toy — video.

"Movies are my life," Scorcese once said — and here, away from the homely Howard Hawkes posters he looked as displaced about it as one of Bellamy's algae given that big red book by Eamonn Andrews. The best line in *Talking Pictures* though, came from Joseph Wambaugh, ex-cop and author of best-seller turned movie flop *The Choir Boys:* "the making of the deal — not the film — is the art form." He described Robert Aldrich's adaptation of *The Choir Boys* as a "sleazy, filthy film . . . one of the ugliest motion pictures, ever." With publicity like that, who needs *Time* magazine?

Other chatty and documentary programmes weren't so digestible. George Melly was gabbing on about new interpretative angles on Shakespeare — it is Christmas, and as we all know Shakespeare and The Beatles both have good small print in their contracts to this televisual end — but I watched that with the sound turned down, a record on instead: action motivated by an attitude which would also force me to 'review' a programme about performance art by watching some Rugby League. (And no, there shouldn't be an 'instead' at the end of that last sentence.) Suffice to say Melly still looks like someone who wants to look like he has persistently refused to ditch Surrealism altogether.

Over in *The Glums* ITV have a cast of moderne Shakespearian low-life comedians, headed by Jimmy Edwards as Mr Glum — who is not joined at any point, I was miffed to discover, by the rest of the Mr Men.

The Glums are nearer earthed than earthy, but one bit of dialogue ambushed me; Ron (Ian Lavendar) is being told the unexpurgated version of his origins by — is he or isn't he — his Pa (Jimmy Edwards): "We went out one night and you were there on the doorstep. You know what that makes you, don't you?" Ron: "A milkbottle?" Otherwise, this was standard "Oh, give over crying, you're making me corns throb," and the slap-and-tickle strictly unstated: end-of-the-pier for t'end of year.

I could but wonder what David Bellamy would make of Ron's origins: Up a glum tree?

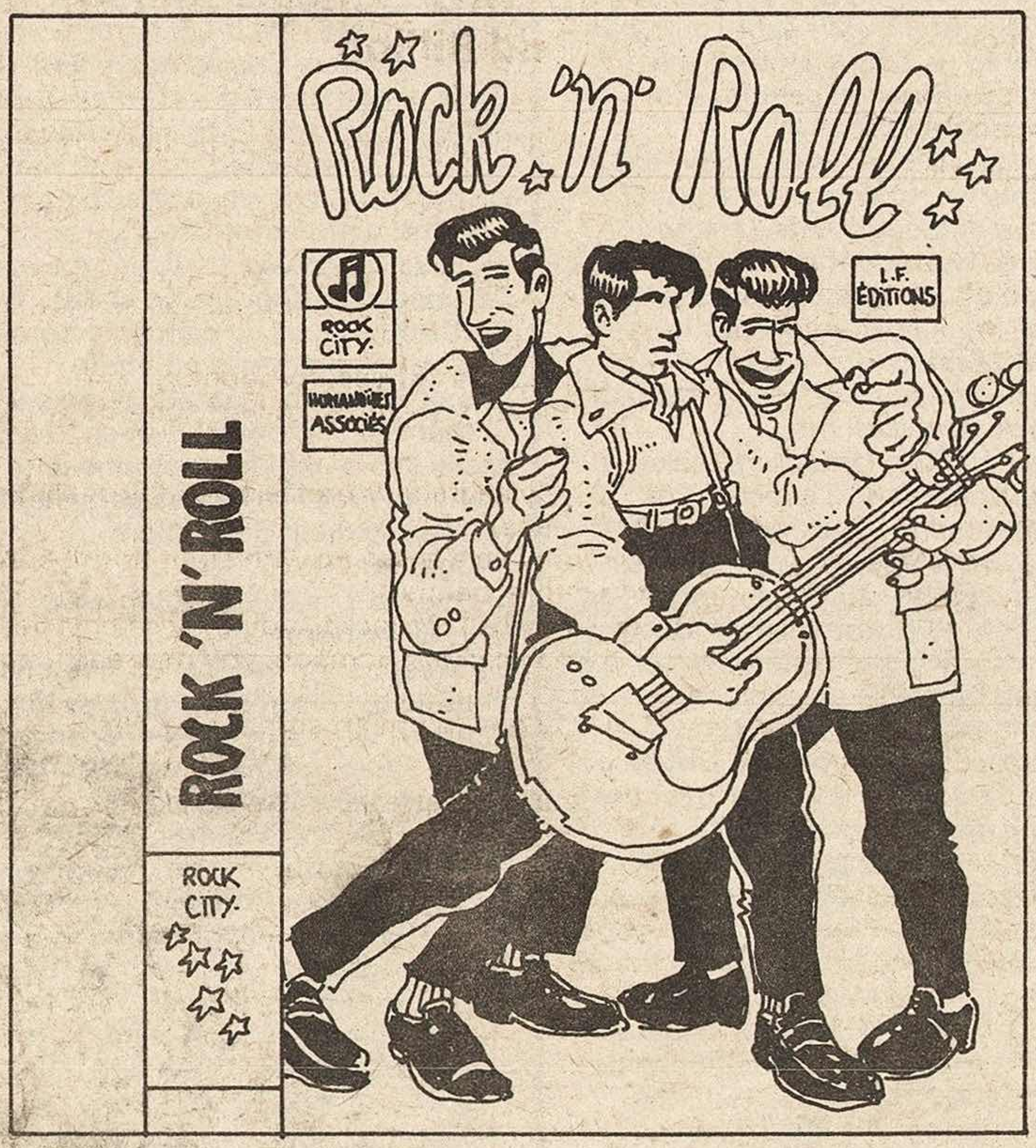
IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

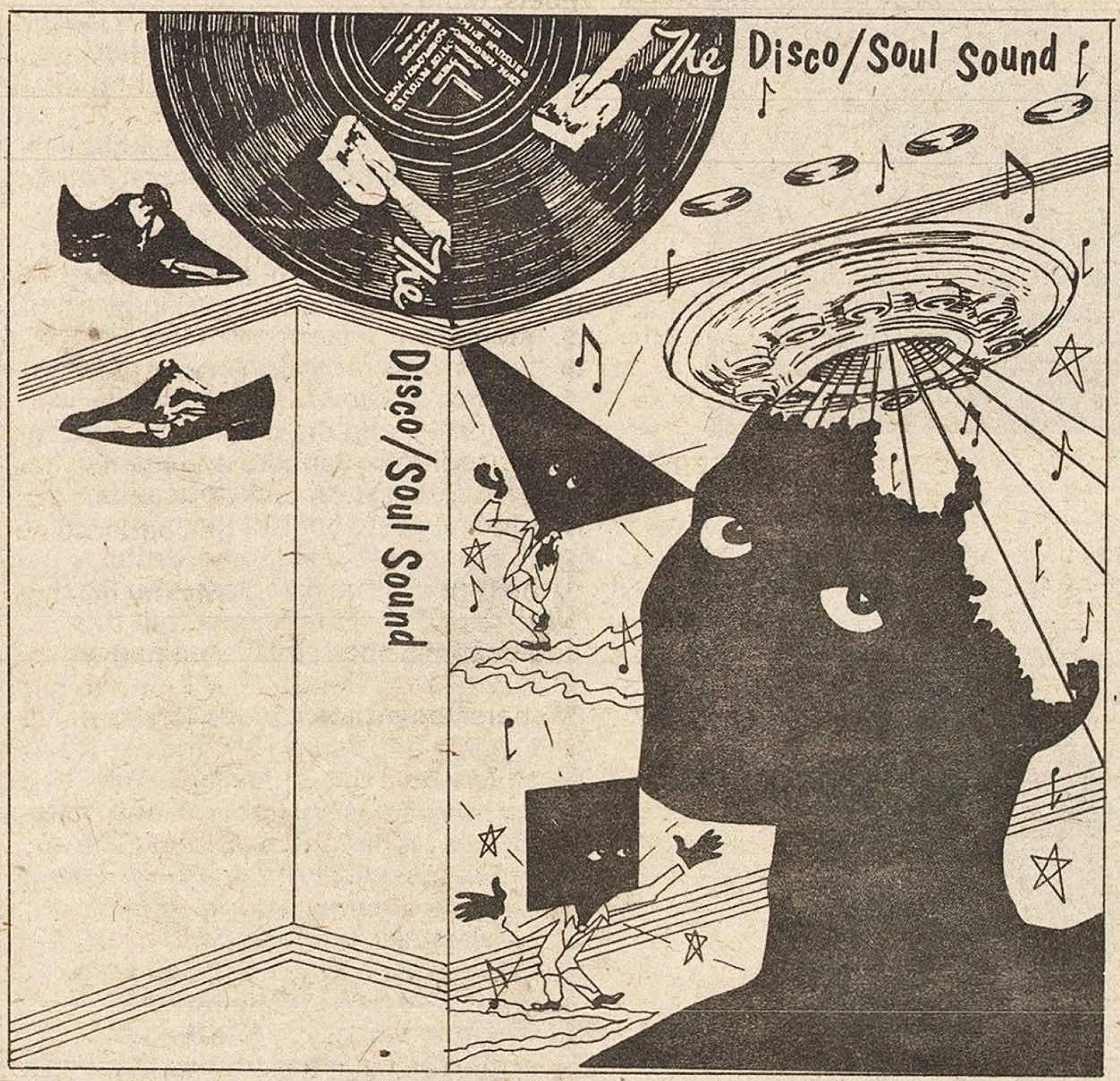
Lowry

Creative Cassettes

Update your fave tapes with this 'Blue Peter' cut-out, colour-in, and keep special!

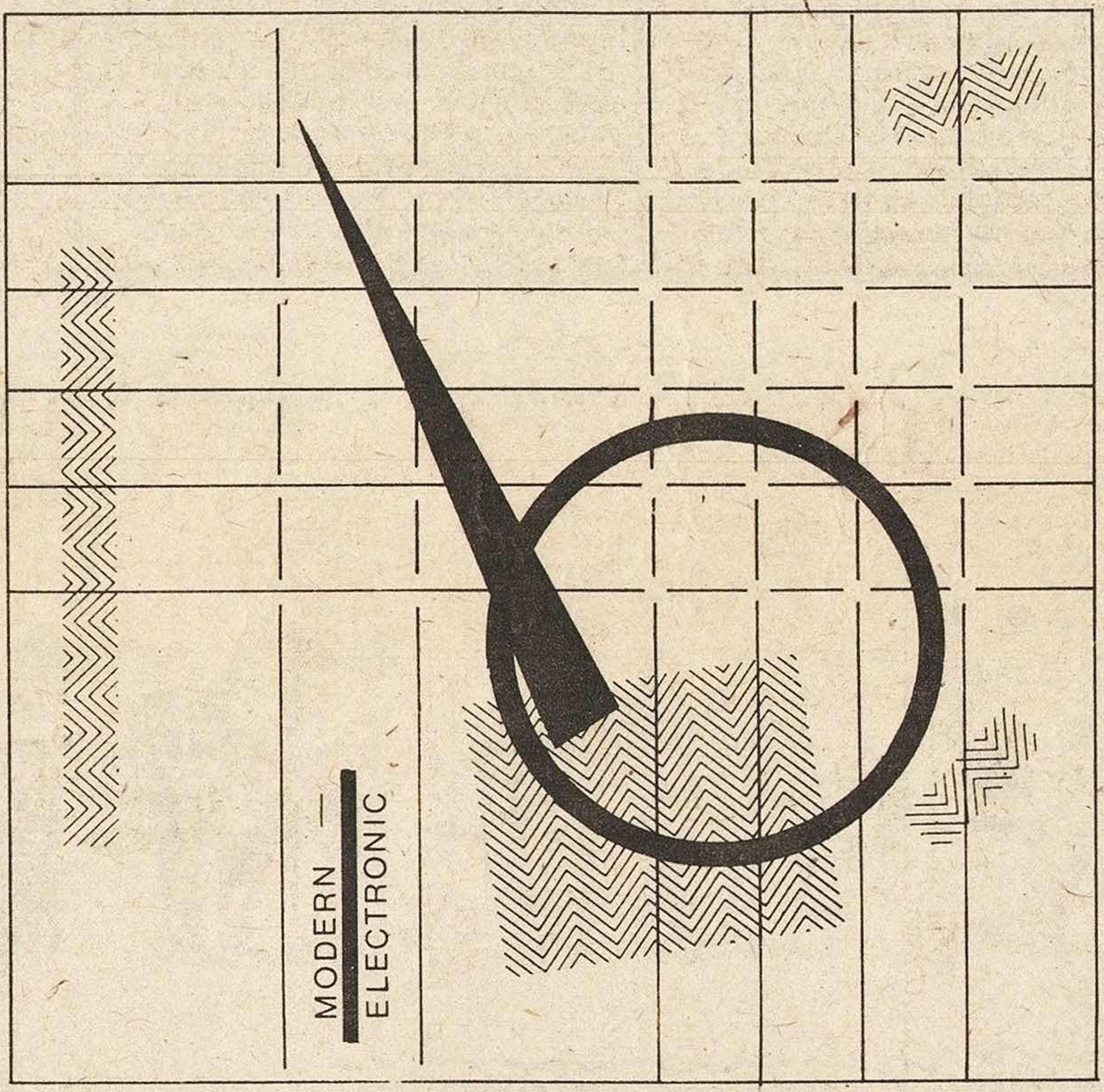


Graphic: Serge Clerc



Graphic: Caramel Crunch

A Thrills Design For Modern Living



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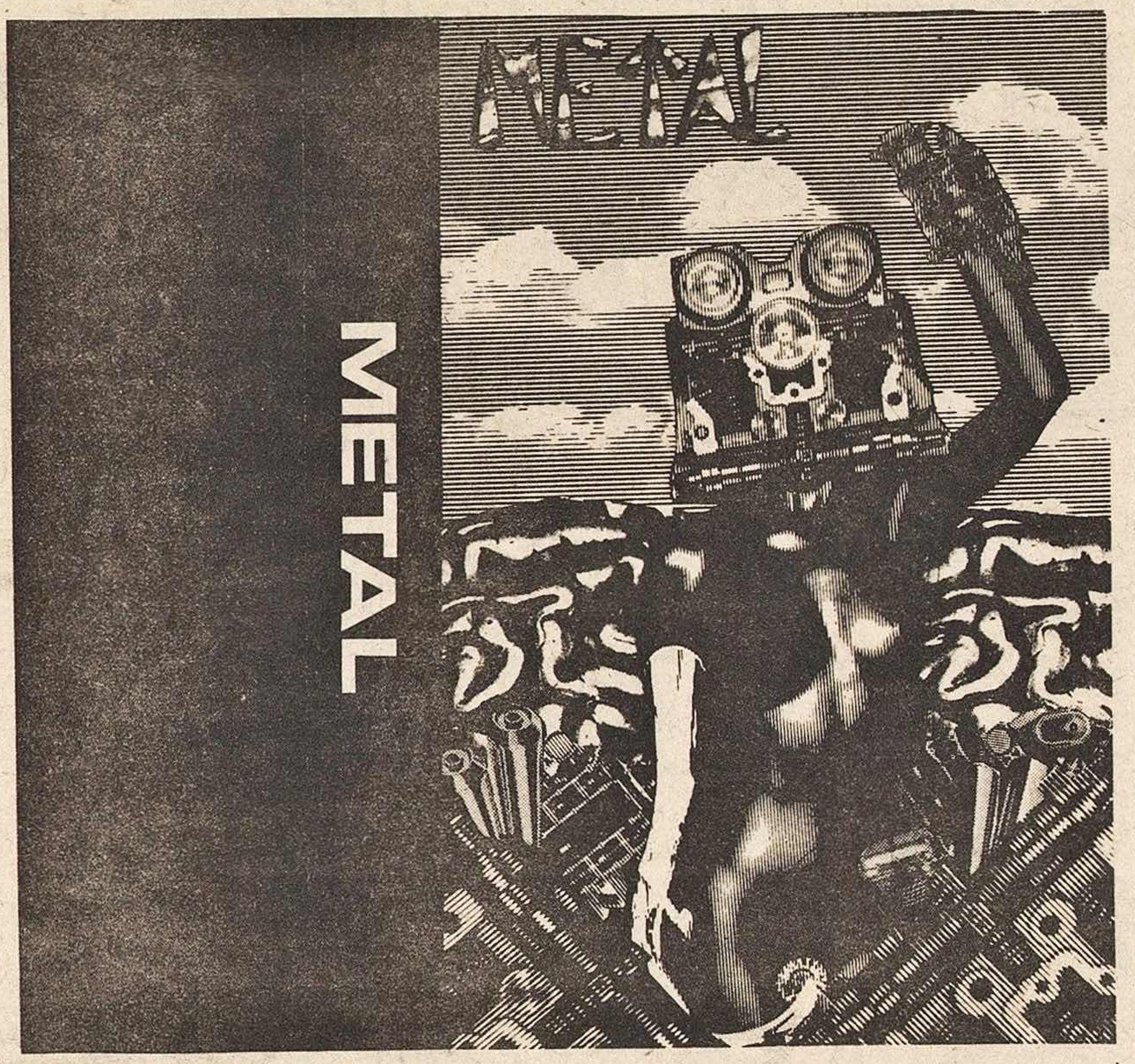
Graphic: Assorted Images



Graphic: Michael Beal

Graphic: Rice and Peas Rockers

Thrills' Bozo Songbook

The unauthorised versions of 79's smash hits

'Are Trends Eclectic?'
By Barry Neuberg

It's cold outside.
And my poster's on a billion walls now.
And there's a man outside
In a duffle coat, school cap smoking a cigarette
I don't believe what he says.
Hasn't he heard of Bow-ee?
Apparently not.
I think there's another customer here, dad . . . .

(*Spoken refrain over twee synthesizer and tambourine*)

So now I'm alone, now I can think for myself
About whether I'm making a prick of myself
and things.
No, I admire myself for going out on this limb.
Then again, I admire Jobriath and look what
happened to him . .

You know I hate to ask.
But are trends eclectic.
Only.
Mine's breaking down
I've got about anoth-er six months.
And in that time, I
Shall have to change my-im
Age
Or at least
Learn how to complete
Words of more than one syl
a
ball.

Tedium, Tedium, Snore
By Linton Quasi Intellectual

It's boredom 'mongst the rebels, tedium,
tedium, snore.
It's boredom 'mongst the rebels, tedium,
tedium, snore.

Night number one was in Brixton,
At the itsy bitsy, little bit risky, bitsy Little Bit
Ritzy, yellow polka dot bikini, ini, ini, snore.
The Ethno-Afro-Carib Jump Up, Mento and
Steel Band were playing.
Everyone there wore glasses, and had GCEs in
Poesy, RSAs in moustaches, attended
Polytechnic,
Tedium, tedium, snore.

It's boredom 'mongst the rebels, tedium,
tedium, snore.
Night number two was in Wardour.
Doun in de depths of Soho.
The rock press were invited, the New
Underground
assembled, the neo mods and beatniks, the
fashion
flocks and models, photographers and artists,
with
plus one on the guest list, Rico blew until
morning, tedium, tedium, snore.

It's boredom 'mongst the rebels, tedium,
tedium, snore.

Another Toad In The Hole (pts 18 & 19)
By Think Freud

We don't need no inspiration
We have no idea at all
No sharp realism in all our gloom
Hey! Rock star! Give the kids a loan!
All in all you're just another toad in the hole . . .

Hey Hey My My (Out My Bed And Let's Get High)
By Well Done

My my hey hey
Still whining on about L.A.
It's better to nod out than go 'Gabba Gabba
Hey'
My my hey hey

Out of the pickup into the sack
It's hard to get up when you're on your back
Where's my dope? Oh in the Cadillac

Hey hey my my
I'm still a downer although I try
It's the same guitar solo, don't know why
Hey hey my my

Crackers Not Quite
By The Mixed Grill Band

All us rappers, rabbit like the clappers,
Over covered foot tappers that sound like
dreck
We've been around for ages, gettin into rages
cos
Our ego dies onstages behind our twin speed
decks
Frustration is now finished as the disco is
diminished and the public
Yell for gimmicks, hell I'll give it 'em man
I say hip,pip,sip,dip,ain't no level I won't sink
on my ego trip
I go rub,dub,three men in a tub after years of
peanuts this is the big time bub!

You Gotta Convert Somebody
By Odd Billion

You may be a grand prix winner in Germany
or Spain,
You may be a UFO cruising off the Cuban
Main,
You may be some kind of Muslim Ayatollah,
Yoy might even have your beady eye upon our
Yankee dollar,
But you gotta convert somebody,
Yes indeed, you gotta convert somebody . . .

You may search for pretzels up in Brooklyn or
in Queens,
You may be a Mexican with eight bright bowls
of jumpin' beans,
You may call me jackal, you may call me lion,
You may call me Samson, you may call me
Brian,
But you gotta convert somebody, etc . . .

You may be a street punk wearing black vinyl
bin-liners,
You may think yourself some critic writing
your smart-arse one-liners,
You may be a billion-dollar rock personality,
You may own real estate, even have a
platinum LP.
But you gotta convert somebody,
Yes indeed, oh lord, you gotta convert
somebody . . . .

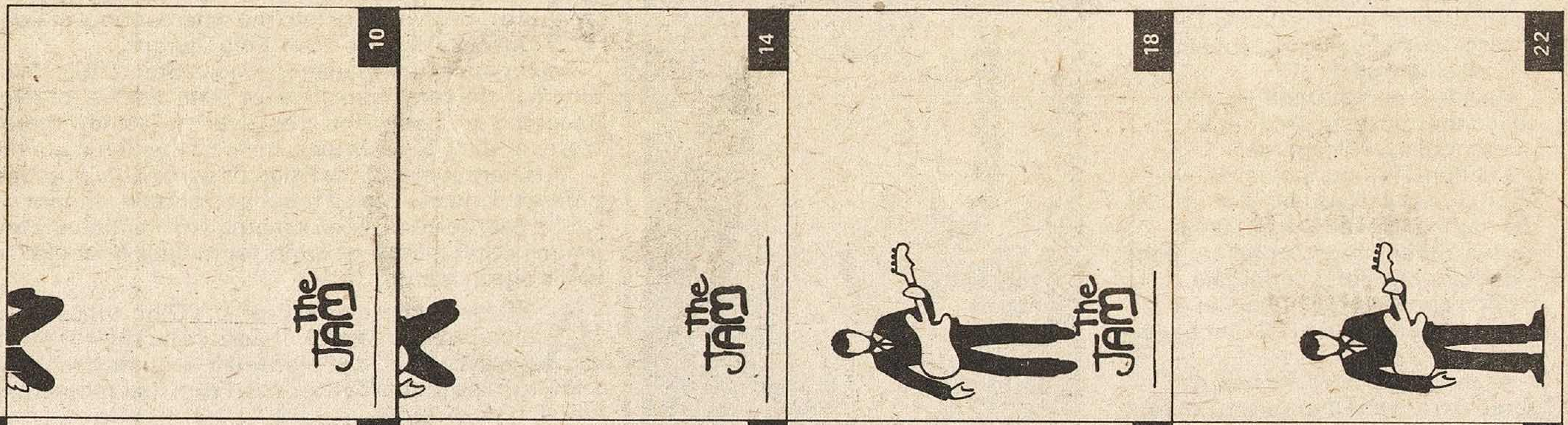
SEE BRUCE JUMP!

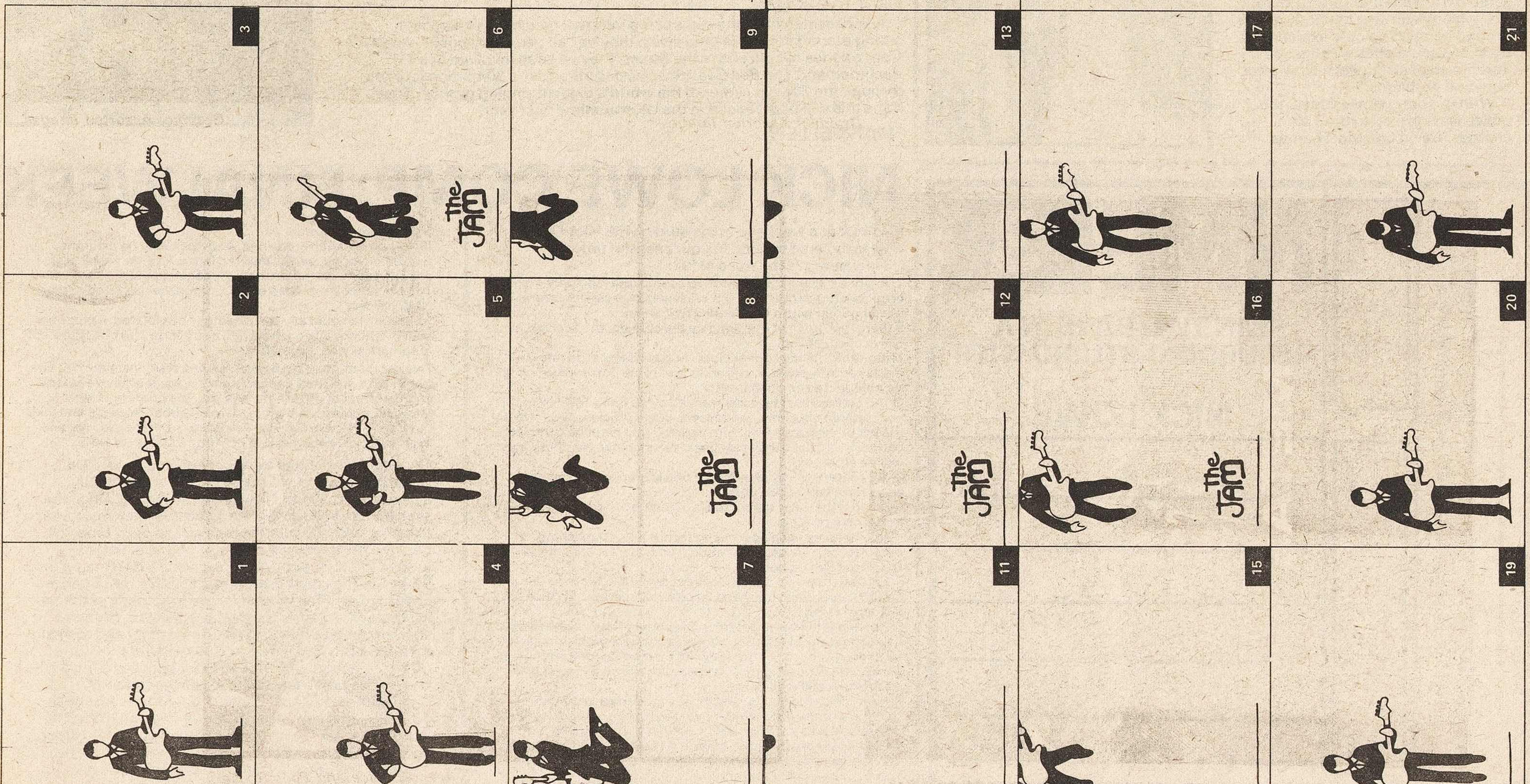
Let your fingers do the jumping. Yes, for the first time in the privacy of your home, NME offers you the opportunity to make a facsimile Bruce Foxton — fine bass player with the highly exciting Jam rock group — jump up and down WHENEVER YOU WANT HIM TO! No other rock paper can make this offer!

The process is childishly simple. Cut out the numbered squares, stick 'em onto some semi-stiff semi-bendy variety of cardboardy substance, arrange them in numerical order, staple through numbered corners and flick.

Hey presto! Bruce will defy the force of gravity AT YOUR COMMAND! Do it today . . .

Flix: Hamish.





A Reggae Crystalmix

WITH THE 12-inch discomix now established as a monopoly item on the reggae market, producers in both JA and the UK have this year applied themselves vigorously to adapting the format to a seasonal conclusion.

The promptest and most dunzworthy of all encapsulates 11 minutes and 19 seconds of Derrick Harriott's 'Christmas Song Book' issued on his Crystal outlet. Distinguished in reggae circles as "The Preacher", Harriott alternates with The Tamlins, Joy White, and The Reasons through a medley of 13 Xmas standards, including 'Little Drummer Boy', 'Silent Night', 'Hark The Herald Angels Sing', 'O Come All You Faithful', and 'We Wish You A Merry Christmas'.

Over at Retirement Crescent, Joel Gibson has seen fit to understudy the celebrated youth in the carol pertaining to good King Wenceslas and tread in The Preacher's footsteps with his own Christmas medley discomix 'Sleigh Bells Chant' — credited to The Joe Gibbs Family And Prince Mohammed — and extol six plus minutes of syndrum saturation.

Back in the UK — bwoy, you don't know how lucky you are! — emerges Miss Misty on a lover's rock adaptation of the old groaner's 'White Christmas'. Originally issued last year, the discomix is coyly subtitled 'Tribute To Bing Crosby' (Jamaica Sound).

Out of Shepherds Bush, one Lisa Shaw competes directly with Miss Misty on her own adaptation entitled 'Brite Christmas' (Corn Stick), production of which Cimaron Carl Levy admits responsibility.

Down in Stoke Newington, Carl St. Clair devotes an entire LP to December 25. Entitled 'Greetings To You' and issued on Trans Universal Records, Mr St. Clair employs Black Slate's Ras L Roy (bass) and Matumbi's Ja Bunny (drums) to warble renditions of 'Silent Night', 'Come All Ye Faithful' and eight original compositions on a similar theme.

Also available, reissue of trombonist Nickey Norris' instrumental medley 'Reggae Christmas' (Satril) and Verna Lee Powell's 'He Is My Santa Clause' (sic — very) for Jama. Not to mention: Wain Nelson, 'Christmas Time' (Attack); Gable Hall School Choir, 'Reggae Christmas' (Trojan); H.I.M. Tony and the Toys, 'Christmas Dragon' (Hayes International); and ...

PENNY REEL

Blood, Sweat and Tears

THERE was a time when it was the punks who wound up with cuts, bruises and bad headlines. Today, however, it seems to be the solidest of the solidly entrenched rock establishment who can't keep their fists to themselves.

First there was the Jack Nietzsche/Carrie Snodgress scandal and now, hot on its heels comes the saga of David Clayton-Thomas from Blood, Sweat And Tears.

It seems that last August Clayton-Thomas met a 23-year-old cocktail waitress called Dana Tarulli at My Father's Place, a Long Island nightclub. Later the same night the two of them went back to Ms Tarulli's Sea Cliff, Long Island home where, according to the lady, Clayton-Thomas beat her up when she rejected his sexual advances.

Clayton-Thomas on the other hand claimed he only hit Ms Tarulli by accident while he was looking for his missing wallet.

Accident or not, Dana Tarulli called the cops and brought a number of assault charges.

Clayton-Thomas, however, will not now have to appear in court. On the night of November 31, Dana Tarulli either jumped or fell from the 14th floor of a Fort Lauderdale, Florida apartment building where she was vacationing with her fiance Tommy Ford.

According to Ford, he heard a scream from another room, ran to the balcony and saw her body on the ground below. The only explanation that Ford could offer was that Ms Tarulli had been "upset all day over personal problems."

With the only witness dead, the police were forced to drop all charges. David Clayton-Thomas' problems are by no means over, though. Two weeks after the Long Island incident he was arrested in Palm Beach, Florida, on a charge of sexual battery. He is currently on bail of $10,000.

Did someone say that blood, sweat and tears were aptly named?

MICK FARREN

Yeah, Whatever Did Happen To . . ?

Remember Meatloaf? Costello? Springsteen, anyone? Do the words 'Bee Gees' ring any bells? And who were X-Ray Spex, or TRB? And Why?

A LITTLE amateur detective work uncovers a wealth of scam on Marvin Lee Aday (known to his mum — and the rest of the planet — as Meatloaf). Meat, it seems, has taken to celluloid in a Big Way (as he does most things). His part in the Stateside major box-office slump *Americathon* finds him in Captain America threads wrestling with the last car in the world. He wins, too, providing what he modestly describes as "the funniest part of the whole film".

He also looms large in *The Roadie,* a movie in which he's cast as a corpulent mechanic who gets mistaken for a Stones' roadie and whisked off to Madison Square Gardens where, he somehow saves the gig from almost certain destruction in the face of alien spacecraft and acting roles by Jagger and Tatum O'Neal.

Apart from being all set to play Tink (a kind of bulbous Tinkerbell) in Robert Altman's upcoming *Peter Pan* (honest!), he's also churned out a new album, 'Bad For Good' which he promises will be out by Christmas.

Meatloaf. Pic: Paul Canty

AND talking of movies, a line to Costello's manager, Jake Riviera, reveals that Elvis was also roped into the notorious *Americathon.* Remembering that the UK's the 54th state in the Hebrab-owned USA, Brit pop-star Earl Manchester (that's ole four-eyes to you and me) is this country's only saleable product and appears for a fleeting moment to perform 'Crawling To The USA'.

Apart from producing The Specials, and calling Stephen Stills "old tin-nose" in a Chicago bar-room brawl, we've neither seen nor heard too much about Elvis these last 12 months. But as clearly outlined by Riviera, he's hardly been out of work and is currently touring France and Portugal.

The demise of the Radar label has been largely responsible for denying him any further releases. The new album's finished, recorded in Holland and produced again by Nick Lowe, but it won't be in the racks for "a few months yet". Elvis has also nailed down a 4-track of non-originals, including The Merseybeats' 'I Stand Accused'.

Costello. Pic: Chalkie Davies

AS regards Springsteen, it's been the bootleggers who've applied the anchors to his record output. It seems that every time Bruce thinks of releasing something, various underground pressing plants beat him onto the street before he's even got in the studio.

So far, 1979 has witnessed no less than 12 bootleg singles (among them 'Because The Night', 'Fever', 'Night Train' and 'Fire'; a snip at $3 apiece), and all of his live national stereo radio broadcasts have resurfaced as either double or triple albums.

On top of this there's been countless rumours flying around that he's recording a live album / a live double / a single studio album / 1 live and 1 studio album intended as a double. "Don't talk to me about rumours," CBS pressman Simon Frodsham told *Thrills.* "The only rumour I haven't heard this year is that he's recording a single without a B-side."

Springsteen. Pic: Joe Stevens

AND Tom Robinson? Since the official closure of TRB in July, all seems to have been quiet in the wonderful world of agitprop.

Come in EMI's John Preston: "In terms of Tom Robinson as a rock artist, in the last few months he's been much more of a private figure than a public one, but he's been recording demos and he'll be working the stuff in the New Year. Musically, he's turned over a new leaf."

It struck *Thrills* that Tom might have felt he'd achieved all he could within the context of rock 'n' roll.

"Absolutely not," declares Preston. "His whole effort is in rock 'n' roll as opposed to any extraneous — either gay or political — factions. He'll be back, but whether as TRB I honestly don't know."

Robinson. Pic: Paul Cox

REPORTS — also from EMI — of mountains of X-Ray Spex fan-mail, prompt an inquiry into the whereabouts of Consumer Queen/synthetic siren, Poly Styrene.

According to her manager, Falcon Stuart, there's a new 12-track solo album in the can, 'Translucence', and it's due for release in March. Recorded with a session crew over the last few months, it's drawn from material she's been writing since the beginning of the year.

"A different music," is Falcon's somewhat guarded summary, with "a different kind of vocal. It requires a certain amount of subtlety."

She has, he adds, been keeping an intentionally low profile, writing — among other things — scripts for movies or books "with the birth of the video age in mind."

Poly Styrene. Pic: Pennie Smith

AND lastly, there's the Brothers Gibb, whose megabuck motion picture *Saturday Night Seizure* picked 1978 up by the shirt collar, gave it a twirl, and plonked it — gums flashing — plumb in the middle of the global dancefloor. From that moment, we've hardly seen hair or hide of 'em.

A spokesman from the trio's camp informs, they haven't just been sitting around idling the time away, they've "all been very busy". Apart from a series of concerts in the States, they've been involved in a TV documentary, *The Bee Gees Special,* described as "a 90-minute journey through the 20-year career of the world's biggest singing group". They hope this will be screened in the UK sometime next year.

MARK ELLEN

Bee-Gees

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME 3

WIN TWO DAYS IN A RECORDING STUDIO WITH

NICK LOWE

Name ________

Address ________

Phone ________ Age ________

Song Title ________

NAME

TITLE

I hereby declare that I gave abided by all the rules of this competition.

Signed ________

Date ________

NICK LOWE COMP: FINALWEEK

If you want a weekend in the studio with Nick Lowe now is the time to send in your cassette tapes.

Now here are the rules in full:

1) Every contestant is required to submit one (and only one) original song performed by themselves on a clean cassette tape together with a *typewritten* lyric sheet.
If there is more than one song on the cassette the contestant will be disqualified.
Important: No reel-to-reel tapes, acetate demos, privately made records, sheet music, videos or in-person auditions will be accepted as an official entry.

2) All entries must be accompanied by all three *NME* official competition vouchers, the cassette cover official entry form on the left of the page is the third voucher and must be completed correctly and used in the manner stated below. No photostats will be accepted.

3) All contestants by signing the official declaration on the entry form will be declaring:

(a) that the entry submitted is of their own work and performed by them.

(b) that they have no existing recording or publishing contracts or any currently pending with any record label or music publishing house.

(c) that they own the exclusive copyright to both the song and the recording submitted. In other words, nobody else has any legal claim to it.

(d) that previous to entering this competition, a contestant hasn't held a professional recording contract with either a label or a production company. An ex-member of a recording group who is no longer professional or bound to any existing contracts is still eligible.

(4) Any contestant who has privately financed, recorded, pressed and distributed their own record can enter, but only if that record was *not* financed (wholly or partly) by a known recording company or distributor. If you have made a record on your own label, neither that song nor the recording will be accepted as an official entry.

(5) This competition is open to everyone from soloists to groups and orchestras.

(6) No tapes will be returned. And positively no dialogue, written or verbal, will be entered into with either contestants, anyone acting on their behalf, managers, publicists or protective mothers. Also entries *cannot* be delivered to the NME offices.

Important: Should any of these rules be violated, if tapes are sent in without all vouchers and entry form, the offenders will automatically be disqualified.

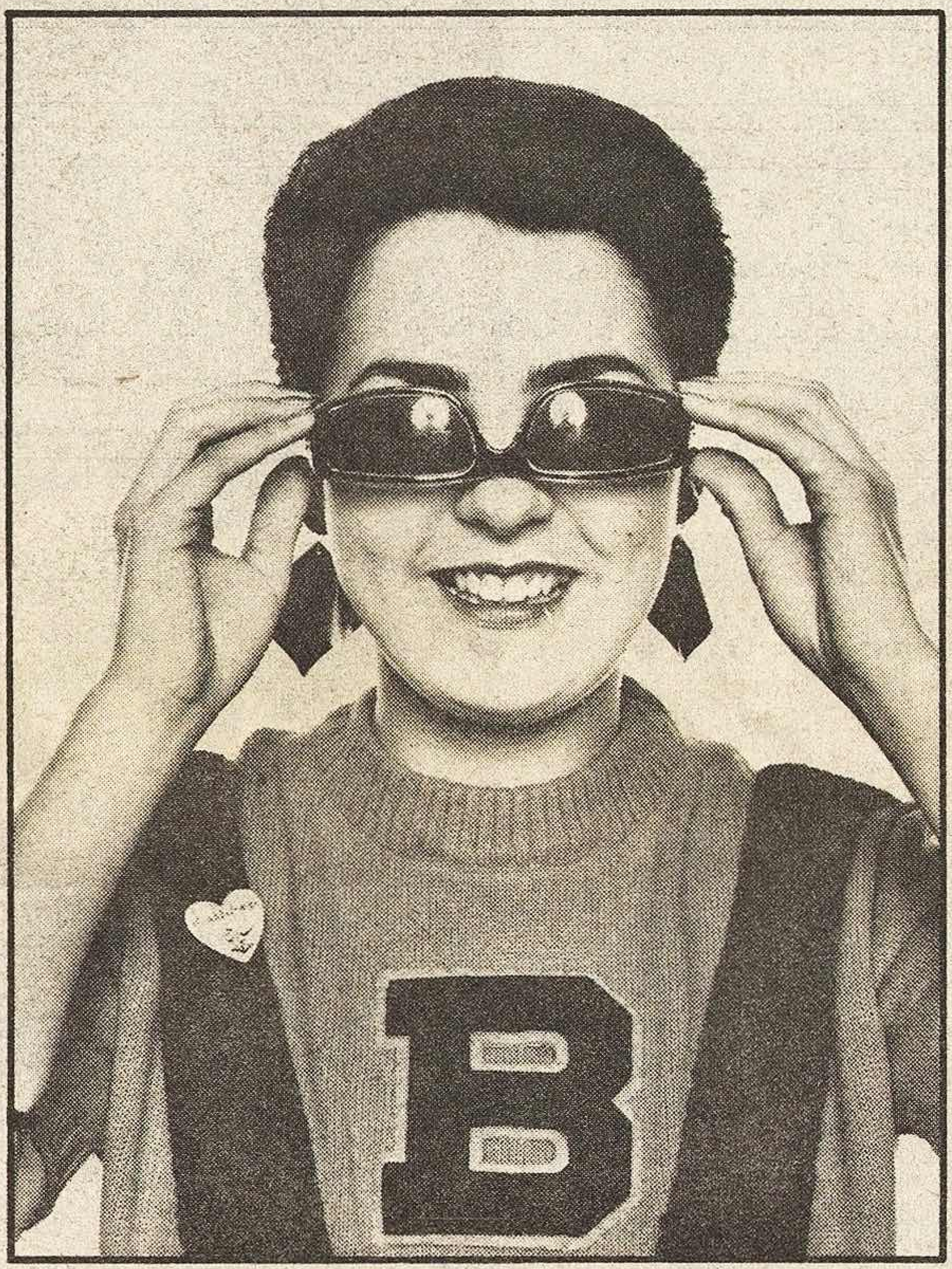
This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express, the staff of Riviera-Global, Rockpile and Elvis Costello & The Attractions. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of NME.

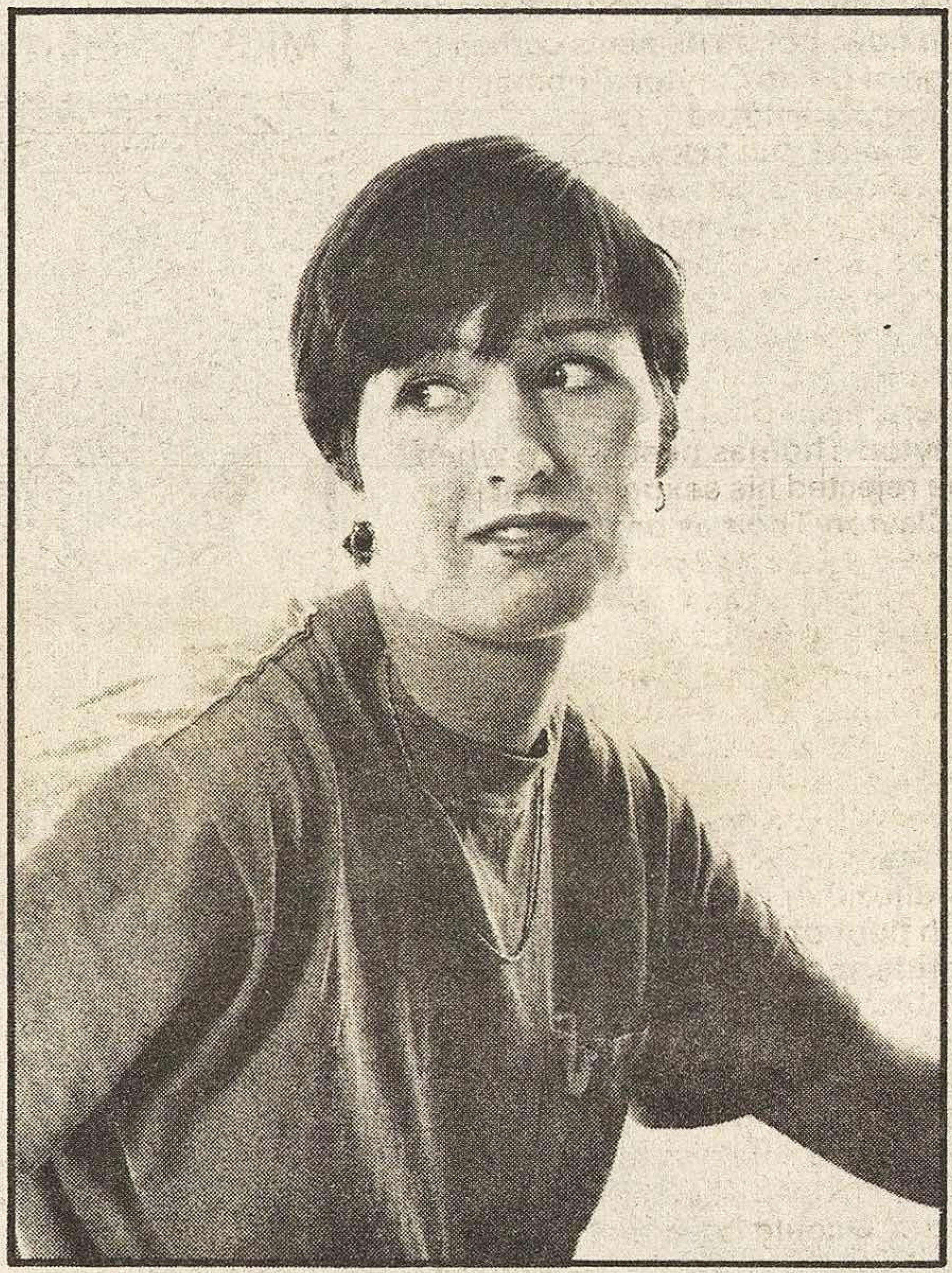
Once the winner has been chosen and notified, a recording session will be arranged at a mutually agreeable time with Nick Lowe producing. Once the session has been completed, the two-inch master tape together with the quarter-inch mixed copy tape will become the exclusive property of that act offically judged the winner by Nick Lowe and his manager Jake Riviera in the collaboration with NME's Neil Spencer and Roy Carr. The winner is free to dispose of the tape in whatever manner they wish. However, in such shark-infested waters, to assure fair play and to avoid a rip-off, both Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera (Riviera-Global) will offer advice about securing a favourable label deal without getting burned.

All entries must be received by: Monday, January 15, 1980. Just complete the entry form on the left of the page, place it inside the cassette cover and along with your type-written lyric sheet send it to:

NICK LOWEBRAU COMPETITION, 55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99. 6YP.

MADNESS





NEW SINGLE

MY GIRL

B/W STEPPING INTO LINE
(UNAVAILABLE ON THE ALBUM "ONE STEP BEYOND" SEEZ 17)
BUY 62 RELEASED DEC 21st

TOUR DATES FOR DECEMBER

20th HANLEY Victoria Hall
21st DERBY King's Hall
22nd LEICESTER DeMontfort Hall
23rd BRISTOL Locarno
29th AYLESBURY Friar's
30th LONDON LYCEUM

Stiff Recordings

"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
Remember whatever happens dont overdo it

"There's a party in my mind. And I hope it never stops . . ." David Byrne looks for a place where nothing ever happens.

TALKING HEAD FIRST

Nick Kent interviews David Byrne — the man behind NME's Album Of The Year. Pictures by Pennie Smith

"Think of London, a small city . . ."

A HIRE CAR draws up at an address in Soho, and three members of Talking Heads troop into the Cine-Lingual building, Berwick Street.

Tina Weymouth enters at a smart, no-nonsense pace, her diminutive figure swathed in army fatigues, a khaki GI Joe cap holding up her shoulder length blonde tresses. Husband Chris Frantz follows a couple of yards behind, a good-natured grin creasing his 'pleasant' features for the benefit of the custodians at the door. Finally comes Jerry Harrison, and the concensus of opinion down in Studio Two is that the projectionist should get down to business 'toot sweet', the fourth T.Head, David Byrne, having been present and correct well prior to his comrades' entrance.

What follows is a 35-minute documentary on Talking Heads filmed in and around their New York headquarters by a British crew, which will be screened by ITV on the December 23 edition of *The South Bank Show.* By TV rock documentery standards it's an exceptionally well thought-out study of a band who both transcend and confuse the orthodox media overview of rock. Instead of some hideous macho talk-over voice providing a cliche'-ridden narrative, the group members are allowed to speak for themselves, whilst the programme also affords the viewer some intriguing glimpses into the band's rehearsal procedure and composer David Byrne's mode of song construction.

To define it as compulsory viewing for T.Heads fans would be an understatement. The camera flashes through myriad ephemera: scrap-book snaps of the pre-Heads congregate, Byrne and Frantz's Artistics/Autistics; grainy photos of Byrne, Frantz and Weymouth in their Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) days; the *Village Voice* cover of Talking Heads at their third ever gig that set things in motion, with the headline "Tired Of Glitter? The Conservative impulse of the New Rock underground"; plus everything that came after, whilst one of the four members provides a sharply-paced commentary for these formative years.

Moving on up, next it's the band getting down to business in their rehearsal loft, building on a song, shaping, defining, relentlessly scything down the arrangement to an angular dagger-like sharpness. Another section has Byrne seated in his apartment with a pocket-sized cassette recorder, humming stray melody lines and explaining how the songs for the 'Fear Of Music' album came about mostly from rehearsal sessions such as the one filmed; ideas would develop or appear from out of the air, forcing Byrne to relay his melody ideas onto cassette in this primitive fashion as quickly as possible and later work up chord sequences to complement the tune.

This, above all, is the documentary's real ace up the sleeve. The film crew caught the band just at that vital period when the songs and music for 'Fear' were being conceived. Thus one gets a sharp focus profile of Byrne, globules of sweat running down his taut, glazed-eyed face to his chin, where they drip one after the other almost in time to a formative version of 'Live During Wartime' as he sings lyrics which, although three quarters complete, have yet to hit on the classic *"This ain't no Mudd Club/Or CBGB"* couplet — amongst other less glaring omissions — utilising strictly throw-away fodder as temporary filler.

Also, the director's choice of interviewing the four members separate from one another — using the same environment every time — makes for a fine study in contrasts. While Tina Weymouth is terse, close to abrasive, with the vaguest hint of cynicism, husband Frantz slices his views on the band with a healthy sense of humour. Both of them address the subject of the band image — or lack of same — with playful snipes at cliched rock'n'roll uniform stance; Weymouth wittily mocks the Robert Plant bare chest brigade whilst Frantz declares that Talking Heads' visual anonymity is a boon compared to everyone from Kiss to "The Clash who, I guess, reckon they have to dress up as urban guerillas every time they walk out the door."

Jerry Harrison is his usual level-headed self, best able to provide an overview of the band because he was the last to join.

And David Byrne? Well, David Byrne is, as usual, the oddball: selfconscious and clumsy one moment, erudite the next but inevitably, making some ridiculous observation one can't help guffawing out loud at.

Whilst the other three seem oblivious to the camera's intrusion, Byrne is obviously nervous, uncomfortable at having to define himself and his work. The classic moment of Byrne's verbal awkwardness comes when, presumably having been asked some question about his current environment, New York — the city he moved to six years ago — he states, the tone of his voice sounding more than ever marooned irreconcilably between naive bemusement and half-hearted self-assertion: "I really like New York. It's the kind of place where you see anything happen, y'know. Just looking out the window, you see people, uh, falling over! Yeah, people fall over all the time in New York. No one gives a damn. It's great."

Few people present can suppress a chuckle at the ridiculousness of Byrne's half-baked observation when it occurs midway through the film. Some 20 minutes later the lights go on and Jerry Harrison, seated beside Byrne, chides him affectionately about the remark whilst over in another corner one of the band members scowls at having such a 'dumb' quote appear in a film concerning the group they are a party to. Byrne, mildly bemused by it all or maybe slightly embarrassed, just grins sheepishly for a second and then forgets all about it.

OK, SO THE album 'Fear Of Music' didn't go mega platinum the first month of its release. OK, so the brilliant single 'Life During Wartime' failed to secure a prestigious chart placing in either the British or U.S. Top 20s. But make no mistake, 1979 has been Talking Heads' most lucrative year to date.

The album's disquieting tonal quality, bizarre conceits and uneasy listening somehow still managed to grant it a cosy location in the lower reaches of the American Top 30 whilst affording it across-the-board rave reviews. Indeed, when we here at the *NME* sweatshop were called upon to scribble down our favourite albums of the year, 'Fear' shut down its nearest rival by almost two votes to one.

'Fear Of Music' is in fact a grand departure from the previous two Talking Heads albums, '77' and 'More Songs About Buildings And Food'. The latter pair, although different in a number of key respects that arguably have most to do with a change of producer — Tony Bongiovi handled '77' whilst 'Buildings' saw the commencement of a most fruitful alliance with Brian Eno — are tied together by one key factor in that, as Byrne himself only too readily admits, "The first two albums featured and consequently used up all the songs I'd written within a certain space of time. I had absolutely nothing left in reserve for 'Fear Of Music' and therefore had to get to grips with composing a whole new set of songs."

Listening to the three records certainly bears this point out. On '77' Byrne's melodies are more expansive, with songs like 'The Book I Read', 'Pulled Up' and 'Happy Day' bristling with strong hook-lines, whilst the Frantz-Weymouth rhythm section, having not yet fully developed into the earth-shudderingly functional power they now are, were still getting over the restriction of having once been

■ *Continues over*

HEAD 2

■ From previous page

two-thirds of a three-piece band and were content to work on their personalised retreading of the bass-and-drums interplay notable on the Al Green records they used to practice from ceaselessly. These factors, along with producer Bongiovi's inability to capture the band as a fully interlocking four-piece (although Jerry Harrison's extra textures on keyboards and second guitar had already been tightly meshed into the band's live sound, his contributions were virtually ignored on the first album), provided the inquisitive listener with a debut album spotlighting Byrne's quirky song structures and lyrics. Mated to a pleasantly bouyant rhythm section, it made for a marketable coalition of left-field disco and agreeable new wave: an utterly superficial conclusion, of course, but in an industry where labels seem all-important, an equation needed to be formulated.

The stand-out track on '77' was 'Psychokiller' which, although Byrne shrugs off the contention that the song has since become a proverbial albatross around the group's neck, has certainly granted many reviewers the perfect vehicle for nailing Talking Heads to the psycho-rock mast-head.

"'Psychokiller' is the first song I ever wrote," remarks Byrne, when the subject is broached. "It was sometime in 1973, I guess, because Chris (Frantz) and I had got this band called The Artistics together. Later we changed to The Autistics . . uh, because somebody, I think, misunderstood one of us when we told them our name." He gives a typical self-effacing chuckle. "Oh yeah, and the other guitarist . . . there were two guitars, bass and drums and the guitarists were me and this other guy who *was* autistic, so that sort of struck. Unfortunately.

"No, we didn't look that much different than we do now. Maybe a little more concerned with a, uh, visual thing but nothing really striking. We didn't wear platform boots or make-up, which I seem to recall being kind of popular at the time. Songs? Oh, we did . . . umm let's see, there were some Smokey Robinson songs we did. Things like 'Tears Of A Clown' and 'My Baby Must Be A Magician'. I think we did 'The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage' as well, now I recall. Then there were '1-2-3 Red Light', and this old 1910 Fruitgum Company song which we carried through to playing at early Talking Heads' dates. '96 Tears'? Yeah, we played that too, I think. 'Psychotic Reaction' we definitely played.

"But 'Psychokiller' was the first song I actually ever wrote. What inspired it was . . . well, Alice Cooper was really big then and I just thought it'd be interesting to do a song in something approaching that mock-ghoulish vein he was pumping but give certain twists. Like, Alice Cooper had all these safety gauges worked out so that it wouldn't connect with anything remotely dangerous. It was all 'It's OK folks, it's only a show'. I just liked the idea of writing a song that was more . . . *real."*

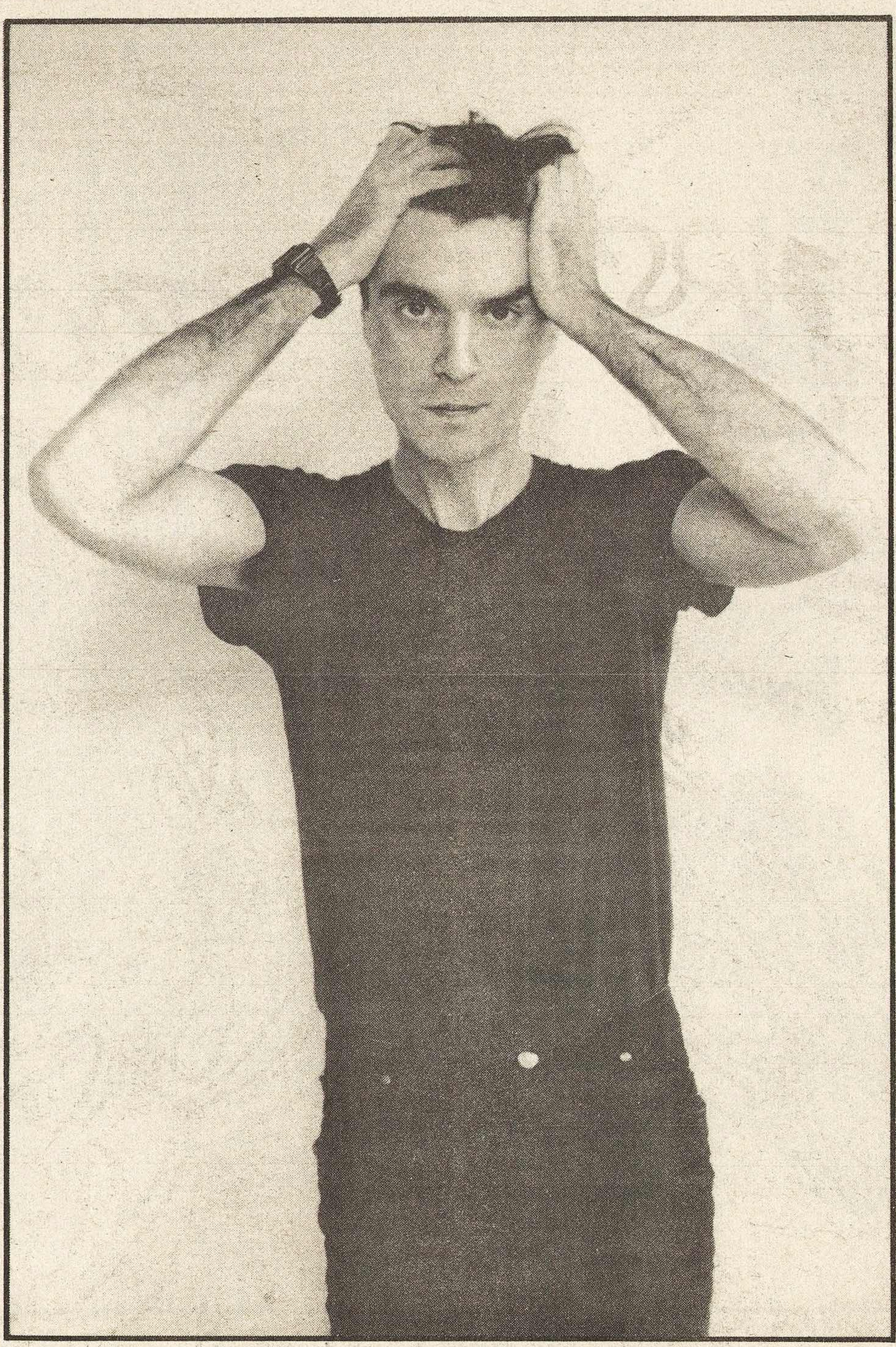
ON THE LAST count, Byrne's attempt at trumping the wretched Cooper's puerile theatrics worked only too successfully. 'Psychokiller' quickly became Talking Heads' most requested item even in their earliest days.

This was in the late summer of 1975, approximately two years since Byrne's odd-ball behaviour got him expelled from the RISD in Providence. (He was studying a function design programme known as Bauhaus Theory plus a conceptual arts course, but "felt only a frustrated disdain for the elitist streak predominant in the whole art scene"; a disdain which manifested itself in Byrne, the rebellious campus eccentric, on one occasion, shaving his hair and beard off onstage accompanied by a accordionist and a showgirl displaying Russian cue cards. *(That showed 'em! — Ed.)* His ultimate recourse to break away from the elitist stance was to compile questionnaires as a way of gaining direct feedback. One particular questionnaire he instigated as a way to try and compose the perfect pop/rock song had caused him to be viewed as a worthless eccentric who had to be expelled.)

The realities of expulsion either meant returning to Baltimore, his birth-place and the city he was brought up in, or venturing on to pastures new. As the former was a dreary, spineless burg — when I ask whether Randy Newman's song about the place being desolation personified was fact or fiction, Byrne mutters, "Well he's never been there. How does he know it's not even worse?" — a journey to Manhattan's Village area seemed preferable. Fellow one-time RISD students Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth arrived some short while later and, Frantz having drummed for The Artistics, he, Byrne and Weymouth — still a complete novice in playing bass guitar — banded together under the moniker Byrne had latched onto during his stint at video studies, Talking Heads.

All too aware that the 'satin and tat' look personified by the N.Y. Dolls was over, but similarly unwilling to rip their clothing like Messrs Hell and Verlaine, Talking Heads' image was bizarre simply because they possessed no image whatsoever beyond their wholesome collegiate casual wear.

With such a disarmingly clean-cut visual, Talking Heads immediately stood out. Tina Weymouth initially possessed a look of total vulnerability centering around a pair of



"I changed my hairstyle so many times now, I don't know what I look like . . ."

incredibly frightened-looking eyes, while Byrne was the victim of an overbearing stage-fright which forced his already somewhat manic temperament to go sky-diving way over the top into a demented exhibition of vocalising on the verge of hysteria, either cracking up altogether or else straining like a drowning man to hit the right pitch, inevitably doing about as well as a blind man on a rifle range.

His songs however were undeniably strong, with 'Psychokiller' gaining an added drama from the traumatised vocals. Indeed, barring maybe two or three numbers all the songs gracing '77' and 'Buildings/Food' were written over a period of time that could well be no longer than two years, all told. Certainly items from 'Buildings' like 'The Girls Want To Be With The Girls', 'I'm Not In Love', 'Found A Job' and 'Thank You For Sending Me An Angel' were being performed before Jerry Harrison, former Modern Lover and keyboard player for everything from Boston bar bands to 1974's new Bob Dylan, one Elliot Murphy, arrived to finally "make it possible" according to Byrne, "to fill in the missing colours to what had previously only really been sketches. With Jerry, we became a real band."

Talking about that first cargo of songs, Byrne claims that there was no set pattern to the way they were conceived.

"It's not a case where the title always comes first or the idea comes first or ..." he ponders the question for a moment. "My sole consideration overall — the main thing which I could look back and say yes, this is true about these numbers, is the fact that in terms of the lyrics, I wanted to strip everything down to the level of ... of it being nothing more than what one hears in a conversation. I felt lyrics were becoming long-winded and pointless, that they needed to be far more to the point. It wasn't so much a case of what was being said, so much as the way it was being put across. I couldn't stand all the unnecessary embellishments, the idea of lyrics as poetry that demanded reams and reams of verses, most of them superfluous or just pointless."

On the subject of potentially autobiographical aspects in his lyrics, Byrne, as usual when talking about his work, is vague — not in a manner that gives you the feeling he's holding anything in particular back or attempting to be somewhat 'enigmatic' in that hideously self-conscious manner that certain self-appointed 'composers' try for. Instead he just shrugs almost apologetically.

"No, I can't say . . . well perhaps certain songs have been triggered by me experiencing something and thinking about what might occur if it were more traumatic and I had a particular neurosis or ... It's just hard to pinpoint anything, though. Most of the time I see them more as exercises."

Exercises in what? Gradually Byrne becomes more expansive.

"In ... in relating differing points of view, I guess, more than anything else. Like you can take virtually any one of those songs in which I'm playing a character who's narrating a certain view-point and you can be sure to find another song of mine which has someone taking exactly the opposite stand. There's the guy in 'Don't Worry About The Government' who's a real satisfied suburban homebody type and then there's the guy on the plane in 'The Big Country' who has nothing but disgust for that life-style. Or the guys singing about how great love is and then the singer of 'I'm Not In Love' who's ... yeah, he's a strange one, but whether you want to think he's duped himself into feeling like that or not, that's his statement. Y'know — *'There'll come a time when we won't need love'*.

"Even 'Psychokiller' kind of has an opposite in 'Life During Wartime'. In 'Psychokiller' the guy singing it is flipping out from an internal crack-up. He's hysterical, but his hysteria is all to do with this fuse that's blown in his brain. The guy I depict in 'Life After Wartime' is a very rational type. When I wrote that, I was thinking not so much of a World War Three thing so much as a terrorist attack — a Baadar-Meinhof situation, that would have escalated into pretty much civil war. And the narrator is just very logically running down a list of things — materialistic stuff that suddenly means nothing when a real state of emergency is declared.

"It's like ... I'm not taking a stance, saying y'know, 'war is bad'. Who needs to be told that again? It'd be a joke to write some cheap moralistic crap about how war is bad."

That's a good example of why you rarely — if ever — take a direct moral stance in your songs. Have you never felt the urge to do that?

"Hmmmm ... not really. I don't really see how what I feel is right and wrong is of any great use to anyone. I'm more interested in expressing a point of view. Different points of view."

So surely by now you must be really fed up of people who keep harping back to 'Psychokiller'. There was a review of 'Fear Of Music' in *Creem* magazine, for example, where the critic spent over half the piece trying to persuade the reader that Byrne "has gradually assumed the role of 'Psychokiller's' narrator — quietly berserk, just on the edge of cracking and ... ready to squeeze a pup into a bloody pulp in an instant".

"Yeah, I read that review," Byrne remarks, fairly unmoved. "It's unfortunate that certain people need to pinpoint me in this one-dimensional way. Sometimes I wonder if I'm not at fault somewhere, but then again I don't ... There's humour in some of those songs. 'Animals' is kind of funny, I'd like to think."

I concur, remarking on how Byrne sounds like a General Patton type gone completely off the rails doing the song. He smiles at the remark before turning pensive. When Byrne is silent, it seems like he's miles away somewhere, lost in some semi-conscious hinterland where such tasks as defining his lyrics and his music are as absurd as he probably in fact thinks they are. I recall the only previous time I'd encountered him in an interview situation, when the three other members of the band were present and Byrne was painfully uncomfortable — a state of affairs made all the more excruciating at times when he'd attempt an explanation of sorts regarding some detail in one of his songs, only to be greeted by somewhat derisive chuckles from other members. Tina Weymouth would virtually scold him like a mentally defective son for his inability to articulate logically for the band. Group interviews are now virtually a thing of the past, I was told by one who should know.

A similar source had also hinted that Talking Heads were due to take a lengthy sabbatical, commencing very, very soon. No permanent break-up, mark you. Just an extended holiday for a band who've been relentlessly working ever since the deal with Sire was signed.

TO RESUME communication, I half-jokingly ask Byrne what happened to the vocal coaching lessons he'd been intent on taking up when we last spoke.

"Oh yes!" His memory is jogged. "They weren't really very successful. The coach kept wanting me to sing 'Send In The Clowns' and somehow I didn't see how ..." tapering off, he chuckles at the absurdity of the predicament.

Departure time hastens. A sound-check needs to be dealt with. Wandering off toward the tube station, I ask Byrne if he ever considers seriously working at some other vocation. Perhaps writing fiction or painting? Design after all was his previous topic for study...

"No, I never think about that." His reply is probably resigned but undeniably firm.

We say our goodbyes and he disappears quickly, quietly, leaving me to mull over various couplets of Byrne's. *"Say something once / Why say it again"* relates perfectly, for example, although in an infinitely more passive fashion than the 'Psychokiller' narrator would have us believe. I keep recalling this gangly figure as the hyper-misogynist of 'I'm Not In Love', declaring in a bout of hysterical self-assertion: *"Respect my opinions / They will be respected someday"*. Just recalling Byrne's physical form, watching his self-conscious, finger-nail biting edginess and low-profile gait, usually scuppered by some ridiculous act of clumsiness, it simply doesn't fit. Where does this alternative David Byrne come from?

A glimpse at that answer explodes when David Byrne takes the stage with Talking Heads and his performer's persona takes over.

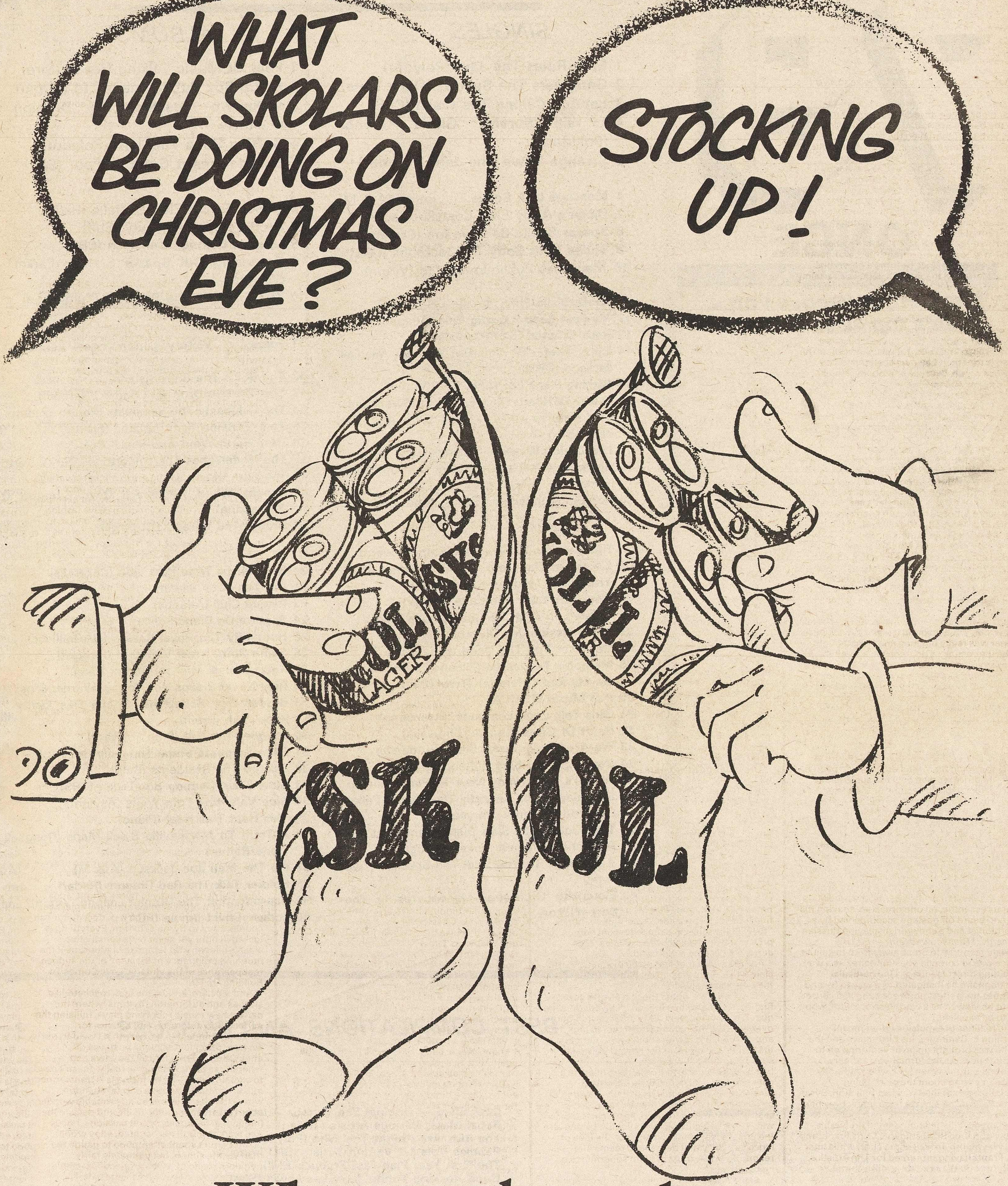
THERE ARE no less than three performances scheduled for Talking Heads in London the week I interview Byrne, and even though I get to see only one — the first, held at Hammersmith Palais where the acoustics tend all too often to muffle the rhythmic stab of the band in full kinetic flight — the gig is still extraordinary.

The sound judged out of the PA, even in its muffled form, possesses a dagger-like precision, Frantz holds down a perfect spartan pulsebeat whilst Byrne's guitar slices out relentless stabbing rhythms connecting perfectly with Weymouth to his left, an absolutely immaculate bass-player who has fully developed a style of her own that can serve to provide melody or underplay the rhythm maelstrom at any given moment. Meanwhile Jerry Harrison, directly to Byrne's right, adds just the right brush strokes and aural splashes on electric organ, or fires off a perfect guitar-run counterpoint to Byrne's rhythm. Everything is locked in tight yet never feels constrictive, always allowing for tempo deviations, be it the numbing poignancy of 'Heaven' or the sudden reappearance of the vintage 'Love Comes To Building On Fire'.

And it's here, amidst the taut, machete-like slashes and automaton rhythms, where the perfect new music rock band plays, utilising the perfect ratio of tension and balance for maximum impact — it's here that David Byrne is set free from the ridiculous business of attempting to articulate all the whys and wherefores of something he really doesn't need to explain, where his clumsiness is transformed into an immaculate state of total abandon, where the characters even he probably wonders about sometimes, come to life and declare their intentions, neuroses, secret passions, hopes and fears through his haunted, edgy croon.

After hours spent attempting to gauge the man via the simple but ultimately fairly pointless mode of probing questions, stilted dialogues, etc., the most salient feeling I'd experienced throughout our two lengthy encounters had been one of distance. Now my subject is on stage — on that precious turf where he somehow feels invulnerable, carefree, able to pour it all out — and I've gained a hard-focus proximity, a grandstand view of the proverbial 'big picture'.

When the last note is struck, Byrne's body suddenly stiffens, his mouth uttering a curt, almost falsetto-ish "Goodnight", and the transformation back to awkwardness has occurred once more. Me, I'm left wondering where all those characters he summoned forth go to. After the dance.



When you know lager
you're a Skolar.

'79 ONCE

The NME collective votes itself a top 40 or two . . .

★ VINYL FINALS ★

SINGLES

1 **Eton Rifles** The Jam (Polydor)
2 **Gangsters** The Specials (Two Tone)
3 **London Calling** The Clash (CBS)
4 **I Will Survive** Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)
5 **Strange Town** The Jam (Polydor)

6 **Message In A Bottle** The Police (A & M)
7 **Oliver's Army** Elvis Costello (Radar)
8 **Spacer** Sheila Be Devotion (Carrere)
9 **Shake Your Body** The Jacksons (CBS)
10 **Memories** Public Image Ltd (Virgin)

11 **Death Disco** Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
12 **My Feet Keep Dancing** Chic (Atlantic)
13 **Rock Lobster** The B52s (Island)
14 **Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough** Michael Jackson (CBS)
15 **Making Plans For Nigel** XTC (Virgin)
16 **Queen Of Hearts** Dave Edmunds (Swansong)
17 **The Pictures On The Wall** Echo And The Bunnymen (Zoo)
18 **Life During Wartime** Talking Heads (Sire)
19 **She Is Beyond Good And Evil** The Pop Group (Radar)
20 **Boogie Wonderland** Earth Wind And Fire (CBS)

21 **Rowche Rumble** The Fall (Step Forward)
22 **Living On The Front Line** Eddy Grant (Ice)
23 **The Prince** Madness (Two Tone)
24 **Boys Don't Cry** The Cure (Fiction)
25 **Touch** Lori And The Chameleons (Zoo)
26 **Transmission** Joy Division (Factory)
27 **Get Over You** The Undertones (Sire)
28 **Memphis Tennessee** Silicone Teens (Mute)
29 **On My Radio** Selecter (Two Tone)
30 **Pop Music** M (MCA)
31 **Girls Talk** Dave Edmunds (Swansong)
32 **Heart Of Glass** Blondie (Chrysalis)
33 **We Are Family** Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
34 **Stop Your Sobbing** Pretenders (Real)
35 **Where's Bill Grundy Now** TV Personalities
36 **Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palms** Leighton Buzzards (Chrysalis)
37 **Time Goes By So Slow** Distractions (Factory)
38 **Protection** Graham Parker (Vertigo)
39 **A Message To You Rudi** The Specials (Two Tone)
40 **Electricity** Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Factory)

ALBUMS

1 **Fear Of Music** Talking Heads (Sire)
2 **Metal Box** Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
3 **Unknown Pleasures** Joy Division (Factory)
4 **Setting Sons** The Jam (Polydor)
5 **Entertainment** Gang Of Four (EMI)

6 **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello (Radar)
7 **Do It Yourself** Ian Dury (Stiff)
8 **London Calling** The Clash (CBS)
9 **Squeezing Out Sparks** Graham Parker (Vertigo)
10 **The Specials** The Specials (Two Tone)

11 **Forces of Victory** Linton Kwesi Johnson (Island)
12 **The B52's** The B52's (Island)
13 **Bop Till You Drop** Ry Cooder (Warners)
14 **The Raincoats** The Raincoats (Rough Trade)
15 **Tom Verlaine** Tom Verlaine (Elektra)
16 **I Am** Earth Wind And Fire (CBS)
17 **The Undertones** The Undertones (Sire)
18 **154** Wire (Harvest)
19 **Repeat When Necessary** Dave Edmunds (Swansong)
20 **Drums And Wires** XTC (Virgin)

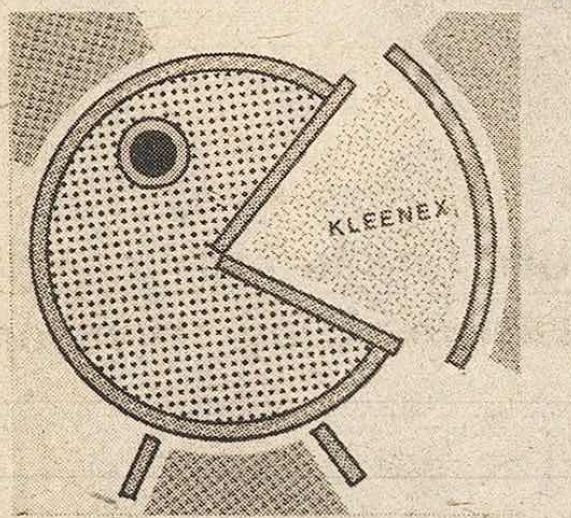
21 **New Picnic Time** Pere Ubu (Chrysalis)
22 **Cut** The Slits (Island)
23 **Risque** Chic (Atlantic)
24 **Regatta De Blanc** Police (A & M)
25 **Humanity** The Royal Rasses (UA/Ballistic)
26 **Same Song** Israel Vibration (Harvest)
27 **Katzenmusik** Michael Rother (Sky)
28 **Rust Never Sleeps** Neil Young (Warner Bros)
29 **Bruder Des Schattens, Sohne Des Lichts** Popol Vuh (Brain)
30 **Dragnet** The Fall (Step Forward)
31 **Even Serpents Shine** The Only Ones (CBS)
32 **Eskimo** The Residents (Ralph)
33 **Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan (CBS)
34 **Blue Valentine** Tom Waits (Asylum)
35 **This Heat** This Heat (Piano)
36 **A Train To Marineville** Swell Maps (Rough Trade/Rather)
37 **I'm The Man** Joe Jackson (A & M)
38 **Soldier Talk** The Red Crayola (Radar)
39 **Reproduction** The Human League (Virgin)
40 **Lodger** David Bowie (RCA)

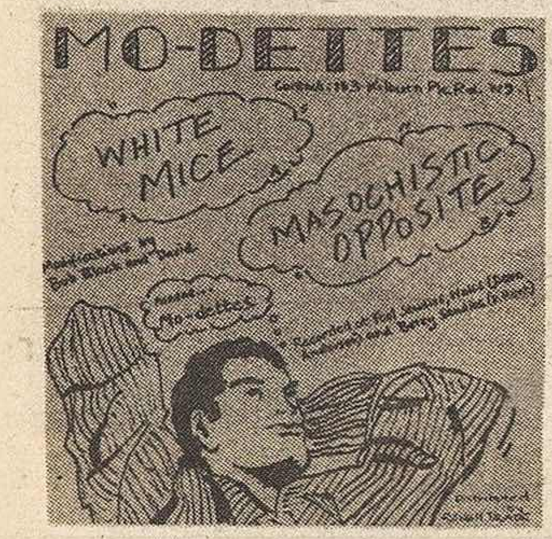
BEST COMPILATIONS AND REISSUES

Intensified — Original Ska Various Artists (Island)
Rebel Music Various Artists (Trojan)
The Kids Are Alright The Who (Polydor)
Pebbles Vols 1-3 Various Artists (BFD Import)
The First Year Plan Fast Product (EMI)
Good Rocking Tonite Jerry Lee Lewis (Sun)
20 Mod Moments Various Artists (Tamla Motown)
20 Stax Greats Various Artists (Stax)
Faust Faust (Recommended)
Nick Drake Nick Drake (Island)
Gloria Shadows Of Knight (Radar)
Out To Lunch Eric Dolphy (Blue Note)
Spiral Scratch Buzzcocks (New Hormones)
The Cramps Greatest Hits The Cramps (Illegal)
Shout Isley Brothers (RCA)

Charts computed from the individual listings of: DANNY BAKER, MAX BELL, ROY CARR, FRED DELLAR, PAUL DU NOYER, MARK ELLEN, MICK FARREN, ANDY GILL, RICHARD GRABEL, NICK KENT, GRAHAM LOCK, ANGUS MACKINNON, PHIL McNEIL, GAVIN MARTIN, PAUL MORLEY, CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY, DEANNE PEARSON, IAN PENMAN, PAUL RAMBALI, MONTY SMITH, NEIL SPENCER, ADRIAN THRILLS.

★ MISSED TREATS ★





'79 TWICE

ADRIAN THRILLS sorts out the singles that slipped through the best-sellers net . . .

IF YOU can't say it in three minutes then it probably wasn't worth saying in the first place anyway. The adage may be old, but it applies to the singles of the past 12 months at least as much as it did in 1958, 1965 or 1977.

Why? Because the past year, as you may have noticed, has been yet another vintage one for seven inch platters and well up to the standards set at the start of '77.

Even the sacred ground of the upper echelons of the singles chart — until recently the preserve of bland mediocrity — is a far better place these days with the likes of The Jam, The Skids, Blondie and the 2-Tone brigade consistently securing Top Ten entries. And of those bands lucky enough to enjoy automatic chart status with every release, two outfits have been particularly brilliant throughout the year — The Jam and The Undertones.

Paul Weller's stringent quality control over his own songwriting and The Jam's collective ability to make the most out of the conventional three-piece line-up has served them well in the singles game. The Woking wonders have produced three brash, incisive chart raiders in 'Strange Town', 'When You're Young' and 'Eton Rifles'.

The Undertones, who flouted their classic innocence and enthusiasm against a railing Ramonic backdrop, went one better. Doctor Sharkey and his able assistants examined the treats and traumas of teendom in four glorious stages, namely 'Get Over You', 'Jimmy Jimmy', 'Here Comes The Summer' and 'You've Got My Number', all on Sire.

Between them, these two bands displayed the anthemic rowdiness, the crisp, clever lyricism, disposability, exuberance and all-round hookability that goes into the classic pop single; and both deserved their success — as did many of the others who attained that elusive hit single.

BUT what of those who did not implant themselves so indelibly on the nation's pop consciousness?

Well, as in 1977 and '78, many of '79's best records were on those labels patronised as 'small'. Although independents like Rough Trade, Good Vibrations and Factory have been taking their first tentative strides into the album market over the last year, it is the single that still rules supreme.

'The quintessential pure pop single/sensibility' must have been the year's most sought-after cliche. And, along with The Jam and The Undertones, surely nobody came closer to that ideal than Manchester's Distractions with the sublime 'Time Goes By So Slow' (Factory); all tingling electric guitars and heartfelt melancholy vocals.

In a similar vein, The Pretenders picked 'n' mixed a few tablespoons of Sandie Shaw, a pinch of The Shadows and a cupful of Phil Spector to come up with another simple, unpretentious gem of a record in 'Kid' (Real).

But, for me anyway, the great undiscovered pop band of the year were New Yorkers Nervus Rex, a quartet who condensed the harmonies of The Hollies and the brittle, driving funk of Talking Heads onto a seven-inch monster import by the name of 'Don't Look' (The Cleverly Named Record Label).

A lot of the year's new home-grown bands were also to engage themselves in the quest for vintage classic pop: The Tours from Poole chipped in with an elegant, double-headed Buzzcocks-like surge in 'Language School' b/w 'Foreign Girls' on their own label. It got them quickly signed by Virgin, but they then failed to reproduce the goods in their debut for the bigger label, 'Tourist Information'.

Both The Quads' 'There Must Be Thousands' (Big Bear) and The Donkey's 'What I Want' (Rhesus) had the right idea, but suffered horribly from gremlins at the mixing desk; while Edinburgh's Scars boasted on 'Adult/ery' (Fast), a Wilkinson Sword guitar sound sharper even than Paul Weller's.

Then again, if it is memorable pop that you're after, a surefire place to look is across the Irish Sea.

Belfast's Good Vibrations label came up with at least three more excellent examples of the genre. Rudi — probably the best of the Belfast bands still based over the water — revamped the James Bond theme for their 'I-Spy' EP.

The Outcasts, meanwhile, welded control and structure to their natural exuberance and came up with 'Self-Conscious Over You', while The Moondogs sounded like they had just stumbled out of The Cavern circa '62 on 'Ya Don't, Do Ya?'

What is it that makes all these Ulster bands thi; way? The showband tradition? The accent? Danny Blanchflower's bad record as manager of the national football team?

Search me, but any one of these three bands could quite easily 'do an Undertones' next year.

OF the largely undistinguished mod contingent, Purple Hearts stood out, despite the sneers of the movement's hipper-than-thou elite who found the band 'too punky'. They made two trashy but great singles in 'Millions Like Us' and 'Frustration' (Fiction), though The Chords' 'Now It's Gone' (Polydor) is also worth a passing mention.

Two other names worth dropping when talking about the pop singles of the year are The Nips and The Cure.

The former are fronted — and *front* is the only word for it — by The Face, or rather the earlobe of '76, Shane O'Hooligan. Their R&B-tinged 'Gabrielle' (Soho) recalls that selfsame watershed year. The Cure are often too coyly cute for their own good, but their best moments also came in seven-inch form: the atmospheric 'Killing An Arab' and the instantly memorable 'Boys Don't Cry' (Fiction).

Contrary to the impression I've been giving so far, there were groups whose product managers were *not* hellbent on the conventional modes of pure pop perfection. Indeed, there were plenty of bands without the luxuries of a product manager!

Like the guys in garageland.

And from way back in the garage, among the carbon monoxide fumes and the battered audition guitars came Swell Maps, Kleenex, Spizz Energi and 'O' Level. The Maps sang of their *Boy's Own* heroes, from Biggles on 'Dresden Style' to motorbike cops on 'Zip Nolan', the latter released with the band thinly disguised as the Cult Figures. Both records appeared on their own Rather label.

Spizz, probably realising that he would be totally unlistenable over an album, has so far confined his recorded output to singles and EPs. This year he gave us 'Cold City' and 'Soldier Soldier' which should have been flipped for *the* cover version of 'Virginia Plain'.

Likewise Kleenex, the Swiss all-girl band, made the most of their limited musical experience on 'Hedi's Head' (Sunrise) and 'You' (Rough Trade) before splitting up in the summer. 'O' Level released the ironic 'We Love Malcolm' (Kings Road) before metamorphosing into the Teenage Filmstars for a vivid acoustic ditty 'There's A Cloud Over Liverpool' (Clockwork).

So what of last year's garageland heroes The Mekons? They signed to Virgin, acquired some degree of musical maturity, but lost none of their spirit or wit on 'Work All Week', a wry comment on the consumer commercialisation of love, romance and leisure.

Meanwhile, their buddies Gang Of Four, had signed to EMI but explored similar territory in 'At Home He's A Tourist', while the third link in the Leeds University chain appeared at the tail end of the year with the welcome emergence of Delta Five. Their twin bass guitars rumbled impressively through 'Mind Your Own Business' (Rough Trade).

The Mekons and Gang Of Four, of course, came to prominence last year along with The Human League on Edinburgh's Fast Product label. Fast's impact this year wasn't quite as dramatic, although they did try harder than anyone else to devise new ways of packaging vinyl via the beguiling earcom series.

The two best new labels — this year's Fast Products if you like — were Zoo in Liverpool and Factory in Manchester.

Zoo released a stream of colourful and eerie singles, the finest being Echo And The Bunnyman's ominous doom-laden ode to the eve-of-destruction 'The Pictures On My Wall'. On the same label came 'The Teardrop Explodes' two singles 'Sleeping Gas' and 'Bouncing Babies' which typified the Zoo sound: jaunty and danceable on one hand, but with more than a dash of evil and foreboding on the other. Smart they were, though never too quirky nor clever-clever.

On Factory besides The Distractions there was Joy Division following up one of the albums of the year with a single to match in the daunting 'Transmission'. There was, too, A Certain Ratio's 'All Night Party', thick with a mesh of mangled guitar, moody vocals and some of the year's more sinister lyrics.

Rough Trade also strengthened their hand during the year with the frenzied funk of The Pop Group's 'We Are All Prostitutes', The Raincoats' 'Fairtyale In The Supermarket', The Mo-Dettes' very promising 'White Mice' and two singles from The Monochrome Set, 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauens' and 'The Monochrome Set', both of which showed the band beginning to transcend their Velvet Underground reference points.

THE widely-predicted electronic pop boom never really materialised the way some expected.

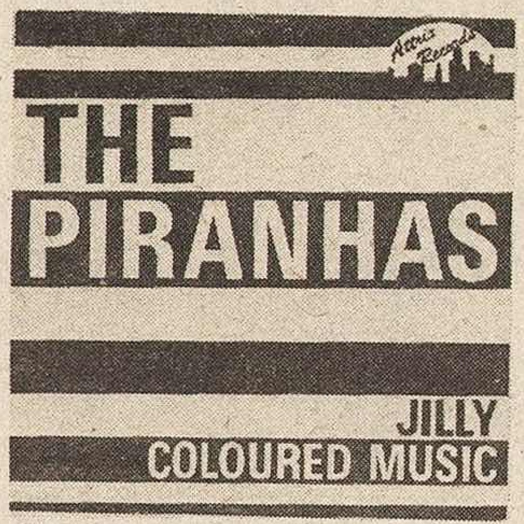
The Human League indulged their less accessible tendencies on 'The Dignity Of Labour' (Fast) and then disguised themselves as The Men and failed miserably in an attempt to corner the disco-market with 'I Don't Depend On You' (Virgin) but later made amends with 'Empire State Human' (Virgin).

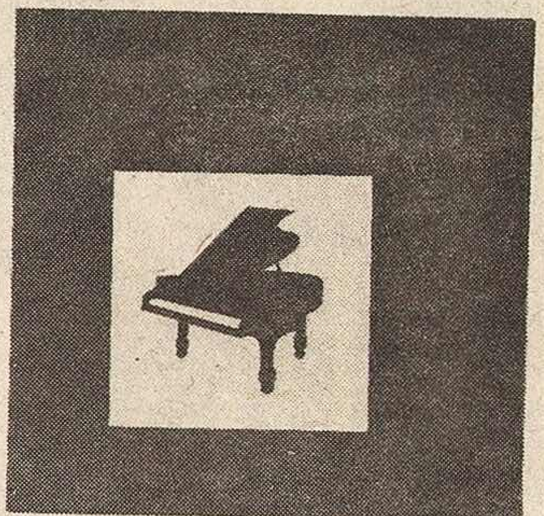
Of the other synthesiser singles the best were Orchestral manoeuvres In The Dark's 'Electricity' (Factory), The Silicone Teens' 'Memphis Tennessee' (Mute) and The Flying Lizards 'Money' (Virgin). Although none of these records really broke any new ground, they were eminently superior to the post-Bowie glam posturings of Gary Numan, though, predictably, nowhere near as successful.

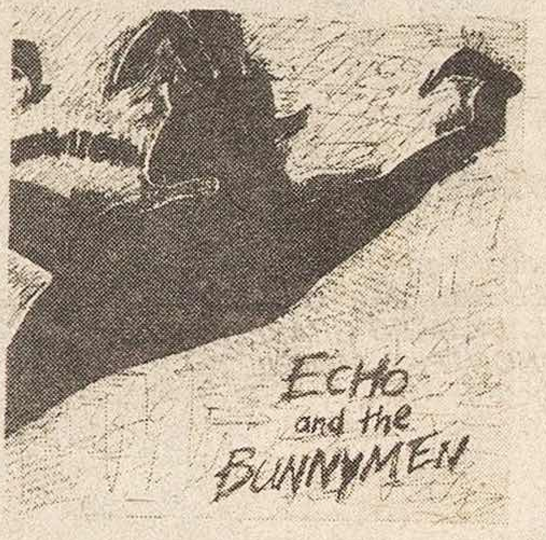
Unsurprisingly, everywhere there was electronics there was someone taking a swipe at it, none more accurate than Nigel Simpkins' parody of synthesiser pseudery 'X-Enc' (Waldo's).

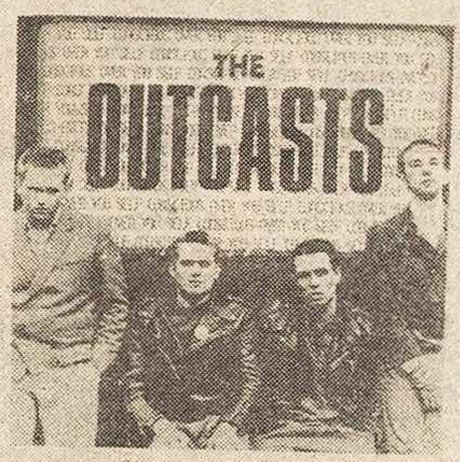
Taking swipes also found favour with The Piranhas, the leading edge of the Brighton Beat, who had a go at the singles market itself in 'Coloured Music' (Attrix): *"He's got a clear one/He's got a dear one/Oh we all love coloured discs/Colour is cool hanging on your wall/Records are really neat/Every lump of wax is an artefact/Music is obsolete."*

Okay, so they are entitled to a few reservations. We all are. But, on the whole whichever way you look at it, 1979 produced another bunch of classics.





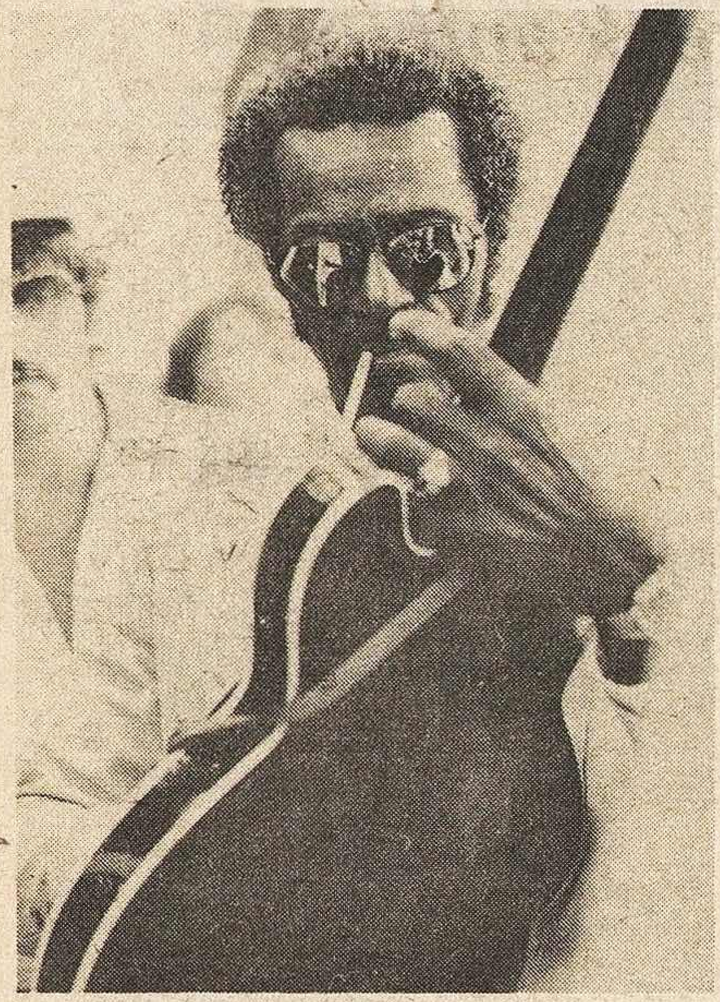




PUBLIC IMAGE LTD Like their name and the packaging for the essential 'Metal Box' PiLs 1979 high rise was down to a simple merger of sharp aesthetic appeal: and sharp concern for business matters: they kept their house in order *and* got their music out. The two singles — 'Death Disco' and 'Memories' — and 'The Metal Box' saw the recording studio become a PiL member, saw Lydon coming to terms with his history and by implication many other people's, and see-sawed through the smarter strands of disco & dub.

JAMES CHANCE / JAMES WHITE James jive walked from identi-kit precocious punk to top ten name-to-slander in no time at all. With a lot of help from his friend / manager Anya Phillips he should get pretty famous for sacking bands, business affairs, statements to the press, stage(d) violence, black humour, chic demeanour, volatile pupils, etc. He is above all a *face*, with music so far secondary to style.

NUKES America's love of the catchphrase comes into its own again with Nukes, the by-word for the emotional fallout from the near meltdown of the Harrisburg reactor, brought home to points outside of Pennsylvania by the timely release of *The China Syndrome*. Anti-Nuke consciousness is beginning to rear its protesting head amongst America's otherwise placid, fun-seeking rock crowds, as symbolised by the Springsteen, Browne, Taylor, Simon, Raitt, Hall, Doobie Brothers No-Nukes concerts. Whether this amounts to anything more than a flirtation with fashionable laid-back sauna-tub eco chic will soon be seen . . .

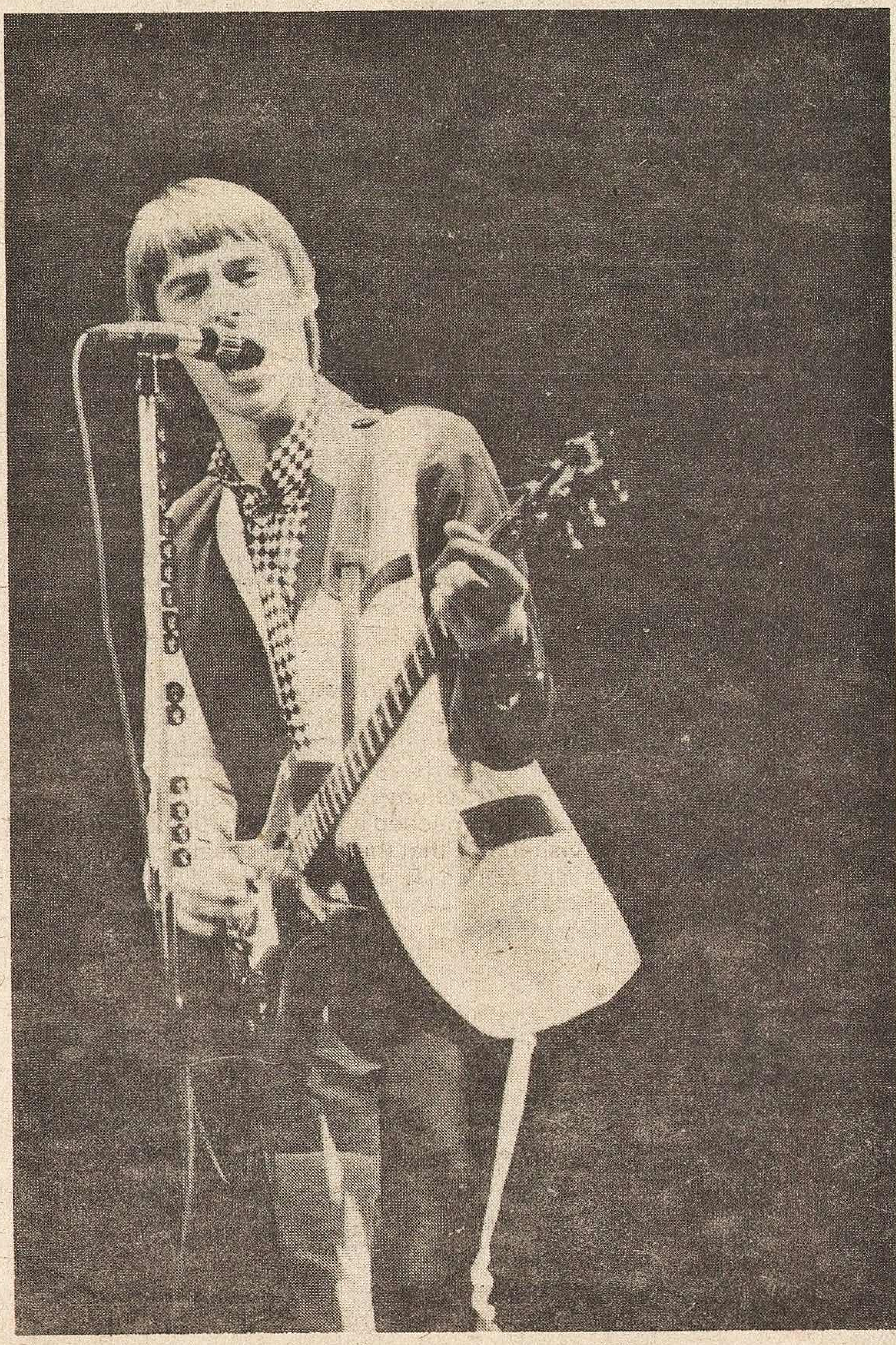


CHUCK BERRY played for President Carter at the White House, but that didn't stop the Feds jailing him for four months on charges of tax evasion. Berry squeezed in a whistle stop tour of Europe, appearing alongside Muddy Waters and BB King at Alexandra Palace.

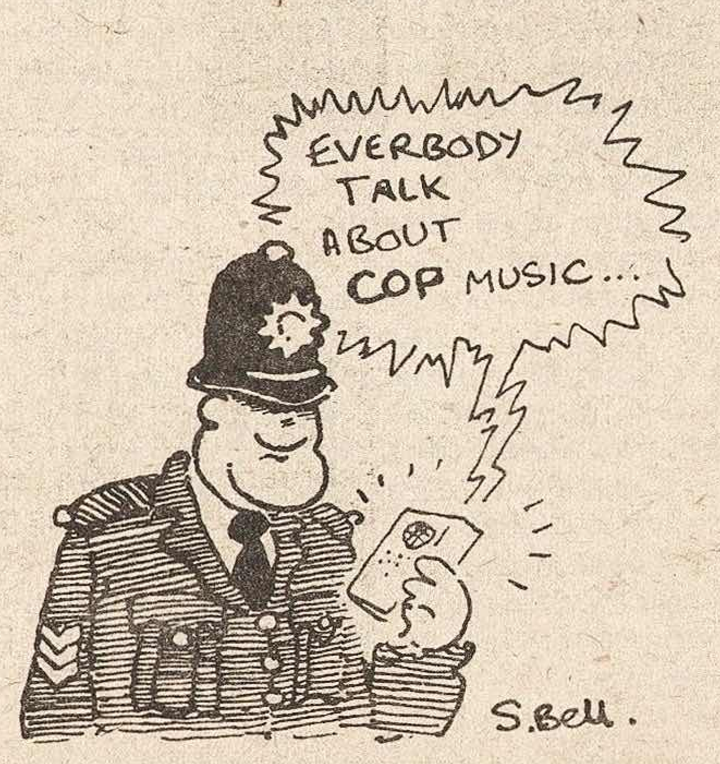
SOUTHALL was one of the year's more disturbing events. The Special Patrol Group went on the rampage, Blair Peach was murdered, the People Unite community centre was wantonly destroyed, and hundreds of people were injured and arrested (or vice versa). At the ensuing trials the garbled testimony of solitary policemen was repeatedly accepted in preference to the numerous and coherent statements of defence witnesses. Two members of Misty were gaoled (their appeals are pending) and their manager, who was hospitalised with serious head injuries, and other band members due to appear in court soon.

THE SLITS jumped out of the shadows and with the resourceful aid of Denis Bovell delivered one of the year's more intriguing and invigorating collections, 'Cut.' A cross-cultured tour with Don Cherry and Prince Hammer caused less ripples than anticipated, and right now they seem back in the shadows.

JAM cruised high above any dragging mod fluid, their year culminating with their most ambitious work to date, 'Setting Sons', of which their smash hit 'Eton Rifles' was a tough and beautiful example. Paul Weller stood out more than ever, as songwriter, dry enigma — not half as dull as he would have you believe. On stage, Jam were poetry in motion, depending where you sat. Never grin where a leap will suffice.



RANDY NEWMAN Almost alone amongst the maligned breed of the singer / songwriter, Randy Newman maintains a crushing contemporary relevance. He released 'Born Again', an album that features some of his sharpest satire yet on the bigotry and self-interest of certain of his species, and features Newman on the cover, in a bizarre Kiss-mask parody of what he feels is the prevalent money-grubbing mood. Co-incidentally, this same year Kiss embarked on a disastrous mega-buck tour of the US. Instant Kharma?



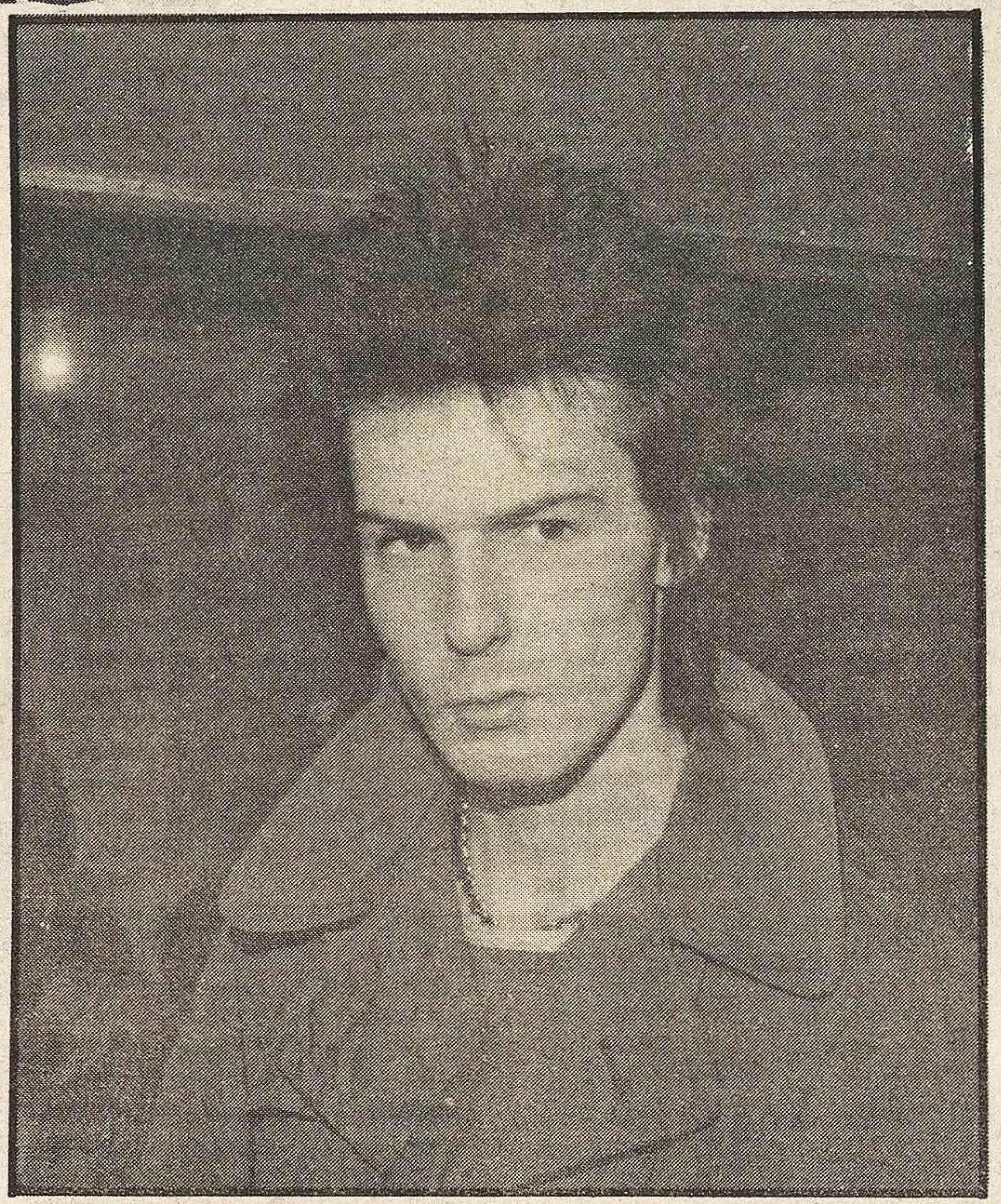
THE KNACK In the spring of this year The Knack were playing to a half empty Marquee club on a record company financed foray to the UK. Two months later they were holding down the number one spots in the US album and singles charts. Despite American hysterics, the chubby foursome failed to ignite Europe.

GARY NUMAN Sharply dividing the critics between the bemused and the openly hostile, Gary Numan's android glitter pop is the year's most pervasive chart sound this side of chic. The man himself is struggling to affect mystique in the midst of a veritable shower of hastily-released product, old and new, and in the face of widespread incredulity at the massive success of his guileless teenybopper updates of David Bowie's 'Low' album. Numan's acknowledged source of inspiration is Ultravox.

GRAHAM PARKER just gets better 'n' better, this time coming up with the classic 'Squeezing Out Sparks' album. Sadly for Parker and the Rumour it was a case of yet more critical acclaim without the commercial success that LP undoubtedly deserved.

JOE JACKSON got sharp and proved he *is* the man with two albums of razor pop that sound as snazzy as he'd like to look. Already a star in America, 1980 should find him no ordinary Joe in England either.

THE FALL fell apart not once, not twice, and not withstanding, Mark Smith held the institution together, sometimes appeared to have gone solo, and emerged this autumn with its strongest formation yet. The Fall continued, challenging the normative r'n'r flow of chummy fashion and commerce putting out lots of music, notably the 'Live At The Witch Trials' and 'Dragnet' albums and 'Rowche Rumble' a caustic singalong 45 which is still sleeping.



SID VICIOUS played punk Romeo to Nancy's junkie Juliet and posthumously made Virgin Records a lot of dough while a nation mourned.

MICHAEL JACKSON / THE JACKSONS A vengeful return to the fore from the family now getting into its third dancing decade. Everyone recognised the genius of 'Shake Your Body Down To The Ground' from February and more recently Michael Jackson has grabbed the light with 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough' from the near perfect 'Off The Wall' LP. Hardcore quality will out.

79
THREE TIMES

PAUL MORLEY offers a guided tour through the overgrown maze of modern rock and roll music.

WHAT happened! It's all over so quick. Somewhere along the way there seemed to be Village People, Led Zep at Knebworth, a Roxy comeback and The Knack, or is the mind playing tricks?

Stars were needed, and stars were got. Gary Numan and Sting fell into place. Geldof and Harry effortlessly increased the wattage in their star signs, and down below Squeeze, Pursey and Bush, with assorted one hit flashes, meant that teenage pop fans had the brightest time for a long while.

Stars leave the decade the way they started it — posing on glossy posters, a touch of mascara, flashy clothes, stage scaffolding, dodgy rhymes and false mystique. It's almost like there were no barren middle years, or days when anti-stars savagely tested the absurd autonomy of rock's traditions — when you were either too ugly with beard or too ugly with spikes to look good on posters. But really, the latter day stars, more vivid and varied than ever before, are part of the punk effect, and just a small part.

If Lydon has been the face of the decade — only Bowie could challenge, and then by default because he's more familiar than Eno — it's because he had the most expressions, and they were the most disturbing. As both Rotten and Lydon, Johnny the realist has never been out of sight. Rotten's repulsed rumblings in the middle of a rock decade when Steely Dan, Little Feat and Bowie's pirouetting seemed to be smoothing rock'n'roll into an academic dead end, have had such massive effect that whichever bit of the hurtling 1979 you look at — from Rush to Dury, Sting to Swell Maps, Bowie to the Raincoats — the grotesque ghost of Rotten hovers, dismissing, ignoring or grunting in reluctant sympathy. As Lydon with Public Image, there has been exploration of noise, demystification and self expression. Truly, PiL is what Miles Davis had in mind when he claimed he could put together the greatest rock'n'roll group in the world.

With such a restless ghost, and such incisive activity, rock will have to be appallingly negative to ever disappear into the desert again. Look at the growth!

The new demands have mixed unevenly with the old rock traditions, producing a multitude of mutations and hybrids, and no one obvious universal style or trend could ever emerge. Thank God. Rock is a complicated maze, a dense jungle with connecting pathways if you can find them, but mostly unmappable. In 1979 there were no fifty reasons to be cheerful, no easy squares to wrap up. Maybe a few trends bumping off each other, but nothing that dominated in the old way. One of the few things that was definite was that rock'n'roll has come *this* far from that recent desert. It's impossible to stop now.

HOW those deeply involved looked at it all was pretty definite too. Opposed. The prejudices, perversions and presumptions of fanatics were where you could clearly see the separation between 'old' and 'new', and the cracks within either.

Within these walls, we would mostly accept that dues paying, technical immaculacy and isolation are hardly an indication of worth, and that the last four years, for all the confusion and cul-de-sacs, have been consistently exciting and vital. The stubborn *Melody Maker* poll results emphasised, if we really needed it after Rush, Boston and Scorpion type visitations, that there are thousands who cannot believe that Talking Heads are aesthetically and philosophically, let alone musically, more adventurous and relevant than Yes, or who could never admit that The Clash are light years ahead of Led Zeppelin which ever way you look at it.

In America, the grown up critics were at best rushing through memorable one night stands with Clash and Talking Heads, or more usually holding them at arm's length, preferring to prod through the lazy impulses of The Eagles or marvel at Dylan's "startling" use of Mark Knopfler's texturally cute guitar sound as part of some apparently crucial studio precision.

These critics handled Gang Of Four, Magazine, Contortions, Pere Ubu, Monochrome Set, Fall, PiL as impetuous inferiors,

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or safely ignored them. More disastrously, and as a sign of failure, 99% of the great grey America rock mass didn't know any of this existed — weren't allowed to. Buzzcocks, Penetration, Gang Of Four, Clash, Undertones, Members and other British visitors all played to the same one per cent, although Clash worked hard and maybe reached double that.

For America, poor people, brave new rockers were Bram Tchaikovsky, The Records, The Cars, Cheap Trick, Ian Gomm, Dire Straits and The Knack. Blondie, Summer, Costello, Jackson and Sting helped, but deep set tradition and a cosy establishment is most of what they got.

But it can't be denied that some part of what's happening reflects the times, the feeling of the times, the complexity; its desperation, passion, extremes, adventure. Sounds like rock'n'roll to me. And perhaps what it comes down to is the Joy Division line: *"I've been waiting for a guy to come and take me by the hand"* actually being more pertinent than Dylan trying on new gloves (maybe for keeps but who cares?) and doing little but confusing the role of faith within the Dylan myth.

Music from Led Zeppelin, Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, Pink Floyd, Van Morrison, Stevie Wonder, Bob Dylan, Supertramp, merely extended the insipid but revered lengths of their respective myths. Which makes it hard, however much product they shifted, whatever their reputation, however much Wenner creamed about Dylan's flawless vocals, extremely hard to slot them into '79.

LET'S go to the part of the jungle that was the sweatiest, most dangerous, and that was furthest up the river. Let's go to where rock seems to have stretched. Let's make it 1979. You'll have to fight me long and hard to nudge me away from the notion that Talking Heads, Clash, Jam, PiL and Joy Division were the heavies; dance groups all, each plucking from separate pasts with devastating style, exploring different, problems both shakily and awesomely. Here was challenge, here was attack.

The Fall, Slits, Raincoats, Gang Of Four, Pere Ubu, Chrome, using vastly different dialects, bitterly, sarcastically and erratically rejected old, set values and dogmas. Their faces weren't always as straight as you first thought.

These groups and others like Pop Group, Wire, Devo and Magazine are closer to the problem of where to go next — a problem that's apparently upset Buzzcocks; the others show little sign of hesitancy *yet*. Meanwhile, Scritti Politti and Swell Maps toyed with new strategies for creating and promoting their music, working their eccentric way from the Rough Trade base — a base many times larger than this time last year.

Final Solution established themselves as noticeable alternative promoters, the types of act they conscientiously promoted — Essential Logic, Monochrome Set, Prag Vec, Ludus, This Heat and the aforementioned Raincoats and Politti — making varied commotion but seemingly unable to vault or even creep away from the grubby 'alternative' that had become their home.

LET'S lose control. Keeping well within the three and a half minute idea, there was a wide range of new pop delights, ranging from the metaphysical Undertones and Distractions, through the separate commercial attractions of Lene Lovich, Pretenders, XTC and The Members, to the wilder noises of Scars, Au Pairs, Nips, Passions, Delta 5 and The Flowers. Gary Numan made Howard Devoto, Ultravox and Human League a lot more jealous than they cared to admit, opening gaps that should help the League, Daniel Miller, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Suicide, and off at a slight tangent perhaps Simple Minds, Skids and Magazine.

Bridging some sort of gap, Graham Parker made a claim for rock'n'roll immortality, and for one of two fell only a short way from grabbing it. Ian Dury started the year way up there, eventually peaked with a week at Ham. Odeon, and then rested; he needed and deserved it. The Stranglers got more and more vulgar and silly, and still sold records. As for The Residents . . .

But this is just scraping. Bowie jotted a few more diary entries. Pop made 'New Values', Reed made 'The Bells' and no one agrees about those. Neil Young at least jumped outside his own myth. Robert Fripp drolly prophesised. Two-Tone triumphed, but still can't be called dominant. Bette Midler did everything but sit on Mike Parkinson's face. Rock became even more decentralised, Coventry, Liverpool and Glasgow scuffling for 'This Year's Manchester' title, whilst Manchester (twice), Liverpool, Brighton, Bristol, Cardiff, S. Yorkshire released anthologies of local music, and the 'Factory Sampler' and Fast's excellent, innovative two 'Ear Coms' hardly contradicted any of this.

The Old Grey Whistle Test became less rock'n'roll than *Soap*. Linton Kwesi Johnson eased dignity into hostile words of rebellion, John Cooper Clarke lost a hyphen, moved to Stevenage, which some months after was featured in a special report as drug centre of Britain. The Ramones made a film, as always trying too hard to be cartoon heroes. Jimmy Pursey sobbed a lot, quit a lot, thought a lot, and finished the year as stable family entertainer on *Star Games*. Phil Lynott might well join him there. Disco started the year off smoking like hell, but these days it's hard to know where to look, Patti Smith melted in front of our eyes and Richard Attenborough decided punk rock was the bore of the decade.

There was plenty of ordinariness, best typified by Interview, Cowboys International, Fingerprintz, and new Stiff signings like Pointed Sticks.

Some still clung on to old forms. Inverted snobbery and safety (in numbers) helped here. Heavy Metal never faded. In 1979 its denim got new patches. Budgie, Motorhead, AC/DC and other old friends filled halls and emptied minds; HM's own little new wave Samson, Iron Maiden, Angelwitch, Girlschool and Barton knows how many others argued the music could well exist long enough to supply all the soundtrack for the apocalypse. Mod scootered in thanks to The Who, *Quadrophenia* and The Jam, and the articulate, assertive Ian Page could yet twist it into something more sinister than a ropey regressive revival.

Punk as a noise seemed to have burnt itself out, and Jones and Cook not giving up when all was lost didn't help any. Ruts, Subs, Sham, Damned, Adam, Dickies, Crass, Wall, Slaughter, Angelic Upstarts and The Cockney Rejects played music as the food of hate, ranging from the trivial to the very black. Religions appeared to form.

With skinheads hopping to the Two-Tone tune, gig-going became increasingly hazardous. An undergrowth of violence grew of itself. It wasn't just the length of the queue at the bar

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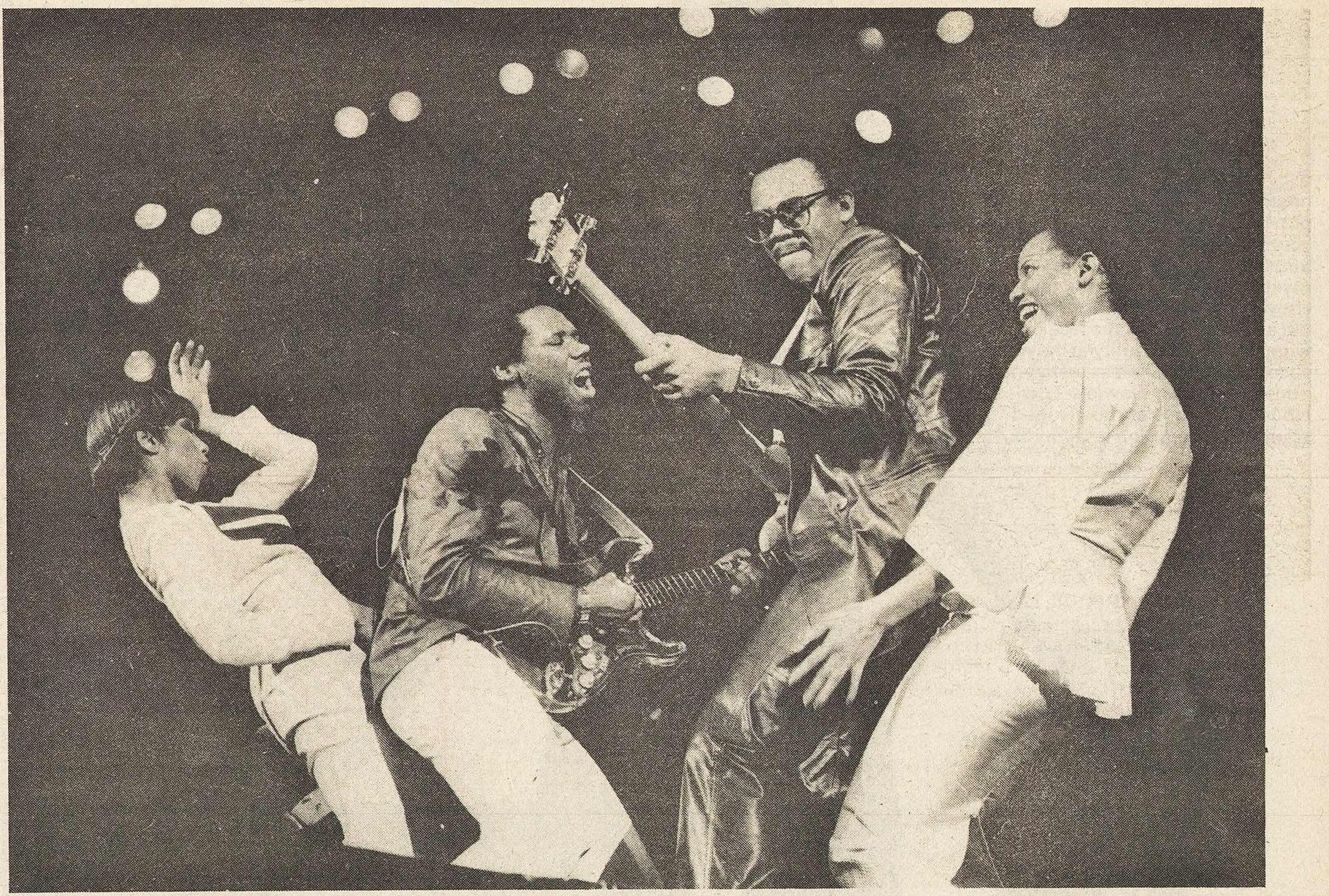


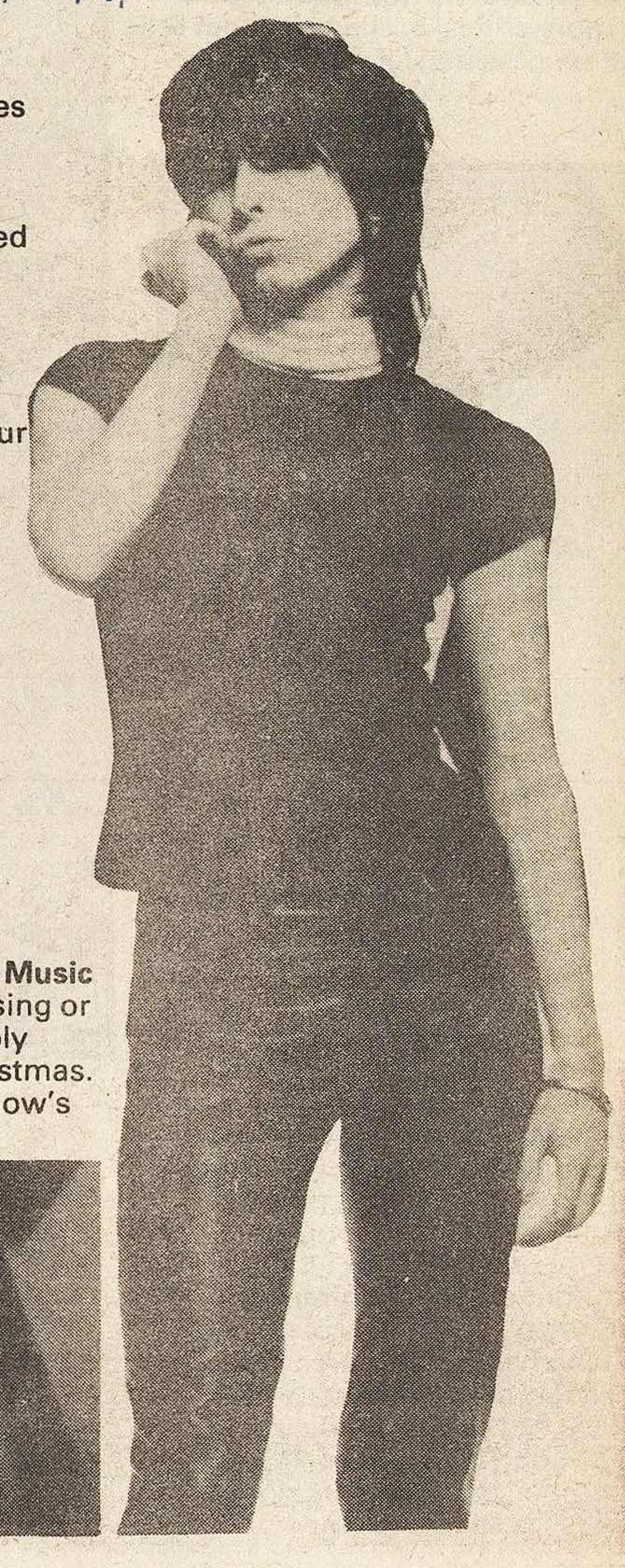
CHIC Arguably the year's best singles band, certainly its most prolific and consistent, Chic will be among a handful of disco acts holding the torch in the early '80s. They were in the year's first chart with 'Le Freak' and currently sport 'My Feet Keep Dancing' and the excellent 'Spacer' (as Sheila B Devotion). En route they've rarely missed and showed the best form with the Sister Sledge trilogy 'Greatest Dancer', 'We Are Family' and 'Lost In Music'. In '79 there was no excuse not to own something from the Rodgers/Edwards stable.

RY COODER maintained his impeccable ethnomusicological standards by releasing the dazzling 'Bop Till You Drop' to mass critical acclaim and customary public apathy. Why don't you believe us?

LOVERS ROCK unremittingly dominated the local reggae scene, giving Janet Kay a chart topper with 'Silly Games', plus near hits for Me & You, Storm, and Black Harmony. It also acted as catalyst for Diana Ross and 'It's My House' — *six* lovers rock versions of the song hitting the London streets before Motown got *their* finger out.

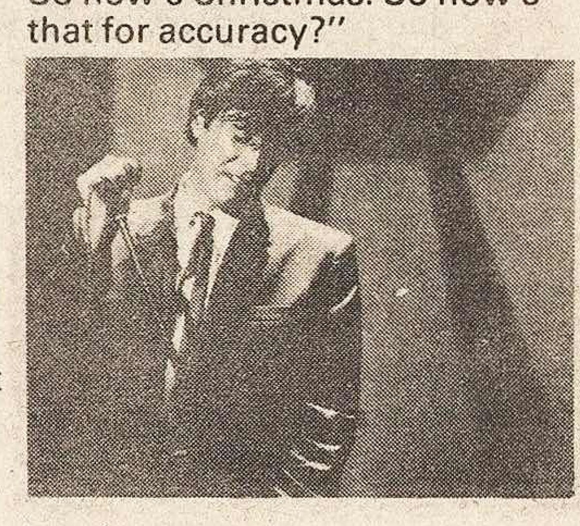
THE B-52'S A goofball US contribution to the year of modism. The B-52's combine Sputniks, sex and sock-hops with Beefheartian lyrical lunacy, and manage to span the divide between the avant-garde and 'Louie, Louie'. Their year began in Georgia and ended in Japan. Their next year begins in Nassau, where they will very soon be recording the second instalment of the bouffant bop.

THE PRETENDERS: Petulant, posey, perfect cheek bones — that's a purely aesthetic, non-sexist comment — Chrissie Hynde got photographed a lot, hinted that she knew more than a bit about the real *and* postcard sides of the rocky business, and appeared on 'Stop Your Sobbing', 'Kid', and 'Brass In Pocket', perky pop singles for young and old alike.

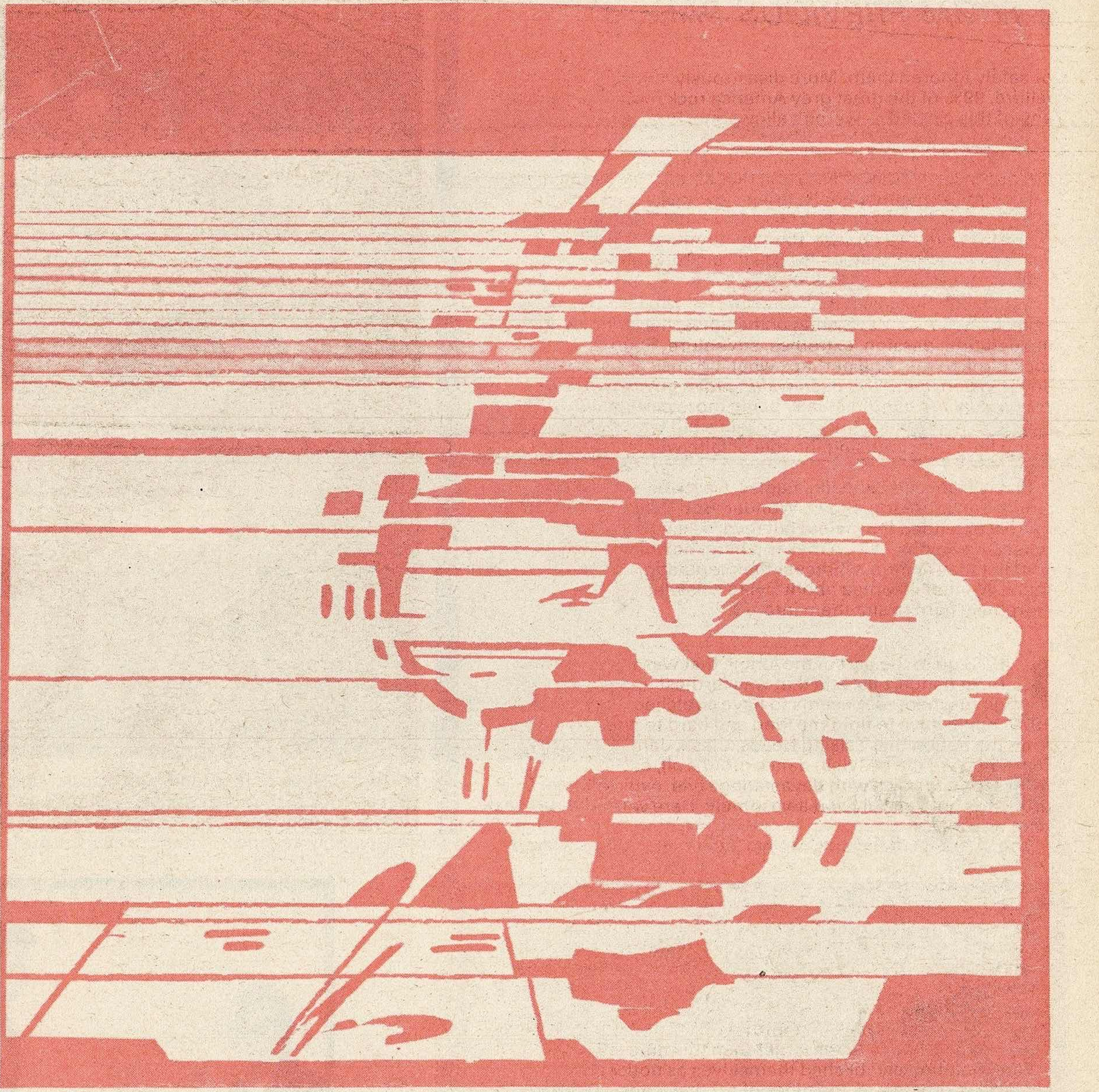


UNDERTONES were this year's Buzzcocks on the level of consistent insistent pop singles ('Get Over You', 'Jimmy Jimmy', 'Here Comes The Summer', 'You Got My Number'). They contrived an almost pathetic fantasy; fellow countrymen **Stiff Little Fingers** got more obviously worked up about 'the troubles'. Rushing into the year on the momentum of two scalding Rigid Digit singles, they panicked Rough Trade into handling a chart lp, the powerful 'Inflammable Material', then harnessed themselves to Chrysalis, the momentum slowing, their art betraying them.

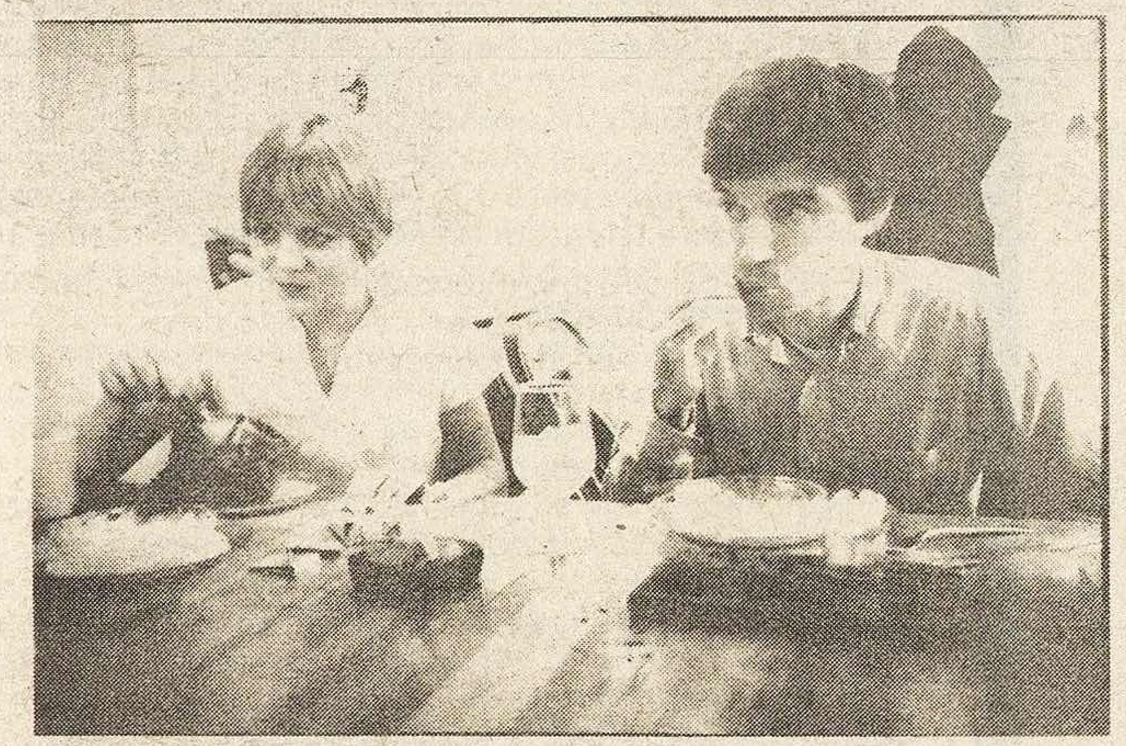
"THE reformed **Roxy Music** could be embarassing or rewarding. Probably both," said NME last Christmas. So how's Christmas. So how's that for accuracy?"



GANG OF FOUR, Leeds' collectivist rockers, signed up to an ailing EMI and after taking their final exams released a powerful debut album flawed by an awkward compromise between ideals and biz-machine demands. The Gang also became prone to self-conscious soul-searching in print, prone to lights and volume on stage. Their enormous potential is currently in abeyance.

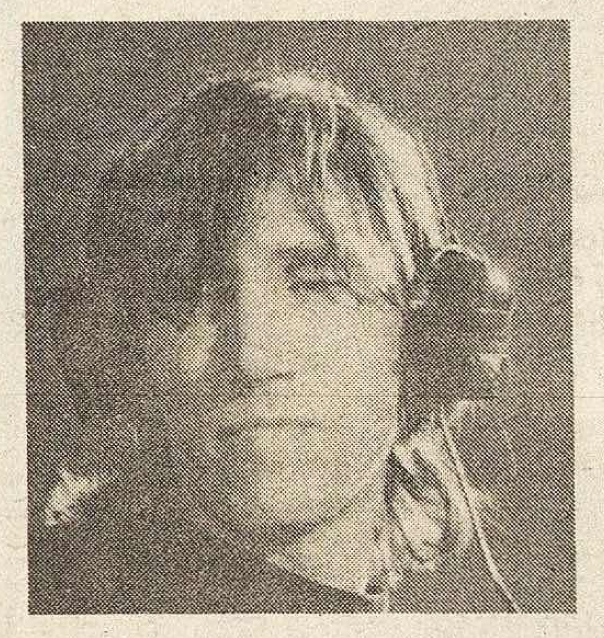


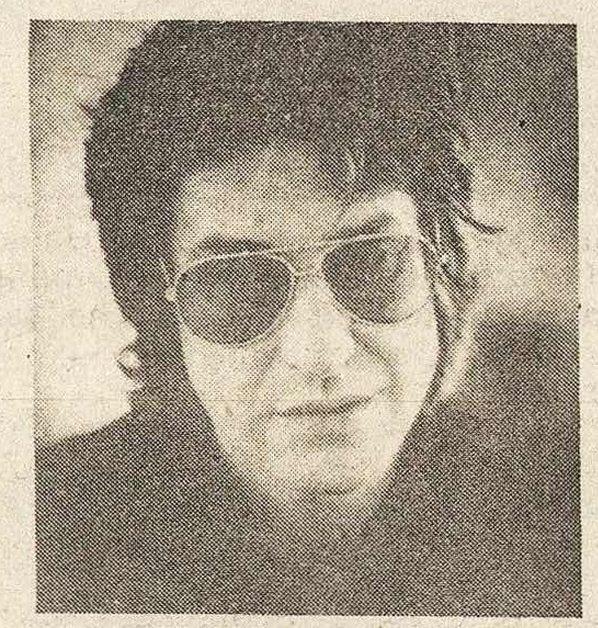
ELVIS COSTELLO had his quietest year since he crooned into view, but still left behind the immaculate pop hit 'Oliver's Army', the substantial 'Armed Forces', outraged American liberals shocked by his bar-room attack on soppy Bonnie Rait and Steve Stills, a reputation that grew more obnoxious by the week, and a low nagging feel of 'what next?'



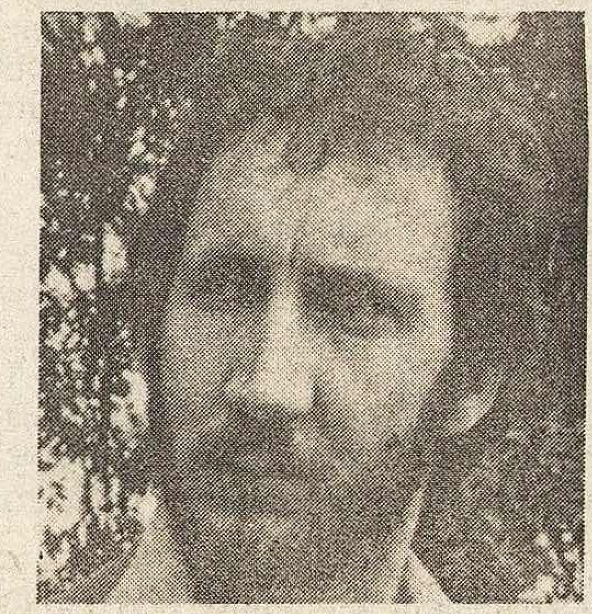
TALKING HEADS moved further and further away from days spent touring Britain supporting The Ramones. They contrived the years top album, 'Fear Of Music', calmly establishing a sound as fresh, physical and poised as any. And you can dance to it.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON LKJ proved that being a teacher, a librarian, a poet and politically aware were no reasons to be either unhip or inoperative within roots & rock talk spheres. Who else in 1979 has done so much and so diversely? the *real* poet laureate, available in dub, banned from the BBC at election time, featured on an *NME* cover, performing everywhere from Brixton to New York and mostly with only a taped accompaniment. We were going to mention his involvement with Dennis Bovell, but then who *wasn't* produced by *him* this year?

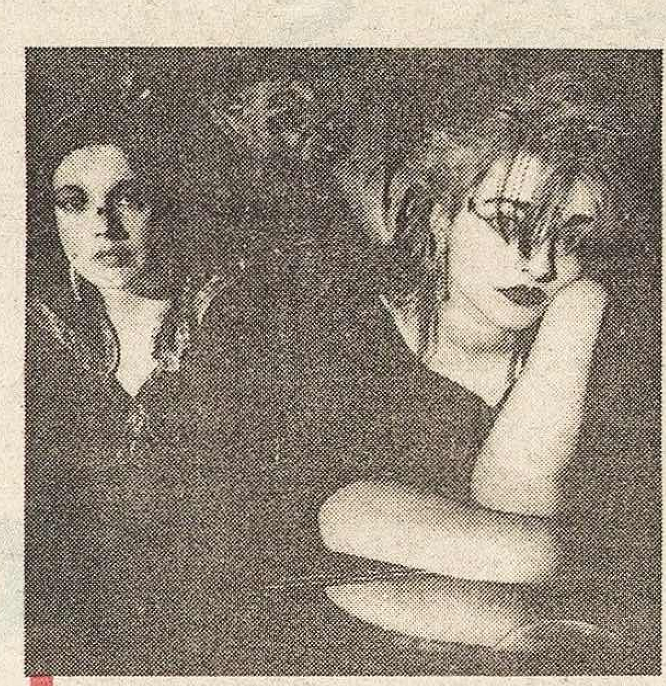




OLD FARTS THUNDER BACK
Bob Dylan found Christ, lost his fans, and made patchy album to mixed reception.
Ageing misfit **Ray Davies** slipped an album into America's top ten, a mugshot onto *NME's* front page and found himself covered by four Raincoats.
Led Zep played their first gig for several years, then went back the next week to try again. They also put out a vastly successful LP.
Pink Floyd topped the singles charts for the first time with a concept single taken from an album about bricklaying.



Pete Townshend saw his year go sour when the celluloid beach battles of *Quadrophenia* turned into real rock'n'roll riots and death at Cincinnati. His commitment deserved better.



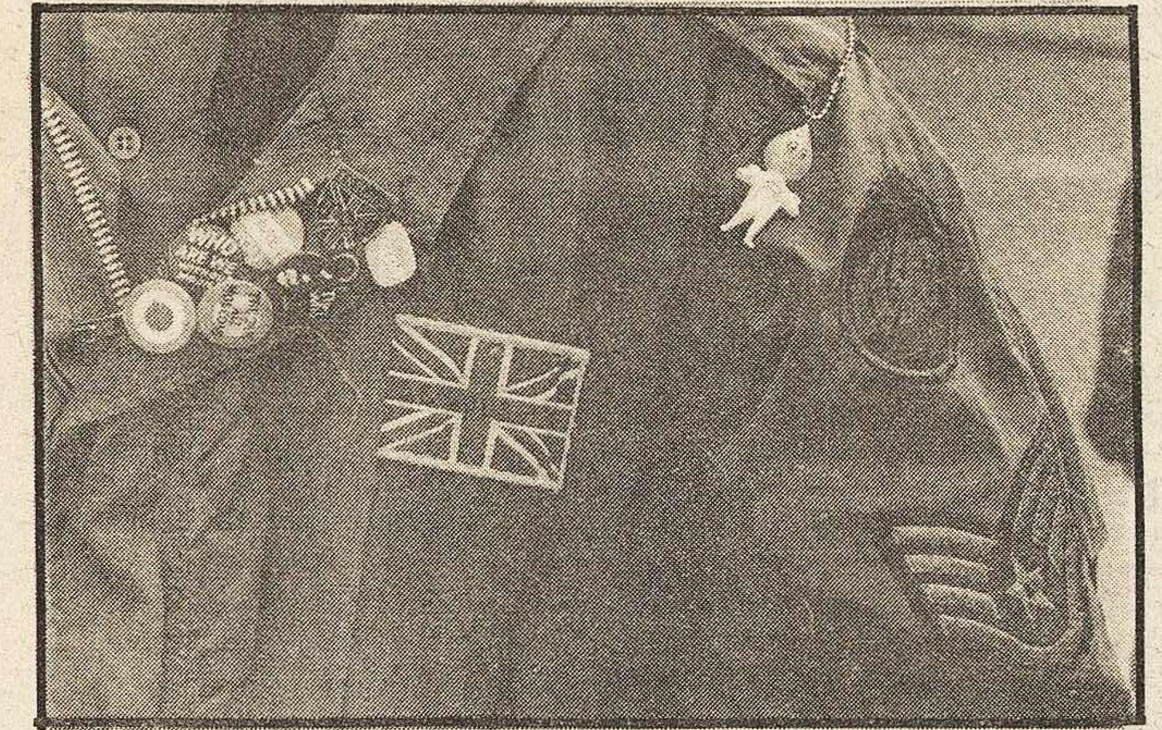
LENE & NINA started the gypsy revival! Lene Lovich appeared in *Radio On* as a picture disc of her international smash hit 'Lucky Number'. Nina Hagen appeared solo on Austrian TV in a spot of improvised sex education, and both Euro sisters appeared together in an Anglo-German cinematic co-production none of us can remember the name of.

ROCKPILE drilled their way into the charts with international single and album hits from the old firm of Edmunds and Lowe and incessant TOTP appearances. Both celebrate by shaving for the first time this year.

IAN GOMM, Bram Tchaikovsky, The Records, Sniff 'n' the Tears, Dire Straits: The pub rock hangover hits the States. Over there, over-rated, over and out.

POLICE whose reputation changed as much this year? Pivoted around the sublimely voiced and inscrutably sexy Sting, Police seemed destined to be nothing more than Ted Nugent and Keith Richard's token 'new wave' group. After a blistering album and a handful of classic '45's, they leave the year as cool as they are popular — Sting's pull ultimately too strong, his appearances in *Quadrophenia* and *Radio On* indisputably superior. In many ways, the group of the year.

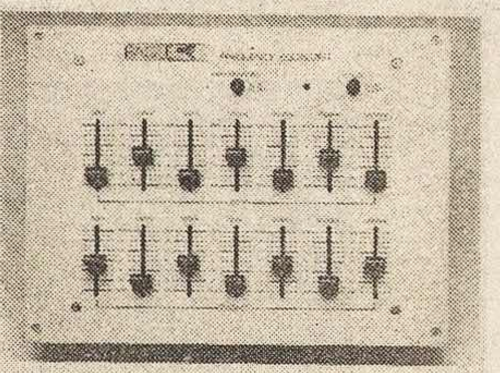
BLONDIE . . . began the year at No 1 with 'Heart Of Glass' and have discoed downhill ever since. No British tour; and a disappointing new album which, tho' plundered as usual for singles, fails to emulate the brilliant pop imagination of 'Parallel Lines'.



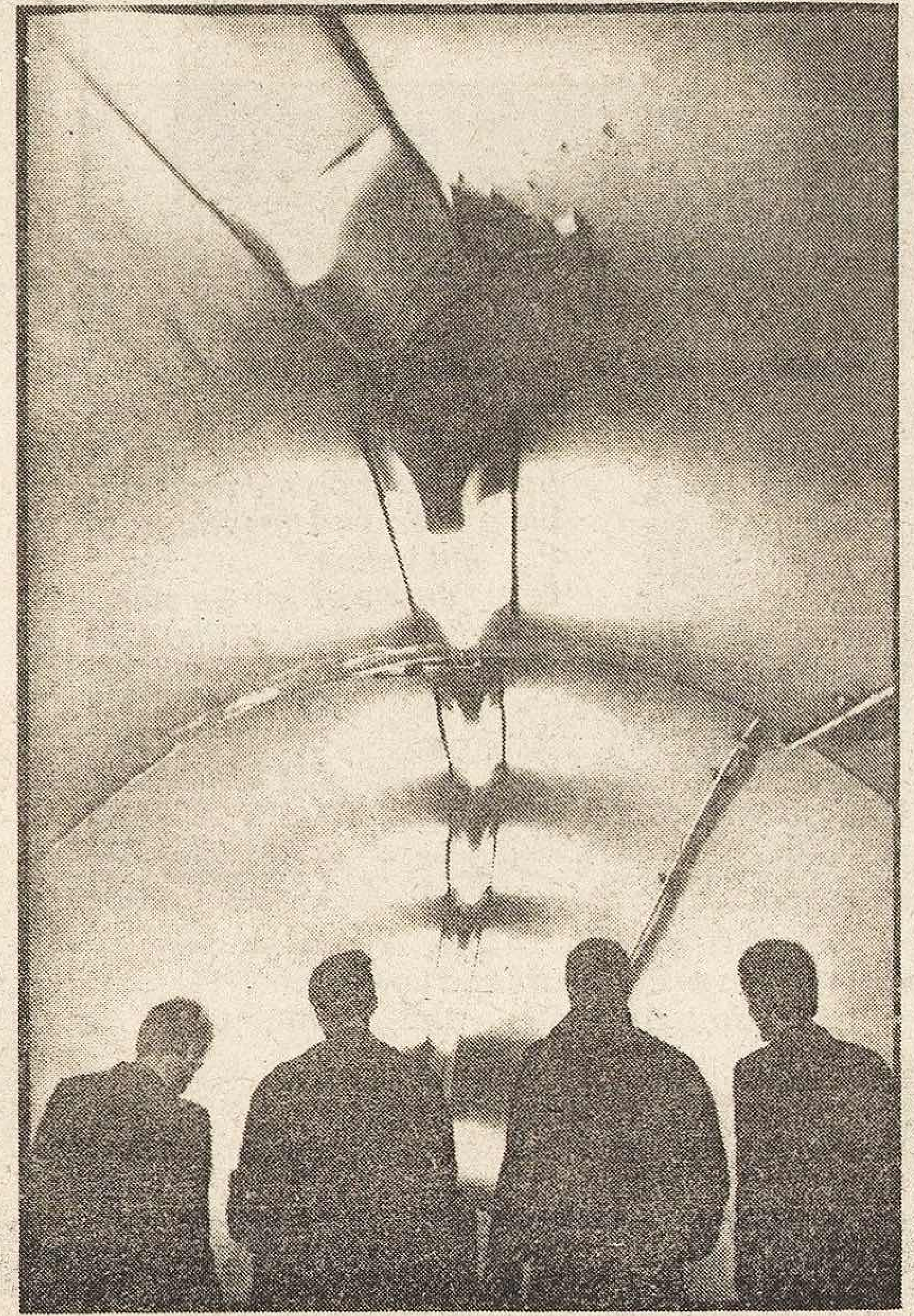
MOD came up slowly from the roots, sold out in the time it took to whisper *Quadrophenia* and met with the type of hysterical critical backlash that seems to occur everytime you get a set of kids dressing up in their dread duds and going out for an unpretentious good time. I produced notably The Chords and Purple Hearts, as well as the year's most dedicated fanzine fanatics in the *Maximum Speed* team.

THE CLASH. Two American tours, a handful English gigs, an indifferent EP and a film that might never be shown seemed to be The Clash's contribution to culture in '79 until 'London Calling' mopped up the detractors with four sides of their best music since the halcyon days of 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais'. Yeah, rockabilly rudies can still make rebel music!

SKA The new rudies, sparked by the advent of 2-Tone, discovered Rock Steady and Ska, and were reminded where it all came from in the first place as the 'Intensified', 'Rebel Music' and 'Hottest Hits' compilations appeared and veteran trombonist Rico — one of the originals — returned to tour with The Specials.



ELECTRONICS wasn't simply Gary Numan. The Flying Lizards, M, Telex, and The Silicone Teens all produced slick successful singles, others introduced electronics into orthodox line ups with positive results. Not long before a flood. Look especially for Human League, Suicide and Daniel Miller's Mute label.



JOY DIVISION emerged after three years' dreamy plotting not only as Manchester's finest but as a stunningly inventive rock unit. Wilfully independent, their debut lp on Factory Records, 'Unknown Pleasures', was one of the most fully realised and stormy debuts in rock history.

POPE JOHN PAUL II. Akin to Bruce Springsteen in that he attracts a fanatical audience response, whose quasi-religioso loyalty is rewarded with — as yet — a limited number of gigs. The New Pope's mini World Tour took in Northern Ireland, the States (Shea Stadium and Madison Square Garden included) and Poland, playing to packed houses everywhere, although rumours suggest that his management have a more than merely material investment in his career. His debut album on Affinity shipped platinum. Still no UK gigs, although Elvis Costello is reported to be interested in bringing John Paul over in a support slot.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

that was depressing on a night out. Paid bouncers often dealt brutally with the mildest misdemeanour, and other enemies were beginning to come from all sides. If you were seen to be supporting the wrong team, the chances of avoiding a scuffle or worse got slimmer. There have been fickle flirtations with the words 'Nazi' and 'fascist' that won't be easily resolved. The Nashville, Electric Ballroom and Lyceum were at times grim places to attend, and out of London tribal dances don't feel better. It's not sickening yet, but . . .

And look how wide the separation is. A million miles away from these forming armies of (no) style, thousands of passive fans continually collected in fields and stadia to help festivals hang on and see out the '70s. Reading was the worst of all, and perhaps the worst it's ever been. Two dreamy weekends of Led Zeppelin at Knebworth pushes promoter Freddie Bannister into financial trouble. A brave Edinburgh attempt that ambitiously gathered Squeeze, Chieftains, Steel Pulse, The Undertones and Talking Heads drew thousands less than was needed to break even and underlined that festivals no longer have much place in rock'n'roll.

The Who took 70,000 to Wembley Stadium, with the modest help of guests Stranglers, AC/DC and Nils Lofgren. It was a highspot of sorts in a busy Who year, a celebration of cliches and memories. Townshend was uncomfortably aware of the way that The Who balanced precariously between nostalgic frivolity and contemporary vitality. The Cincinnati tragedy early on in their American tour has not lightened the essential nightmare of The Who as a performing unit.

Performance is what can crush a group, or at least make them very stale. Penetration couldn't stand the circular routine and quit. PiL didn't even bother with the routine, and many looked with envy at Lydon's arrogance. Somehow his attitude didn't seem like Zeppelin apathy, just common sense. The Human League attempted to co-ordinate a new form of stage presentation, with films, pre-recorded noises, no human beings, and spent thousands of pounds and tens of hours preparing their novel video show to support Talking Heads on tour. The day they were due to set off, League manager Bob Last received a telegram bluntly informing him that a live act was preferred leaving Last paranoically muttering, with perhaps some justification.

Whatever, League's unconsummated experimentation hints that novel forms of performance are not far off. The extensive rock tour will not be the obvious thing to do anymore for those concerned with retaining their wit and vitality.

It's all happening so quickly. Look in the right places. That five minute electronic pop songs get to number one, that independently released rock singles supply some of rock's greatest moments, is all but taken for granted. Trends overlap. Faces rush by. Within two months unexpected new faces will be on our wall, old ones will be ripped down. New inventions will be indispensable. In six months' time we won't think twice seeing a Human League show with no life on stage.

Flash! and Pink Floyd end the year, the decade, with the Christmas novelty record, which helps put things in momentary perspective. Everything is accelerating, which makes the slow motion lethargy of the old even more out of place and useless, dinosaurs. Rock rushes faster and faster to the explosion, implosion like everything else, but much more explicitly, much more adventurously, dancing every inch of the way.

Even those with eyes shut and fingers in their ears can't help but feel the vibration.

Writers offer their individual out takes on '79's charts

ANGUS MACKINNON chooses ten jazz albums

1 **Lennox Avenue Breakdown** .... Arthur Blythe (CBS)
2 **Nice Guys** .... Art Ensemble Of Chicago (ECM)
3 **Circle In The Round** .... Miles Davis (CBS)
4 **Trane's Modes** .... Mastery Of Coltrane Volume 4 (Impulse)
5 **Fire Waltz** .... Eric Dolphy (Prestige)
6 **Passion Dance** .... McCoy Tyner (Milestone)
7 **Coon Bidness** .... Julius Hemphill (Freedom)
8 **Mingus At Antibes** .... Charles Mingus (Atlantic)
9 **The Very Best Of Bird** .... Charlie Parker (Warner Brothers)
10 **The Soothsayer** .... Wayne Shorter (Blue Note Classic)

DANNY BAKER'S disco dozen

1 **Boogie Wonderland** .... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
2 **I Will Survive** .... Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)
3 **Spacer** .... Sheila B Devotion (Carrere)
4 **Ladies Night** .... Kool & The Gang (Mercury)
5 **I Want Your Love** .... Chic (Atlantic)
6 **He's The Greatest Dancer** .... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
7 **There But For The Grace Of God Go I** Machine (RCA) (UK 1979)
8 **Can't Do Without** .... Whispers (Solar)
9 **Heart Of Glass** .... Blondie (Chrysalis)
10 **Shake Your Body** .... The Jacksons (Epic)
11 **Cuba** .... The Gibson Bros (Island)
12 **We Are Family** .... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)

PENNY REEL'S reggae top ten

1 **Do Good In This Time** .... Tyrone Simeon (Burning Rockers)
2 **Gold Diver** .... Ras Allah (Stars)
3 **Fooling The Children** .... Sons Of Jah (Natty Congo)
4 **Daniel** .... Ras Allah/Tapper Zukie (Stars)
5 **I Want To Be There** .... The Silvertones (Studio One)
6 **In The Right Way** .... Rod Taylor (Freedom Sounds)
7 **Love And Livity** .... The Jewels (Cash and Carry)
8 **Earth Is The Lord** .... Iton Dread (Jah Life)
9 **Armagideon Time** .... Willie Williams (Studio One)
10 **Revolution** .... Tapper Zukie (Stars)

MAX BELL'S country quintet

1 **Hiding** .... Albert Lee (A&M)
2 **Lubbock On Everything** .... Terry Allen (Fate)
3 **Appalachian Fever** .... Charlie McCoy (Monument)
4 **Sleeper Wherever I Fall** .... Bobby Bare (CBS)
5 **Keeper Of The Flame** .... Delbert McClinton (Capricorn)

PAUL MORLEY'S independent eight

You .... Au Pairs (021 single)
Chalk And Lipstick .... Pink Military (Erics single)
US Millie .... Theoretical Girls (Theoretical Records single)
Contort Yourself .... James White And The Blacks (Ze single)
Earcom Two .... Various (Fast 45 12")
Real To Real Cacophony .... Simple Minds (Zoom LP)
Things Your Mother Never Told You .... Wayne County (Safari LP)
Time Goes By So Slow .... Distractions (Something)

TITANS OF 2-TONE

GANGSTERS OF THE YEAR

Illustration: Tony Riot.

WALT JABSCO'S origins are humble indeed. He began life as a silhouette traced from the contours of Peter Tosh on one of Jerry Dammers' old Wailers album sleeves. With a pair of loafers on his feet in place of Tosh's winkle pickers and the obligatory pork-pie titfer stuck on his cranium, a star was born. If things carry on the way they've been going these past few months, by the end of next year Walt is going to be a bigger trademark than the Michelin Man.

Walt Jabsco — *aka* John Spengh — got his wonderful name from one of Dammers' northern soul-boy bowling shirts. He is, of course, the 2-Tone Man, the black-suited figure who has graced the labels of no fewer than five primo hit singles and one top five album in the space of four months — all the platters released, in fact, through The Specials' far-sighted 2-Tone operation.

The success of 2-Tone has been noteworthy both for the label's 100 per cent chart record and the diversity of its output from the reggaematic left-field ska of The Selecter to the Tamla-meets-Trinity tack of The Beat's revamped 'Tears Of A Clown'; from Madness to The Specials themselves.

Some observers have drawn comparisons with The Beatles' Apple set-up and

The rude boys who mashed the music biz. By Adrian Thrills.

undoubtedly there are a few similarities. The Specials' impact, however, is all the more remarkable when you consider that 2-Tone was started from scratch. The Beatles, after all, had the considerable weight of years of success behind them by the time Apple was launched in the late '60s.

Yet for all that recent success, 2-Tone remains surprisingly informal. Strictly speaking, it doesn't even exist as a record label; it is not a limited company, has no registered offices or even as much as a bank account to its name. As Jerry Dammers wryly observes: "It's more like a piss-take of a record company, except that it's far more successful than any of the real ones!"

2-Tone was initially Dammers' brainchild and, though other members of both The Specials and The Selecter now have as much of a say in any important decision, the man they call The General is still the vital motivator. I spoke to Dammers about the label in Island's Basing Street studios, where the latest 2-Tone artefact — a live Specials EP featuring 'Too Much Too Young' and the 'Skinhead Symphony' medley of stage faves 'Longshot', 'Liquidator' and 'Moonstomp' — was being mixed.

In the midst of the chaos that is so much part of the set-up, he is keen that 2-Tone retains an identity, not only as just a rude-boy ska label but as one nurturing new bands who are mixing British rock with black music on a much wider scale.

"It isn't necessarily just a ska thing. We're getting sent loads of tapes that are just groups that are jumping on the bandwagon with a load of old ska covers. What we want to do is develop ska into something almost unrecognisable in much the same way as the Stones did with R&B in the '60s. It's great that we've also got sent a few tapes that are taking things on a bit. Not just straight covers.

"We're trying to maintain the identity of the label in the way that Stax or Tamla had an identity. The basic thing is Anglo-Jamaican music. It's trying to integrate those two.

"But there's also soul. Especially northern soul, 'cause it's got that really strong beat . . . the next thing is going to be to try and integrate that with ska.

"One of the basic ideas behind the label is that when you have three or four bands working together on something, then they are stronger in a group than they would be as individual bands."

With the exception of Madness — North London lads all — the 2-Tone sound has been curiously centred around the West Midlands, not entirely by coincidence either according to Dammers.

"I think the musicians in The Selecter and The Specials would have jumped straight onto the punk bandwagon if they had been living somewhere like London. Instead, they were in the Midlands and were pretty much removed from what was going on in London. So a lot of them went onto the working men's club circuit playing soul or went into reggae bands. Most of them have been playing soul or reggae for years."

With Madness having signed to Stiff from the 2-Tone launching pad and The Beat looking set to go to Arista, it is The Specials and The Selecter who will be providing the label's long-term creative muscle in the coming months. The latter are due to record their debut album shortly.

However, in an effort to keep things as loose as possible, a couple of inter-band collaborations and even a couple of solo singles are on the cards. These projects are destined to include an intriguing seven-inch battle of the banter between Chas Smash of Madness and Judge Roughneck — *aka* The Specials' Neville Staples — with young Chas up in court for dancing in the street.

Dammers is also keen to get into films eventually. A television documentary on The Specials is currently being filmed and a spy thriller flick, accentuating the oft-neglected whacky side to The Specials, is one of the buds bubbling in The General's hyperactive braincells for next summer.

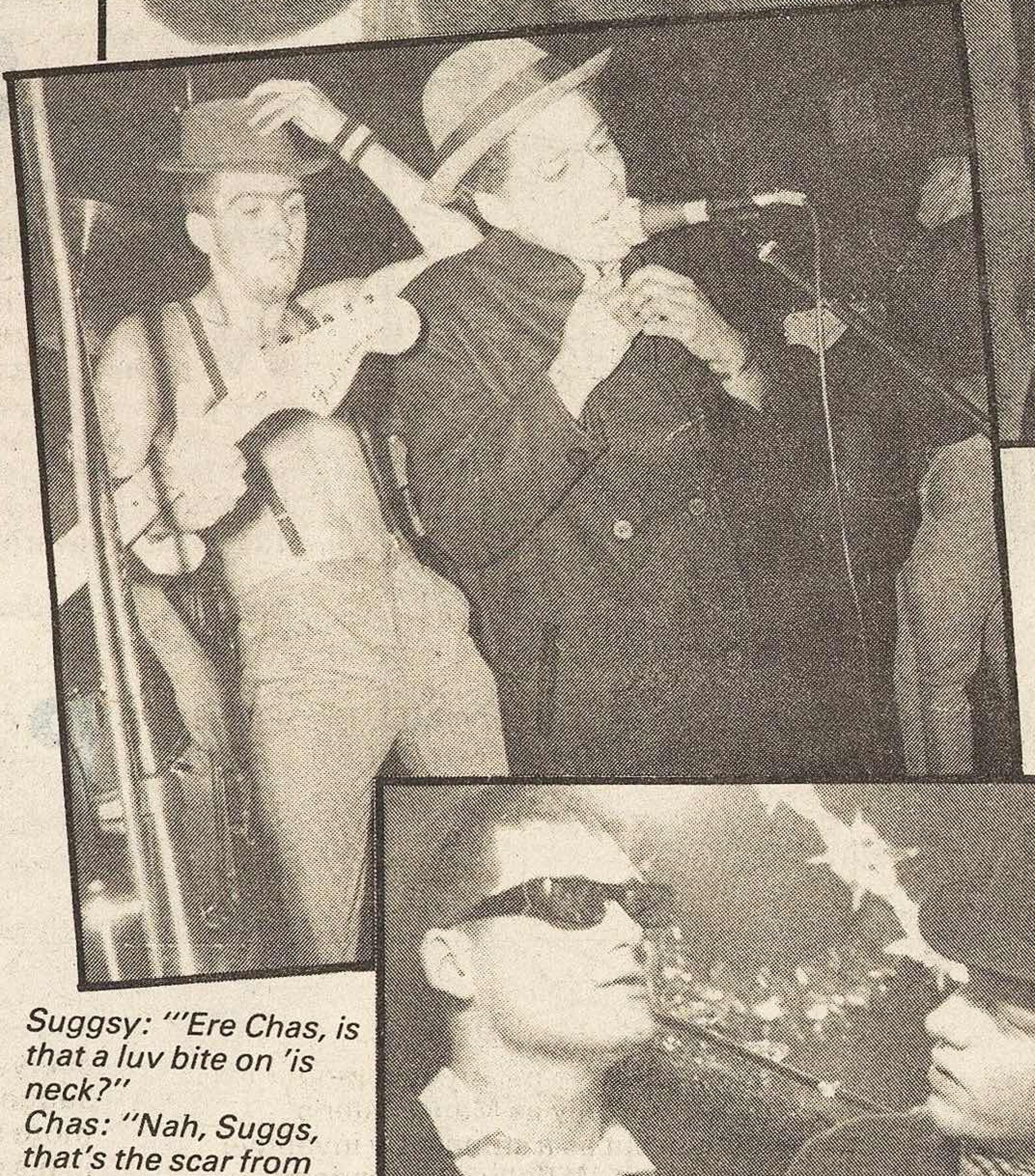
The Specials are also likely to be backing Rico on his next single, although 2-Tone sponsors Chrysalis and Rico's company Island are in dispute over which of the two labels the resultant platter should come out on.

By and large, The Specials' deal with Chrysalis, inked after much deliberation last summer, is working well. And with five chart singles in as many releases — The Beat's single is creeping into the listings as I write — the parent company are rightly convinced that The Specials know what they are talking about. However, there are still the odd haggles, as Dammers will readily attest.

"Chrysalis do try to change and commercialise things in very subtle ways. Like with our last single. We wanted 'Nite Klub' as the A-side, but they wanted 'A Message To You, Rudy'. We eventually agreed to make it a double A-side and they agreed to put that on all the adverts. But when the adverts came out, it was all 'A Message To You, Rudy' and no mention of 'Nite Klub'. They told us it was a mistake!"

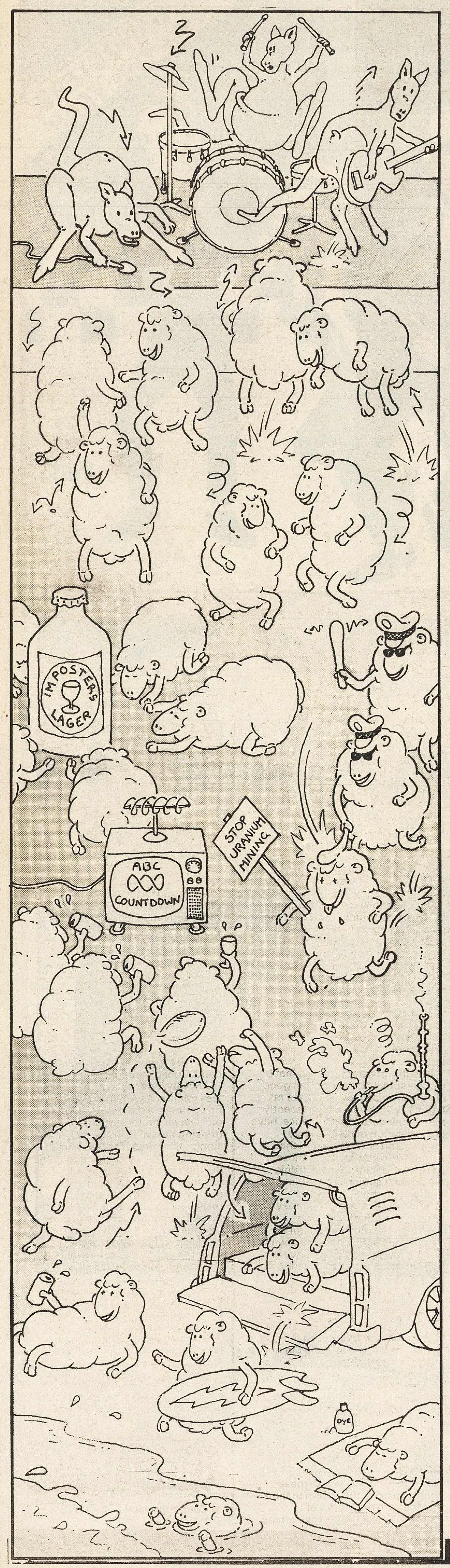
Plans for the future are vague at the moment, with the entire operation being run very much on a hectic day-to-day basis. The General, though, has got schemes to channel some of his musical energies into one rather

■ *Continues page 77*



"Sorry pal, didn't quite catch that . . . who's a mug?" Jerry Dammers (above) shows how he took on the toothless old rockbiz and hit jackpot. Pic: Jeff Veitch.
Left: Pauline of The Selecter and VERY rude boy. Pic: Justin Thomas.

Suggsy: "'Ere Chas, is that a luv bite on 'is neck?"
Chas: "Nah, Suggs, that's the scar from where they took the bolt aht."
Madness pic: George Chin.



DRONGOS YOBBOS & BUT ARE OCKERS

I WANDERED into the hall about an hour before the dance was due to begin. Into a big empty box, with a bar by the entrance and an elevated stage up the other end. A woman in a leopard-skin dress was putting little bits of cheese onto paper plates. I was with a friend. He was going to sing a couple of songs with the band that night. They wanted him for the sound-check. The band fiddled about. A couple of people were doing odd things with pulleys and string, putting the final touches to the 'effects'. And one or two others, like me, skulked about.

The decoration consisted largely of plastic chairs hanging on bits of rope from the ceiling. And vast quantities of black and orange plastic. I amused myself by counting the number of bands represented that night were Zero, but the night's entertainment was to be fleshed out by other people borrowed from different bands. Before the end of the evening, the crowd saw bits of the GoBetweens, Toesuckers, Supports, Pop Rivet and the guy mixing was from White Lightning.

But it got off to a slow start. People dribbled in. Sometimes no-one arrives until 10 o'clock when the pubs shut.

It was a Gay Dance, but the mix was the usual one. A strong contingent of punks, new-wave-trendies, ex-hippes, students. Zero isn't a 'punk' band, but even if it were, you'd never see a totally punk crowd. Either the locals are too cynical or it's just too hot to wear black.

Zero began some time ago as an all woman band. Now there are men and no definite line-up. All night the band changed, people drifted on and off stage. Different people, different influences, original material, covers of the Beatles to the B52s, some close copies, others unrecognisable. All very eclectic, darling. A few effects, a bit of fantastic but dreadful juggling, a lot of hamming it up.

And the crowd? Having a wonderful time, wish you were there. Everyone chatting, drinking, dancing a bit. Too casual, too much like a party. I didn't hear, but someone probably smashed up a toilet, they always do — it's fashionable. But who cares the insurance will cover it.

BRIZBUN

NESTLED comfortably in the sleepy, seductive, sub-tropics on the banks of its great, grey-green, greasy river lies Brisbane. Dormant. It wouldn't be quite fair to call Brisbane a musical wasteland; it would be fair to call the Queensland government 'fascist'. And unfortunately the two are inextricably connected.

The night of the Gay Dance was a pretty good night in Brisbane. There were at least two gigs worth attending. The major one was a Joint Effort. A large event with 3 southern bands, run by a local radio station, in a ballroom. And then there was the Gay Dance . . .

Pub venues barely exist any more. The police and licensing squad have seen to that. There is a club or two, very low profile. And concerts, which are pretty rare, are only for international acts.

It's hard for a band in Brisbane; if you want to 'make it', you leave. Like The Saints left. And like The BeeGees left in prehistoric times. But the rest of us just muck about, playing for each other. I had a party once where five bands played. Well, there's no-where else to play, much.

Not that it's like this in other states. Legend has it that in Sydney on a Friday night, there are 180 bands playing! But I don't believe it. They say a band can actually make a living from playing. Real bands that is, not just cabaret bands that play 'Running Bear' while everyone does a conga-line round the room.

But that doesn't really happen anymore. I hope. Australian Rock has always been a bit of a rip-off, but it's finally changing. I hope.

HISTREE

I SUPPOSE it all started in the early sixties with a guy called Johnny O'Keefe. That's when Australian Rock began, I mean. Not just Australians doing identical copies of overseas stuff.

Johnny O'Keefe was a sort of Australian-Elvis-Clone. Sounds awful doesn't it, but he had something of his own, even if it was only energy. Eventually he took the whole Elvis thing too far, by going cabaret, then dying. But there were other people coming along who were vaguely original. Billy Thorpe, The Easybeats, The Masters Apprentices, The Wild Cherries, Daddy Cool and lots of others were popping up during the '60s; to be ignored as much as possible by the Australian media; loved by the people; and some, to even have a bit of a flurry overseas.

Australian Rock went away for a long while. And now it's come back, hopefully to stay. Its return could be dated from the meteoric rise to fame of that glam-rock combo, Skyhooks. That's a joke by the way. Skyhooks really got going about 1975. And they were singing songs about society; Australian society, talking about real places in Melbourne and stuff; not just love, romance and, "I'm just crazy 'bout you, babe". This was the great leap forward. Not that it's all over, mind you. But it has become fash in some circles to sing about Australian things; and 'gasp'-even-just-maybe-sing in an Australian accent. The great champion of this cause is Dave Warner. But more of him later.

No, we Aussies aren't really the brash farts you know and love. Well, we are I suppose, but our brash farting is not because of feelings of superiority, but in fact inferiority. All because of the dreaded Australian cultural cringe. This is defined as the feeling experienced by all Australians that everything overseas is better. And it manifests itself in all sorts of terrifying ways, right down to singing in American and/or English accents.

And naturally it's all the fault of multi-national corporations. If Australians remain convinced that everything from overseas is better, they'll keep buying overseas products. And that includes records. Australians buy more records per capita than anyone except the Swedish; and have the sixth largest record market in the world. Only about 10% of those millions of records being sold are actually Australian recordings. The large record companies are rarely willing to risk money on Australian acts, so they just keep convincing the gullible audience that the overseas stuff is better anyway. This is where the media comes in.

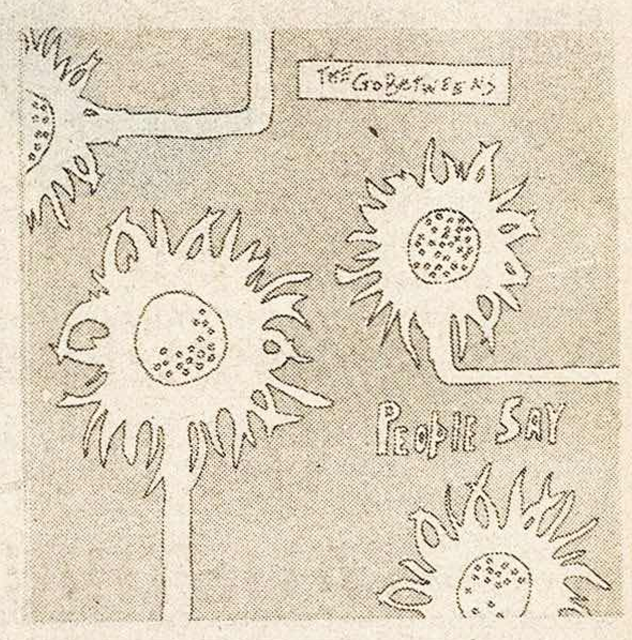
The public's taste in rock music is controlled mostly by commercial radio and Countdown. Each capital city has at least 4 commercial radio stations. Each vying for the lowest common denominator. ABC (Australian Broadcasting Commission) radio doesn't generally concern itself with rock music; concentrating largely on classical and MOR. But the ABC has *Countdown*. *Countdown* is the antipodean version of *Top Of The Pops*. Except that it is very much more powerful. Ian 'Molly' Meldrum is the director/host of *Countdown* and consequently the arbiter of taste for the majority of Australians. On *Countdown* you get to see Australian groups performing live and expensively produced film clips of overseas people. Funnily enough the overseas ones tend to look, on the whole, more glamorous. And hits are often made because they're accompanied by a particularly good clip.

And Molly isn't exactly into supporting up and coming local groups. They have to at least have a very promising single before being deemed worthy of an appearance on *Countdown*. Of course, if he likes you, Molly may be able to arrange something . . .

The Rockpress? There are three national rock newspapers; *RAM (Rock Australia Magazine)*, *Juke* and *Roadrunner*. *Roadrunner* is the only really 'progressive' one. They're all fairly ineffectual. *Rolling Stone* has an Australian edition, and *NME* arrives three months late. Both sell well.

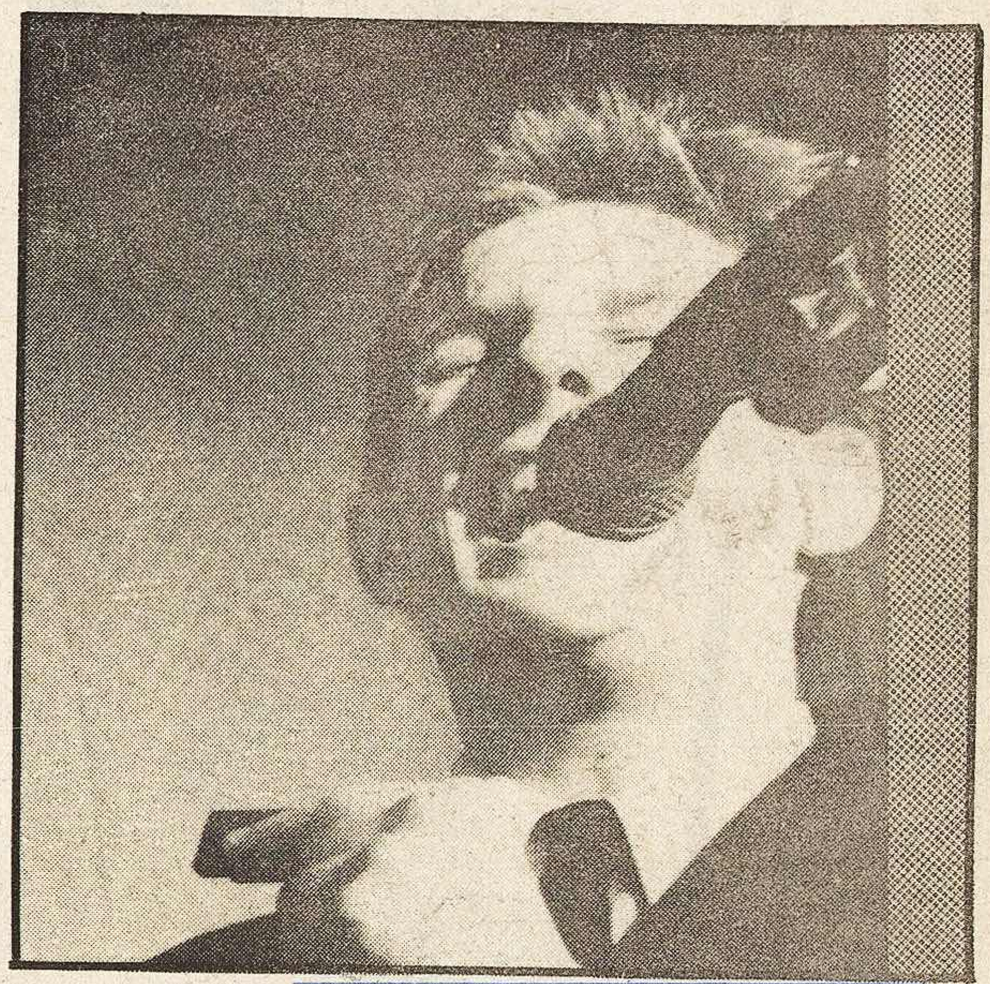
But what about the bands? I knew you were going to ask that question. Do you really want to know? There are a lot. Remember — 180 in Sydney every Friday night. And I don't really know what's going on anywhere except in Brisbane. And not even that very well. So many bands don't even have singles out. Or if they do, they're unobtainable anywhere except in their home town. Anyway, I'll work my way round Australia, trying to describe the different activities in each state and trying to avoid Tasmania, 'cause I can't at present think of any band that comes from that fair state. Perhaps they've quietly drifted off into the Antarctic Ocean . . .

Below (L-R): Product by top Ozzers The Sports; best-named band in Oz Dave Warner's From The Suburbs; and The GoBetweens.



DERROS, YES ROCKERS ??

ANTIPODEAN ANN JONES GIVES YOU THE GOOD OIL ON AUSTRALIAN ROCK



Above: A selection of Australian youth, trained from birth on live chooks, adopt aggressive postures and prepare to bite the heads of microphones. On the count of three, lads . . . Clockwise from cutely-bald Peter Garrett of Midnight Oil; Doc Neeson of The Angels; Steve Cummings of The Sports; and Mental As Anything.

PERF

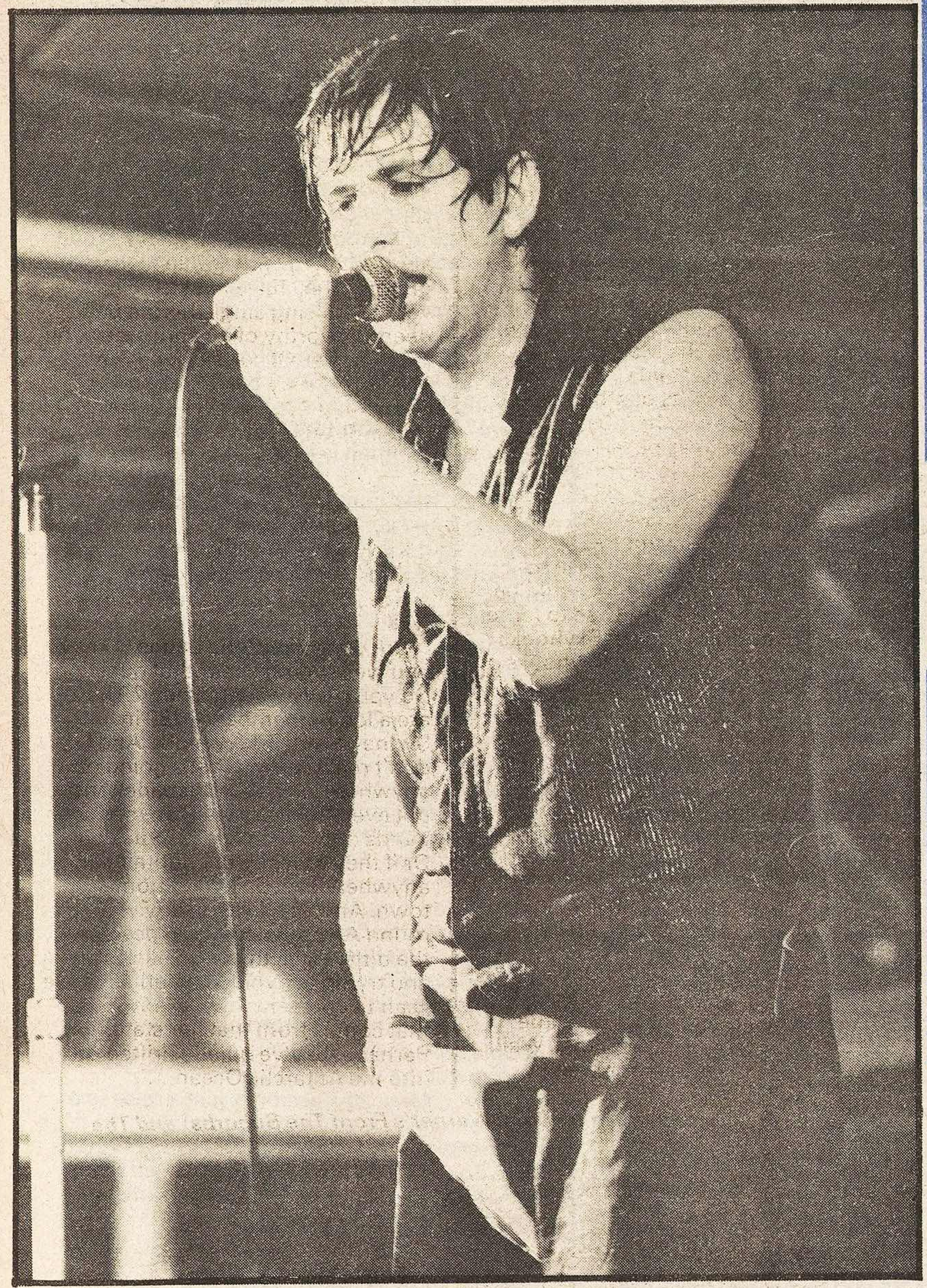
PERTH, the capital and only major centre in West Australia seems to have a relatively healthy musical scene. The state government concentrates on persecuting trade union leaders rather than young punkers. While not particularly heartening, at least it doesn't harm the music much. Western Australia is isolated from the rest of Australia geographically, and consequently musically. Few interstate bands bother making the trek across the Nullabor and overseas band also have a tendancy to leave Perth off the tour schedule. Sad in some ways but encouraging for local groups who can eke out a meagre existence in the own town.

So what goes on there? Bit difficult to tell really. Their major (only?) musical export is Dave Warner From The Suburbs. Dave seems obsessed with being a suburban lad, and frames most of his songs round that. He even had a hit in WA in the summer of '78 bemoaning, 'I can't get away from this Australian heat'. While lyrically fairly original, his music is a bit lacking. But he is in the process of getting a new band going, so who knows what's to come. His wimpishness and sexism upset a lot of people; how far should a boy from the suburbs go? Perhaps they're missing the point.

Other WA bands include the Triffids, Manikins, Rockets, Enemy Sounds and the legendary Scientists, many examples of the post punk power pop syndrome, now rife in Oz. The Scientists describe themselves as, "Really high energy rock'n'roll, I suppose. That's a pretty dull statement, isn't it?" And they reckon they're definitely 'punk'; getting their energy from the Pistols, Damned and Ramones, with a bit of Flamin' Groovies and '60s thrown in.

A few of the small bands are bringing out singles; The Scientists, Dugites, Manikins and presumably others. Some even manage to tour eastern states. But most are contest to stay local and live.

Australia doesn't have cities, it collects suburbs in clumps. And Dave Warner (below, of Dave Warner From The Suburbs, of course) is the tasteless prophet of clump culture.



AD'LAYD

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has the dubious reputation of being the most progressive state in Australia and Adelaide the Kulture Kapital. Despite that there is a lot happening musically, probably too much for a city with a population of under a million to support. A lot of bands are forced to head east to Melbourne or Sydney.

The major Adelaide band lurking about at present is The Angels. Fronted by the sartorial Doc Neeson, The Angels probably fall in the dreaded 'power pop' category with the emphasis on power. And with a couple of albums behind them, they are quite a commercial success. Their music isn't as bad as everyone makes out, they're actually quite clever without losing simplicity, and always 'interesting' lyrically.

Other major SA bands around are Stars, country rock; Cold Chisel, probably leading Australia's dying HM bands; Young Modern, who've broken up and I don't know why I mentioned them; and the just-about-to-make-it commercially Aliens who (although they deny all) seem suspiciously like Knack-clones. The Aliens would also deny being an Adelaide band, although they all spring from SA, they are based in Melbourne. And they dress in black and white, and sing 'catchy' songs.

Up and comings from South Australia are Terminal Twist, Lemmy Caution, Street Corner Jack, and the U-Bombs among other. Terminal Twist recently kicked out their lead singer and moved to Sydney. They identify with Gang of Four/Ultravox/Penetration but are not really like that. They are very determined to be original, as are most of Adelaide's better, as opposed to bigger, bands. And there are a lot of diverse influences floating about in that town, even a bit of white reggae, I hear.

MELBUN

"MELBOURNE is a town where you can stay out till 4am doing something interesting with no problems. It just needs a small to medium sized kick in the arse." Eff Sharp.

Melbourne is the home of Dame Edna Everage, just to put things into perspective for you. It's the second largest city, and probably the centre of rock music. Also it's the home of the Sports. Those proteges of Graham Parker, who seem likely to be the next Australian band to 'make it big' internationally. Having toured Britain with GP, they now have a single in the US charts and have signed with Arista. And if you twisted my arm slightly, 'cause I'm not their greatest fan, I suppose I'd admit that they're presently Australia's leading band. More songs about radios and windows.

Victoria is the home of *Rock Australia Magazine* and *Countdown*. And there are a lot of well known national-type bands working from Melbourne. JoJo Zep and the Falcons, for instance, who've been around for years. And as the band gets better known the sound gets more drab, although the strong weaving beat and the use of saxaphones make them pretty interesting sometimes even exciting. But their albums have never quite come up to the standard of their live performances and the sexism of Joe Camilieri's lyrics make them a little irksome.

One of those Carlton bands, you know. Carlton, just near Melbourne Uni., is/was the trendiest of Melbourne surburbs. Many of Australia's most successful bands began or first made it in Carlton. Bands like Skyhooks, Captain Matchbox, Stiletto and in the dim, dark ages, Daddy Cool.

But mercifully it's all changing. Clubs are springing up all over the place, putting on bands like Paul Kelly and the Dots. Wimp music at its finest. And The Models, whose reputation possibly exceeds their ability. And there are always The Boys Next Door.

Trouble is that not all the joints are so wonderful. And certainly not all the bands are wonderful at all. There's a lot of pseudo-punk pretension going on in Melbourne. But at least things are happening.

One thing Melbourne has that I can personally do without, is good old electronic musick. Despite my bigotry. Whirlywirld, who recently made their debut performance, have the reputation of being highly original and emotive within that medium. "If you're one of those people who think that electronic music can't sound like anything but Kraftwerk or Eno . . . then Whirlywirld are going to make you think again." Clinton Walker.

And for the most pretentious name of the century there's always. Don't know how to pronounce it, huh? Idiots. It's a simple matter. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Get it? I don't. Anyway, is more of a club than a band; dealing with theatre, film, 'happenings', printmaking and, of course, electronic music. Their first single 'Venetian Rendezvous' is a tedious as their name, but as I said I'm not into that sort of thing.

I MIGHT just put in word here for imports. That is, those refugees from New Zealand who come to hit the big time in Oz. I guess the big ones are Split Enz, Dragon and Mi-sex. But there are always the one hit wonders like Mother Goose. Mi-sex arrived in Australia about a year ago. And like a lot of these young upstarts,they seem to think that they are the 'future of rock'n'roll'. No matter, their album 'Graffitti Crimes' is very interesting and thoughtful.

SINNY

AND NOW to the land of Radio Birdperson, Sydney. Like Melbourne, there's a lot happening, and also like Melbourne not all of it's wonderful. A few months ago I saw two Sydney bands supporting XTC in Brisbane, and was very surprised by just how bad they were. The Numbers and Flowers vyed for who could be the most derivative, boring punk/new wave band. Flowers won with audaciously dreadful Pistols covers.

Enough bitching. The problem with Sydney is that it's still getting over Radio Birdman. There are lots of bands floundering about in the wake of the hype. The Hitmen, Visitors ("corny as hell, and boring as purgatory"), Psychosurgeons, Hellcats and lots more would be a lot better off if RB had never been. At least they're copying an original Oz band. Consolation prizes.

Anyway, Sydney's got . . . um . . . well, Mental As Anything. Another one of those Art School bands, sort of. "Ours is pretty straight forward drinking music", they say. Their first single was called 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger', and they don't mean the increasing dimensions of Japanese persons. The music is mostly original mixed with rockabilly and Eddie Cochran. Mentals are pub rockers and they lead the way in Sydney. Not stylistically, but in approach. They have been credited with reviving the pub scene, and especially the blossoming of the Civic — *THE* venue in Sydney. And besides all that they're good guys, 'cause they've stuck with a small label, Regular Records.

So which are the interesting new bands emerging in Sydney? Well, The Laughing Clowns, featuring ex-Saints Ed Kuepper, are just getting underway. And Voight 465, if you're interested in electronics and off key singing. And then there's . . .

BRIZBUN

■ *Continues page 77*

Graffix: Damien Ledwich

RED

Graham Lock and The Raincoats paint page 34

Monochrome picture set: Pennie Smith

RAINCOATS KEEP FALLING ON THEIR FEET

"Well the Raincoats are quite neat / And some of their friends are swell / They hang around in Westbourne Grove / And wear silly clothes as well / They play some dancing songs / And look like real weeds / They hang around in basements / And drive around in cars."

(From 'The Raincoats Are Pop Stars' — a "tribute in words and music" by Swell Maps).

ANA

"I left Portugal just after the Revolution. Lots of people were coming back from Angola and Mozambique, and it was difficult to get a job. The Revolution was very exciting when it first happened, but now a lot of people are disillusioned. People still stick to old ideas of how to behave — being undemocratic, male dominant, having to be Catholic — so there wasn't much freedom to think for yourself . . .

"After the Revolution, some people expected a lot to change and others got really scared. Like, one old woman killed herself because she thought they were going to take her house away. Things like that happened . . . to do with a lack of knowledge about what was really going on, because general education is so poor and the TV is very bad too . . .

"As for my own life, I couldn't live the way I know now I should have done. You're expected to conform. You get kicked out of jobs if you don't follow the moral standards of the establishment, which is the State *and* the Church. Even in simple things, like the way you dress, but your political ideas as well, your views on sexuality . . .

"My family was from Madeira. They're part of that establishment, though they weren't repressive in the sense . . . well, some of my friends, girls, weren't allowed to go out at night until they were 18, and even then they couldn't spend the night out. It was the whole thing, you know, sex wasn't accepted before marriage . . .

"When I was about 16, I liked to go out and there was a club we used to go to but because the lights weren't very strong, people said girls shouldn't be in places like that — where the lights were dim and it was full of little corners (laughs). But it was the only place that played good music. They had records direct from England, all the good '60s music. I listened to as much music as I could, though I didn't think about doing anything in music then, and Portugese music was so bad. It's very sexist and, er, all about bullfights!

"Anyway, after I finished my studies I couldn't find a job so I came to London and worked in a restaurant for a while. Then I thought I'd like to go to art college . . ."

GINA

The Raincoats first came out of the cupboard in 1976 when Gina Birch, native of Nottingham, met Ana Da Silva, native of Madeira, at Hornsey Art College in North London. She hadn't been very interested in rock music — "I'd seen The Kinks and Rod Stewart and felt a certain, er, euphoria (laughs) but it wasn't one of my obsessions" — but the advent of punk changed all that.

"Ana and I started going to lots of gigs. People who couldn't play were getting up and doing things which I liked better than anything I'd ever heard before."

Inspired by these D–I–Y attitudes, the two women fantasised about starting their own group. Then they did it. Ana already had a guitar, so Gina took up the bass. "It wasn't out of any great desire to play bass cos before I could never hear the bass on records anyway. It was just that drums were too expensive."

But their growing involvement with music caused problems with the college.

"There were a lot of people there messing around with synthesisers who were patted on the back and given top marks but we were referred to as 'the pop singers' even though we didn't sing then.

"The extent of their interest was pathetic really, especially as the college was so liberal towards all kinds of crap. You go and shit on a coffee table and they think it's really marvellous. I mean, our tutor had these six sticks, just ordinary pieces of wood, and his main preoccupation was rearranging them. He'd talk about them, photograph them, and move them around again. And he could do tha., but they weren't prepared to give us any space at all."

Eventually, they left.

VICKY

The Raincoats scribbled a few songs, played a few gigs — rehearsing at first through two 15-watt amps — and went through lots of line-ups. Just over a year ago Ana and Gina, the sole survivors, were joined by Palmolive, who had drummed with The Slits, and Vicky Aspinall from feminist band Jam Today, a classically-trained violinist.

"I started playing violin when I was ten. I'd always wanted to be a musician, and had a typical classical background; but towards the end of university I got fed up with classical music. It was boring and the people involved in it were very reactionary. So I joined a rock group."

The group was an electric string quartet — four women, including Mary from The Mekons also on violin — fronted by a male singer; their repertoire ranged across The Who, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix. As at Hornsey, the academic authorities took a dim view of rock'n'roll.

"There was a lot of snobbishness about it. At York, they had this idea that 'serious' music, as they called it, was like a proper building and popular music was a little hut with a corrugated-iron roof."

By the time she left for London, Vicky was convinced she wanted to play rock "and because violin was the instrument I played, I had to adapt it". She plays guitar too now, but her violin is one of the distinctive attributes of The Raincoats' debut album.

Palmolive left The Raincoats in September, heading for India, but before she left the group recorded all the songs that comprised their live set. The results were released on Rough Trade at the end of November, and the music's dense textural blendings and wayward rhythmic variations make it one of the most exciting, intriguing, and original albums of the year.

The record also raised several areas of debate. What *are* the group's musical influences? Was their album, as some critics suggested, the first *women's* rock music? Do they write 'love' songs or 'political' songs? And why did they record Ray Davies' 'Lola', a song about male transvestism?

After talking to them for this article, I'd say that whatever problems The Raincoats bump into, they seem to pop up with pretty astute answers. A few of which now follow.

CAMPS

Gina: "I think there's a very obvious Velvet Underground influence in our music. That can't be denied."

Ana: "But it's not conscious. We don't deliberately try to sound like anybody. I mean, from our first gigs we had songs that speeded up and slowed down, and The Velvet Underground often had that kind of pacing, but we weren't aware of it then. For us it was mostly to do with only being able to play a few chords fast."

Vicky: "I think it's also to do with Palmolive's drumming."

Gina: "Yeah, there's no *strict* sense of time-keeping, which The Velvet Underground also have a lot. It's a much looser idea of rhythm."

And the influence of John Cale's viola?

Vicky: "He's not a conscious influence cos I'd never really listened to any of his records until this year. But he uses the viola as a kind of noise thing, instead of playing melodies and pretty tunes all the time; so anybody who does that — using the sound as texture — is gonna sound like him."

Vivien Goldman wrote about your album: "It made me realise that it's taken 27 years of listening to music to hear a women's rock album". How important do you think the fact that you're women is to the *sound* of the music you make?

Vicky: "It definintely has an effect cos we're making it and we're women."

Ana: "But it's to do with us as individuals too. The Slits are women and they play a different music."

Vicky: "I also think it's to do with the avoidance of certain things. Like the typical macho cock rock tradition, which comes over in aggressive rhythm, screeching lyrics, phallic guitar play . . . obviously, we've never played like that.

"I think the whole question about whether there's a definable 'women's music' . . . in one way, it's irrelevant, but in another way, it's an exciting prospect. I mean, it would be nice if no music sounded violent or sexist, but I don't want there to be two camps, like men's music and women's music. I want there to be one camp, but for none of it to be like cock rock (laughs). I suppose what I'm talking about is a Utopian position — after the revolution, when nobody's sexist!"

Gina: "The problem with cock rock is that people are aggressive without knowing why. Just as a stage act, a posture."

Vicky: "Yeah, aggression is just a release of emotion which is perfectly natural; but not if it's narcissistic — a misdirected showing-off that's all to do with the size of your balls. And that's what they're saying in cock rock — 'look how powerful I am'."

PIN–UPS

A few days after my review of The Raincoats' album appeared, I received a letter from Caroline Scatt, who co-authored the track 'Off Duty Trip' with Vicky Aspinall, complaining that I'd misrepresented the song by "depoliticising" it — that it wasn't so much about rape, as I'd said, as about the context of "everyday male violence" in which rape can occur.

Vicky: "It was more to do with pornography and the effect it has on the way men see

women, and how ideology is formed through the media. Pin-ups, the press, the way rape is reported, advertising — all of these contribute to a certain image of women, which is that they're always available and that violence towards women is socially acceptable, hence the rape.

"So, although it is based on a particular case, the song's to do with that whole background — the ideology that's constructed by pin-ups and so on. Rape is an extreme form of the objectification of women that goes on all the time. It's the most violent expression of that; but the song could equally have been about being whistled at, say, cos it's all part of the same thing."

WALLS

Ana: "It's been said that we write love songs, and that that's a traditional theme for women to write about, love and emotions. At the same time, we've also been accused of ramming politics down people's throats. What I'd like to say is that the way we've done the songs, those two things aren't separate. We don't have 'love' songs and 'political' songs, we have songs about people.

"I think that anything you do in your life is a political move. But the songs are about things that worry people, that worry us, things to do with the problems of isolation and the ways people are put into that situation and try to, or can't, cope with it, and the need it causes. Or the way what you are and think and feel is killed by what surrounds you. Like the lines from 'You're A Million': *'My feelings were killed by laws / The walls that surrounded my city'.*

"So I don't like our songs to be called love songs, or loveless, cos it's much more complicated than that. And I don't want us to be called a political band cos of the history of the word. People will think that all we do is put forward *issues,* and our music goes beyond that."

Vicky: "Yes, calling something 'political' and seeing that as *separate* is just an excuse for not thinking about it."

MUDDLES

Why did you record The Kinks' 'Lola'?

Vicky: "We really like the song, and we thought we could add something by putting it in a different context."

Ana: "We thought we'd muddle it up a bit, so maybe it'll be more thought-provoking."

You don't feel that rather than extending the song's meaning, you almost empty it of significance? A lot of the humour in the original depends on the innocence of the male subject. Women singing it destroys that innocence because you set up a distance between the singer and the song.

Vicky: "Yeah, I think that destroys the original meaning of the song but I think distancing it isn't a bad thing. It gives it a different meaning. Instead of the innocence and the shock at the end, which is what the song hung on before, there's a different effect — you're *aware* of the singer, and the song, and the subject, *and* of the conflict between them. And being aware of that sort of shocks you into thinking. I mean, the line *'I've never ever kissed a woman before'* has a completely different meaning now. The shocks come in different places."

WAGES

The Raincoats hope to be gigging again early in the New Year, assuming they can find a new drummer.

Ana: "The main thing for us is to play. We don't want to be rich and famous."

Vicky: "The only problem I can see is not having a wage, being unable to support ourselves by our music. That makes it difficult for us, having to work as well, but rather than sign up with a big company I think we'd all like to try and work out with Rough Trade some way of getting around it. Until that happens, I'm prepared to accept the situation cos I wouldn't accept anything else."

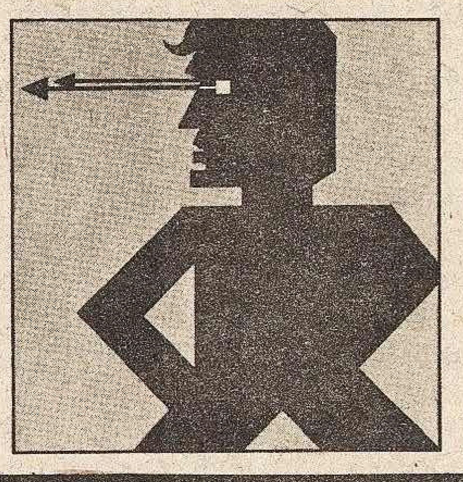
So the band are keen to continue despite these problems?

Gina: "Well, we don't view it in terms of a career. But, yeah, it's the central thing in our lives at the moment."

Now I'm not the world's most prophetic guy, but I'll tell you this — The Raincoats are falling on their feet.

Four faces of Buckley. Above, in 1969 (pic: Joe Stevens). Left, circa '72, DiscReet publicity shot. Below, in '74, NME interview (pic: Pennie Smith). Opposite page: New York arrival '67/8 (pic: Joe Stevens)

LOOKING BACK



Max Bell surveys the soundscapes of the late Tim Buckley

"I'm as puzzled as the newborn child
I'm as riddled as the tide
Should I stand amid the breakers
Or should I die with death my bride?
Come hear me sing.
Swim to me, swim to me, let me enfold you,
Here I am, hear I am, waiting to hold you."

('Song To The Siren')

THEY USED to call Tim Buckley a love child in 1966 but Tim was smarter than that.

"I want to be perfect for you," he tells the boys and girls that cluster at his feet in the Trip Club and if they listen that's fine.

Tim Buckley doesn't want to be mobbed, doesn't relish the prospect of false idolatry. His medium is not messages but songs; he is a singer pure and simple.

Every journalist wants to know if the songs are therefore poetry, if Buckley is a man with that old metric muse, if he has something he wants the people to know.

No. "Let's erase poetry to begin with, because there's never been poetry in music. If you call a song poetry you have to be able to read it. Songs are songs. Calling things poetry . . . why that's a whole other thing, that's literature. I write songs that are almost like letters sometimes. A lot of things don't rhyme, and they're all out of metre. It doesn't make sense either as a song or as poetry."

By the time he's 19 Tim Buckley has made two albums for Elektra Records and already the differences between what his songs say and the emotions they evoke are acute. He contradicts himself, deliberately, or just as a privilege of youth. Some people think he must be a protest singer in the vein of Tom Paxton, Tim Hardin or Bob Dylan. After all he has curly dark hair and hollow chiselled features and being sent to fight in Vietnam is a distinct possibility. He could be a rock and roller with one foot in the grave like all the other poor saps.

"Talking about war is futile. What can you say about war? You want it to end, but you know it won't. Fear is a limited subject but love isn't. I ain't talking about sunsets'n'trees, I'm involved in America . . . but the people in America, not the politics. All I can see is the injustice."

TIMOTHY CHARLES BUCKLEY III was born on St Valentine's Day, 1947 in Washington D.C. He spent nine years in Amsterdam, upstate New York before his family moved for the Promised Land, the flatlands of California. In the formative years of adolescence Buckley lived in Anaheim, a place famous for its proximity to Disneyland and its preponderance of oranges — Orange County USA.

Buckley is a promising scholar but not a dedicated one. His big thing is music, country and western, and he hangs out in the yard of Bueno Vista High School with two guys called Jim Fielder and Larry Beckett.

"At school I got drunk a lot and fell asleep in class." He gets the pocket money working in a Mexican restaurant.

Buckley is acquainted with the troubadour's life when he was 12 and plays behind a lady, Princess Ramona and the Cherokee Riders. They all wear sequinned shirts and mocassins but this boy isn't going to be happy being a backwoods Indian for long so the Princess advises that he study the folk song and listens to the sounds emanating from the East Coast, a gathering storm.

At home Buckley grows up with his mother's taste for the stylists, singers like Ella Fitzgerald, Nat 'King' Cole and Lena Horne and white folks in the country idiom, Hank Williams, Flatt and Scruggs, Johnny Cash. As the kid learns he develops a taste for those musicians who bring a certain defined passion to their playing.

Although he never had a music lesson or a voice lesson in his life, Buckley learns to exercise his voice by screaming at buses and imitating trumpet players. He also develops a unique rhythmic guitar style which becomes a natural adjunct to his singing but technically is all wrong; as a kid in school Buckley had broken his left-hand fingers in a football game. He never could make a barre chord and used to ridicule his withered, lumpy hand.

He listens to guitarists and saxophone players alike, checking out the range and considering their melodic invention. Buckley is already rather more interested in the tones of Stan Kenton and John Coltrane than he is in the social observations of Dylan or Leonard Cohen.

"I want to function in society instead of withdrawing from it. I want to be able to live with policemen. Torment doesn't make music — that's an American pop fallacy that's come out of the Negro soul thing — no matter how much a white person gets beat up he never has the soul that a negro has. You have a lot of white singers going around wanting to be spades, because they think they want to have soul. But B.B. King sounds like a college professor, his diction is better than anybody I've ever heard."

WHEN WRITER Tom Nolan, in Cheetah magazine, christened Buckley, Jackson Browne and Steve Noonan the 'Orange County Three', the title was only used in jest. In reality the similarities between Buckley and his singer/songwriter folksy peers were entirely superficial, though they inhabited the same place and the same haunts.

The mid-'60s had a positive virtue in that before people started thinking about modern popular music — rock — as a marketable commodity there really were no rules and no boundaries. Buckley could frequent the bohemian watering holes in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York alongside the other hopefuls fresh from art school and film school. There were exotic creatures like Nico and The Velvet Underground in the Dom to swap thoughts with and long drinking bouts in Nobody's where Tim, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix (the four horsemen of one particular Apocalypse) could be seen downing shots of tequila and raising hell.

Buckley had a small band with regular dates in Hollywood's It's Boss club where he sang his and Larry Beckett's songs. Beckett, according to Buckley, was "a poet — he's starving in Venice (California) now". Old friend Jim Fielder played the bass sometimes but often the band was Lee Underwood on lead guitar, Carter CC Collins on percussion and Buckley on 12-string and vocal instrument. Throughout 1966 they played in the right places, the Night Owl or the Troubador, until one night Jim Black, drummer with The Mothers of Invention, came down and was impressed enough to suggest that Mother's manager Herb Cohen take a look.

Cohen couldn't figure out what to do with the kid with the counter-tenor and the plaintive love-lorn songbook but he had a demo and took it to Jac Holzman, president of Elektra.

"I must have listened to it every day for a week," Holzman recalled. "Whenever anything was bringing me down I'd run for the Buckley; it was a restorative. We spent a long late afternoon together and I explained to Tim that Elektra was growing in a new creative direction and that he was exactly the kind of artist with whom we wanted to grow, young and in the process of developing, extraordinarily and uniquely talented, and so 'untyped' that there existed no formula or pattern to which anyone would be committed."

The qualities which Holzman saw in Buckley were good enough for Cohen, who couldn't think much beyond career, getting gigs and taking a cut — a manager to the bare bones but one with influence. Apart from Zappa, Cohen had Linda Ronstadt and Wild Man Fischer on the books and was able to showcase his latest find on the same bill as B.B.King on the opening night of the Fillmore East.

Buckley's debut album 'Tim Buckley' was

The Fantastic Voyage Of A Starsailor

recorded in three days flat and released in October 1966, graced with an effusively precious liner note that suited the boy's melancholic countenance. To quote: "Tim Buckley — an incredibly thin wire, just nineteen-years-old, is already a kind of quintessence of *nouvelle*, the sensitivity apparent in the very fineness of his features. The man is a study in fragile contrasts: yet everything is in key, precise.

"His songs are exquisitely controlled: quiet, complex mosaics of powerful electric sound, they hold the magic of Japanese water colours. The voice — crisp, full of strength and character — can soar, yet remain tender and delicate."

That was what Buckley called his 'Bambi' image and in truth he *was* only finding his feet. The band, Underwood, Fielder, Billy Mundi on drums and emergent enigma Van Dyke Parks on keyboards, matched Buckley's romantic aspirations with a decidedly baroque flair — flat-out weepy strings and lavish arrangements in the early psychedelic mode, too lush not to have become dated but adventurous enough to merit the listener's indulgence. Songs like 'Strange Street Affair Under Blue', 'Aren't You The Girl' and 'Understand Your Man' give an indication of the area the singer is going to move into, although the strictly West Coast tripsichord blues doesn't enhance the direction, only the naivety. Producers Paul Rothschild and Holzman used some of the techniques they'd tested on Arthur Lee and Love's first album and would perfect on The Doors' debut, but they didn't suit Tim so well.

1967'S 'GOODBYE And Hello' marked Buckley's potential star-status in the Elektra family. It took a month to record and employed a larger cast of musicians, plus name producer Jerry Yester.

It's a full-blown artistic failure, bedevilled by ambition and Beckett and Buckley's preoccupation with courtly love and secondhand moralising about the Vietnam war. As a product of its time the resulting artefact is fascinating, painfully sincere, bloated with over-wrought metaphors and quaint images.

The title track itself (with an uncredited arrangement pinched from Joshua Rifkin) embraces childlike wonder and unashamed hedonism and rejects the toils of labour and its rewards entirely.

Still, you can gain pleasure from the pitting of Buckley's fractured high notes against the creamy, dramatic scores. 'Pleasant Street', (an anti drug number he retained until the end), 'Morning Glory' and the Fred Neil influenced 'Once I Was' benefit from a simplicity in arrangement missing on the attempted epic cuts, where Yester overshadows Buckley.

'Goodbye And Hello' dug behind the debut album for lyrical inspiration; here are the protest numbers that the first album eschewed. Its maker referred to the spectres of Keats and Shelley and saw it as the end of his writing apprenticeship. As Buckley told Andy Childs of *Zig Zag:* "Whatever I wrote after that wasn't adolescent."

'Goodbye And Hello', despite its failings, found Buckley modulating his tenor to an alto and above, below, anywhere, with a casual flair that surpassed the self-conscious stance of the lyrics. 'Morning Glory' became a minor hit, the album's sales outstripped its predecessor and Buckley enjoyed a live popularity at such venues as the Balloon Farm (with The Mothers of Invention) and prestige dates in the Cafe Au Go Go that went far beyond any notion of the cult figure. He arrived with the worst album he would ever record but that didn't matter — he was a golden boy.

The influential rock critic Lillian Roxon put it most astutely in her oft-quoted observation: "Nothing in rock, folk-rock, or anything else prepares you for a Tim Buckley album, and it's funny to hear his work described as blues, modified rock'n'roll and raga rock when, in fact, there is no name yet for the places he and his voice can go."

BUCKLEY'S star was in the ascendant throughout 1968. He could afford to take a year out of the studio, to write and to assimilate the classic period of East Coast jazz improvisation.

His energies were divided between the pleasures of the mind and the flesh (especially the flesh). There were stormy liaisons with Linda Eastman (who could usually be seen crouched in the aisles of the Fillmore East — camera pointed up) and a longer romance with Hope Ruff, a singer-writer whose main claim to fame (and a legit one at that) was to have transposed the music for Sam The Sham And The Pharoahs.

He also had the respect of his peers. Everyone from Paul Butterfield to Frank Zappa to Lou Reed gave credit to the 20-year-old boy with the gymnastic throat while the girls could not resist that frothy face and the promise of some new experience. Tim Buckley was big on oral communication.

The roadside trail look in England for the first time, a concert with label-mates The Incredible String Band at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, where the singer was backed up by Danny Thompson and Terry Cox, Pentangle's rhythm section.

'Happy Sad', released early '69, bore out the virtures of transition. It's his first essential record and right up in the vanguard of controlled experimental recordings that emerged in the post-psychedelic haze. 'Happy Sad' was produced by Jerry Yester and Zal Yanovsky (Lovin' Spoonful fame) but the former's keyboard saturations are absent and the band is pared down to a jazz flavoured basic with bassist John Miller often leading the melody, leaving Buckley and Underwood to battle out gentle cool blue note chords. The contributions of vibes and bass marimba player David Friedman (who later worked with Weather Report) finally kissed off Tim's folksy roots, letting the music flow in one direction, into the ether.

Prior to making the album he and the band spent weeks listening to Miles Davis' 'Kind Of Blue', Bill Evans' 'Nirvana', 'Intermodulation' and 'Town Hall', any recordings by Monk, Mulligan, Mingus that came to hand.

Buckley is now in control of his destiny, Larry Beckett doesn't contribute, and the lyrics are almost incidental to the atmosphere that Buckley's vocal creates. Underwood too has found his niche, concentrating on harmonies and rhythm and leaving the weird stuff to the architect.

Buckley arrives at the places his voice can go, stays awhile and then takes off for somewhere else. The initial blues of 'Strange Feelin' ' and 'Buzzin' Fly' are transformed by the new freedom into something honestly experimental that doesn't quite rattle the gates of the avant garde until the fine textures of 'Gypsy Woman' where Buckley gives his Don Juan persona its full head. Now he is prepared to take his *time* with a song and the feeling of unlimited space becomes a reality.

The courtly face reappears on a semi-madrigal, 'Dream Letter', but it's a territory that has absolutely nothing to do with past trials and absolutely no common ground with rock and roll — though Richard Dyer Bennet and Lotte Lenye would have approved.

1969 WAS A PERIOD of intense activity for the singer, one which was to produce 'Blue Afternoon', a set of songs that Buckley had been working on and off since 1966, followed by a sign-off album for Elektra — 'Lorca' — which coincided with Holzman's selling of the company to WEA, and finally the miasmic pinnacle of Buckley's experimental phase, 'Starsailor'.

Cohen had the kid solidly on the road in between times and the boozing was becoming an obsession.

Buckley's flirtation with hard drugs was not over. He took heroin if it was available — got right on the edge. Tim had a road manager name of Barry 'The Bear' Schultz who was employed to try and keep him in order — a thankless task at times, though Buckley soon numbered Schultz amongst his tiny circle of friends.

One time when they were working the Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Centre they needed, some lighting designed, and called upon one Joe Stevens — now *NME's* New York photog — to do the honours. The ace lensman was a well-respected figure in other fields back in '69 — he'd road-managed for Miriam Makeba and The Lovin' Spoonful — so ties were quickly secured. (Buckley returned the favour by processing for Joe in his dark-room.)

Prior to the Lincoln show, Joe recalls, Buckley had been ill in bed for some time with a bad cold but had refused all medicaments save the inevitable quart of Jack Daniels Black. The day before the headliner Tim is to be found crashed out in Bear's studio (Hole Hog Productions) on 6th Ave., sprawled senseless across a kilo sack of finest Columbian pot (a drug he abhorred). On the big day, when soundcheck call came, Buckley had vanished altogether but was eventually found with a laundry bag headed for the wash-a-teria. This was supposed to be a major star, about to play an important gig, and he was doing his laundry!

Another good friend from this period, John King, had a secluded farm in upstate New York where Timmy and co. were often to be found screwing the chicks from nearby Bard College, picking guitar and getting outside plenty of Tennessee's finest sour mash whisky.

Musically Buckley's prolific output was tinged with a reflective, wistful accentuation. 'Blue Afternoon' attempts to do for the voice what Miles Davis was doing with the trumpet in his late-'50s melodic hat. The singer is able to stretch half-tones and harmonic crescendo over entire verses. Again the lyrics are all his; and again the details, erotic bluesy exhortations to the fair sex, are secondary to the style. On 'The Train' or 'Blue Melody' the entire band is moving across unknown edges, sparking off each other in the heat of creation. The sound is entirely live and acoustically powerful, heady natural noises.

'Blue Afternoon' was Buckley's first release on Straight. He knew Elektra was folding, losing

Continues over

STARSAILOR

■ *From previous page*

its identity along with the spectrum of classic '60s music that was being absorbed into big business. Buckley bitterly regretted the phasing out of the label. As he remarked "You weren't afraid to buy an album from Jac Holzman."

BUCKLEY'S first 1970 album was dedicated to the murdered Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca — and it shared his fascination with baroque mannerism. Tim's pipes twist and meander across plateaux of basso warbling and shattering, pitch perfect dynamics.

'Lorca' finally sealed Buckley's talents; he was beyond limits, the only competition in a field of one.

'Anonymous Proposition' and 'Nobody Walkin' ' bear a closer resemblance to the tonal directions of Coltrane's quartet or the silent screaming of Albert Ayler than to the more usual comparison points of the Mothers and Beefheart.

On 'Star-sailor' Buckley and Beckett are writing together again for the first time since 'Goodbye And Hello'. In the interim Beckett had failed to find a publisher for this eighty-page epic tribute to the seventeenth century American religious essayist Paul Bunyan; the experience seems to have matured him considerably.

Whatever the reason for the reunion, 'Starsailor' was/is as far off the rock wall as it's possible to get. For the first time Buckley incorporates reeds into the ensemble, in the guise of Mothers brothers Buzz and Bunk Gardner who contribute trumpet, flugelhorn, alto flute and tenor sax though Buckley frequently outstrips and eclipses their magnificent blowing with a series of the most outrageous yelps, squeals and bodyshaking scat singing ever committed to vinyl. And unlike Annette Peacock's 'I'm The One' — in some ways a comparable record — Buckley doesn't resort to electronic treatment to obtain his effects.

The 'Starsailor' band toured America in 1970, Buckley often spent entire shows barking at the audience while the Gardners improvised fractured scales for him to soar above . . .

Lee Underwood had broadened his contributions to include electric piano and pipe organ, the traditional guitar chording of Buckley's earlier numbers had become rapidly outmoded.

Underwood was partially responsible for the change. After playing with Buckley on seven albums the guitarist quit professional music to take up jazz writing on *Down Beat* magazine. His article *Chronicle Of A Starsailor* remains the definitive insight into the singer's art and influences. Before 'Lorca' Underwood had introduced Buckley to the talents of Cathy Berberian singing Berio to electronic backings.

Buckley won no new friends with 'Lorca' but always rated it above 'Blue Afternoon'; contractual obligations interrupted his creative flow and he was itching to escape from the boundaries of the medium.

"In rock when somebody hits a wrong note, they don't know what to do with it. Rock music is so over-rehearsed . . . I've seen Roland Kirk make a mistake and integrate it, elevate the music."

Whole choirs of distortion battle out the melodies with the back-line, but there is nothing po-faced about it. On 'Jungle Fire' the singer ascends through a ludicrous Tarzan yodel into a crushingly frenetic assault on the senses that gives new meaning to the cliche "it has to be heard to be believed".

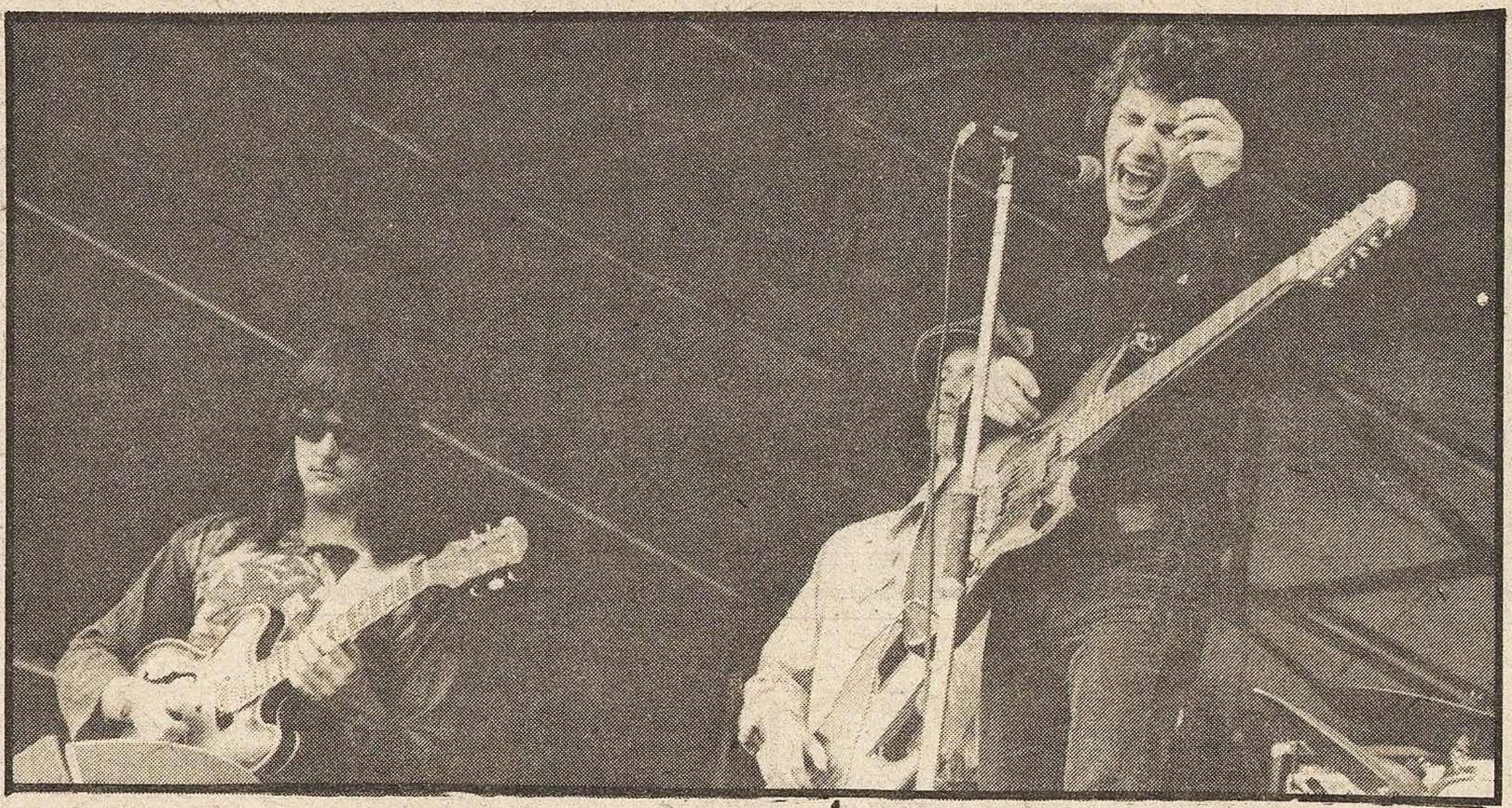
The title track indicated that Buckley wasn't glossing his new-found interest in the electronic work of Stockhausen and the free jazz model onomatopaeia of Eric Dolphy and Albert Ayler. The number travels through outposts of solar activity and comes to rest as 'The Healing Festival', where Buckley breaks with his folk-hippy roots for good.

'Moulin Rouge' and 'Down By The Borderline' are asides to the ball-busting phonetic strangulation, the former a street cafe croon to some Parisian belle dame, the latter the album's one indication of a straighter search for soul which would be continued on 'Greetings From L.A.'

'STARSAILOR' is the kind of accomplisment that takes years rather than months to appreciate, and for Buckley the effort of backing it up on a stage became too much.

During recording Buckley was at an emotional and physical peak. He had re-married, to his fantasty women, Judy, and moved into a house on Laguna Beach. Tim and Judy (who he nicknamed 'Madam Wu') spent hours by the sea listening to Penderecki, Satie, Oliver Messiaen and always the great jazz horn players — a consuming passion. When 'Starsailor' was finished and had been generally slaughtered by the press, rejected by the fans, Buckley could still hold his head up proud and insist that "I came as close to Coltrane as anyone has ever done. I even started singing in foreign languages — Swahili for instance — just because it sounded better."

Discouraged at the album's poor sales, frustrated and alienated by the '70s crop of volume-orientated blues crucifiers, he lay low in Venice with his family, drove a cab in Los Angeles and even took up employment as Sly



At Knebworth with Art Johnson (left) and Tim Fielder. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Stone's chauffeur for a while.

He found it futile trying to get any work on the old circuits. His deal with Straight was over and only small, out of the way clubs accepted independent bookings. The singer was desperate to tour with his band: John Balkin, the bassist who had become a mentor, Maury Baker, the tympanist, trombonist Glen Ferris, and 10-string electric stick (!) specialist Emmett Chapman. It was impossible to pay their wages; Buckley was a financial has-been and would never recover his initial market.

In an interview he gave to the *Changes* periodical in 1969 he reacted to the status of the musician who is governed by the age-old relationship of the artist and the patron. The papers said he'd sold out . . . "You are the same people who, when Monet or Modigliani were starving for 40 years and finally sold a painting, you said they sold out . . . I live in a hundred dollar a month house in Venice, California, and I don't need anything. You could take away all the money from me, and I could make it anyway. I did it before, and I can do it again. All I'm doing is paying for airplanes."

He also enrolled in the Music Department of UCLA, where he studied the ethnic origins of Japanese and Balinese music, lectured occasionally, and started writing two film scripts — one a comedy, the other called *Fully Air-Conditioned Inside,* a work influenced by futurist Buckminster Fuller. This script was eventually turned into an unpublished book; "a kind of 'Fear And Loathing' in Dallas" was how he described it.

Buckley explained himself to *Rock* magazine in 1972.

"See I was spawned into singing through Nat 'King' Cole and John Coltrane. It was a logical progression when you're learning . . . everything matters. I'm still learning now. My peers don't matter to me as far as my learning process goes . . . I have no affinity with it at all . . . I'm not trying to be abstract, but it's like I'm on standby most of the time."

When Buckley wasn't waiting to be called he acted some, appearing in professional productions of Edward Albee's *Zoo Story* and Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit* in the same small theatre group in L.A. that Doors guitarist Robbie Krieger worked for.

BUCKLEY prepared for his comback via his most accessible record to date, the solid sexy funk of 'Greetings From L.A.'

The inside of this album depicts Buckley in sardonic pose clutching a smog-mask in reference to the cover's post-card of L.A., where the city is seen covered in its customary blanket of automobile exhaust.

The singer's new main-men were strictly soulful black dudes like Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield and James Brown, and the resulting artefact is an exact counterpart to 'Sex Machine' and 'Let's Get It On', a no-holds-barred fuck album dedicated to the girls who talk in tongues and rattled the bed-springs of his mis-spent youth.

'Greetings From L.A.' is one of those rare rock albums that treats the sexual act with respect and affection. There's no macho posturing or idle boasting and no lying; instead every aspect of Buckley's desire is stripped open and exposed — from admissions of emotional inadequacy that turn into triumph on 'Sweet Surrender', to details of seamier rendezvous with hookers in 'Hong Kong Bar'. It's Buckley's first and last concept record, but as the concept is sexuality it isn't too difficult to appreciate.

'Nighthawkin'' even tells the tale of one of Buckley's cab fares, some old lush who leads him into the red light district . . .

Outside a brief reappearance from Carter Collins the personnel was all change. No Lee Underwood, no acoustic bass — it's all electric funk, expertly produced by War-man Jerry Goldstein and highly flavoured by the swirling smooth rhythms of Ed Greene, Chuck Rainey, guitarist Joe Falsia and ex-Byrd Kevin Kelley on keyboards.

Buckley is still playing 12-string guitar but his singing has changed, albeit slightly. In the same way that his voice 'broke' for 'Happy Sad', it now sounds rougher and older; the range is intact but the edges aren't quite so pure and sweet.

Along with 'Goodbye And Hello' and 'Happy Sad', this is the only Tim Buckley album still on catalogue in the UK.

BUCKLEY didn't play in England again until June 1974 when he appeared first on a bill before Alex Harvey, Van Morrison, The Doobie Brothers and The Allman Brothers. His band for the date included a reunion with bassist Jim Fielder, the old school buddy who'd gone on to relative fame and fortune with Buffalo Springfield, Blood, Sweat and Tears and the ubiquitous Mothers. Lunchtime at Knebworth — a storming set to a few early arrivals and die-hards.

The guitarist was a guy with a gammy leg called Art Johnson, Buckley's constant drinking companion on that last visit. Drummer Buddy Helm and keyboard player Mark Tiernan were featured on 'Sefronia' ('74), an album that in retrospect reeks of awful compromise on Buckley's part.

Lumbered with a staff producer called Denny Randell, a whole raft of melodramatic strings and a selection of material that often sounds like somebody else's choice (probably Herb Cohen's), the record is too close to diluted product, too redolent of other lesser talents cashing in on Buckley's reputation.

It is possible that by now Buckley was devoting more energy to scriptwriting and acting than to his music. Both 'Stone In Love' and 'Honey Man' could be 'Greetings' outtakes, while the attempted tour-de-force title track 'Sefronia — After Asklepiades, After Kafka'/'Sefronia — The King's Chain' (written with Beckett) is divided perversely and seems unfinished.

Buckley fails to rescue Tom Waits' (another Cohen charge) feeble 'Martha' and never has a chance on Denny Randell's godawful 'I Know I'd Recognise Your Face' where he duets with some broad called Marcia Waldorf who seems to think she's advertising washing up liquid.

'Peanut Man' (by two rightly unkown wiseacres name of Freeman and Nehls) is pure throwaway by Buckley's standards, which leaves an admittedly gorgeous reading of 'Sally Go Round The Roses' and a version of Fred Neil's classic 'Dolphins'. (Neil, a near legendary figure on the Greenwich Village folk scene back in the early '60s, is an interesting precursor to Buckley. Both his languid phrasing and his style of guitar playing are an obvious influence on the younger man, while Neil's subtle vocal modulations and facility with simple contortions of language and metaphor must have appealed to the tearaway kid looking out over midnight Manhattan for a bag of his own.)

Tim's other originals, 'Quicksand' and 'Because Of You', do pull out some stops, nothing memorable but his vocals make the nut and Joe Falsia stamps some authoritative class into his solos, which keeps them danceable at least.

THE CRITICS were kind to 'Sefronia', leastways if they were old Buckley fans they were. Not so when 'Look At The Fool' (DiscReet) was released late in 1974: for that one even his most ardent admirers could be heard wringing and washing their hands. Less committed folk chose this moment to whet the nib on and laugh when the ink turned red. Who was this Tim Buckley anyway? Just some washed-up loser juicer on permanent heat.

Maybe they felt threatened, because the fact is that 'Look At The Fool' is a good, not great, record that came slightly too early to make its deserved impact. Buckley's slinky scorched torch voice is burnt round the edges, he sings in a gut-wrenching falsetto and seamless soprano more than ever now, wackier than Al Green and more loaded than Curtis but still, could he ever sing.

In the afterglow of 'Young Americans' or Boz Scaggs' 'Silk Degrees' it's possible to groove on 'Look At The Fool' for what it is, a backstreet soul-food mess of Buckley blues. The man is trapped in the business and feeling the pain of making a comeback ("It has to be a calculated comeback," he admitted. "It's not as passionate as it used to be") but the voice emerges intact in spite of the busy arrangements and the insistence on short songs. Here was one artist who was seldom at his best within any three minute format.

The album's original title was to have been 'An American Souvenir', an ironic choice partially influenced by a record he had in the back of his mind, Van Dyke Parks' 'Rediscover America'. The final title says something about Buckley's state of mind then, a man who is finding it hard to come to terms with his drinking problem and the facts of the '70s rock and roll life. At Elektra Tim Buckley was a star — on DisCreet he had become just another male singer: file under popular.

Listen to 'Ain't It Peculiar' or 'Down In The Street' and you hear a man who is bemused rather than bitter, listen to 'Freeway Blues' and you hear the frantic desperation of a man who wants to have a party but no one turns up. It's hard to accept rejection but Buckley still has standards: *"I never swallow that cheap booze/I keep my distance from straight dudes."*

He has a Mexicali fetish that won't let go too, lots of songs about getting lost and found in some red light district. The companions of his youth are living the good life — or they're dead . . .

Jim Morrison had been one of Tim's more reliable partners in crime. He told *Rock* magazine: "Jim was a friend . . . he was greatly misunderstood, especially his humour. His humour was phenomenal in everything he did."

'Look At The Fool' was produced by Joe Falsia, Buckley's guitarist and latterday manager/minder. After it Buckley's contract with DisCreet was severed and his relationship with Cohen was as bad as the sales and reviews. The playing throughout is excellent however, especially the drumming of Earl Palmer, a man who had laid down the beat for Taj Mahal and B B King, the piano work of Mike Melvoin and Falsia's lead. On 'Who Could Deny You' and the title track the man soars and scythes over dancing blues and light jazz with his old facility. Being 26 was nothing to get too cut about.

It was nice to imagine that 'Look At The Fool' would end Buckley's affair with funk. The signs were that it would. He spoke of a definite plan to record a retrospective double live album utilising the services of all the original musicians from each section of his career. In addition he had material worked up for a new studio album when a label could be found, and there was a project on hold with Larry Beckett to adapt Joseph Conrad's early novel *An Outcast Of The Islands . . .*

Buckley had had no luck with his other writing, but that didn't deter him from planning a screenplay based on Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again.*

TIM BUCKLEY never had any illusions about his own great talent, though he didn't expect success as a right. He was proud of his abilities as a singer and prepared to use the gift as a means to other ends. Of his voice he remarked: "An instrumentalist can be understood doing just about anything, but people are really geared to something coming out of the mouth being *words.* I use my voice as an instrument when I'm performing live. I figure if I can do it, why not stick with it? The most shocking thing I've ever seen people come up against, besides a performer taking off his clothes, is dealing with someone who doesn't sing words.

"This kind of thing also figures into 'An American Souvenir', because I get off on great sounding words. If I had my way, words wouldn't mean a thing, but the rules are different for a single singer than a band — they can get away with it because their life expectancy is only two years.

"If I haven't done it and I'm capable or old enough and ready, I'll do it while keeping an eye on communication and not necessarily trends and fads. If I thought a whole album of Hank Williams songs was right, I'd do it even if burlesque was the style.

"Miles Davis went for 15 years without really selling a lot of albums, but his company kept putting them out because there is only one Miles Davis. Now I'm not equating myself with him, but there isn't anybody who can sing or write like me, and if I wasn't allowed to record, then recording wouldn't be valid."

TIM BUCKLEY died in his Santa Monica apartment on Sunday June 29, 1975. He was 27.

The day before he had returned to the West Coast after completing a highly successful tour of Texas and California. His last gig had been before a capacity crowd of 1,800 in Dallas.

When he got home Buckley was in his usual partying mood and had gone to visit some friends from UCLA. During the evening he was offered and accepted some white powder which he presumed to be cocaine. As the night wore on the singer complained of feeling very sick; he had bad stomach pains and was shaking violently. His wife Judy took him home and put him to bed after calling an ambulance.

Buckley was dead before it arrived.

At first it was said that Buckley had died from natural causes but the report of coroner Dr Joseph H Choi found that he died from "acute heroin/morphine and ethanol intoxication due to inhalation and ingestion of overdose".

Underwood delivered a simple funeral oration in Wiltshire Funeral Home, Santa Monica, where Buckley's body lay in an open coffin, dressed in a black silk shirt made by his wife. A yellow orchid rested on his hands. The mourners were mostly ex-lovers, weeping silently for their Valentino, his immediate family and the few close friends who he'd gathered towards him in the latter stages of his life.

Underwood was certain that Buckley had died, *not* because the drugs he took were alien to him, but because he had been 'clean' for so long that he had no resistance. Tim had been on similar binges so frequently that there was no point glossing his real familiarity with such risks.

In the event a 30-year-old graduate student, Richard Keeling was charged with first degree murder and administering an illegal substance.

■ *Continues page 58*

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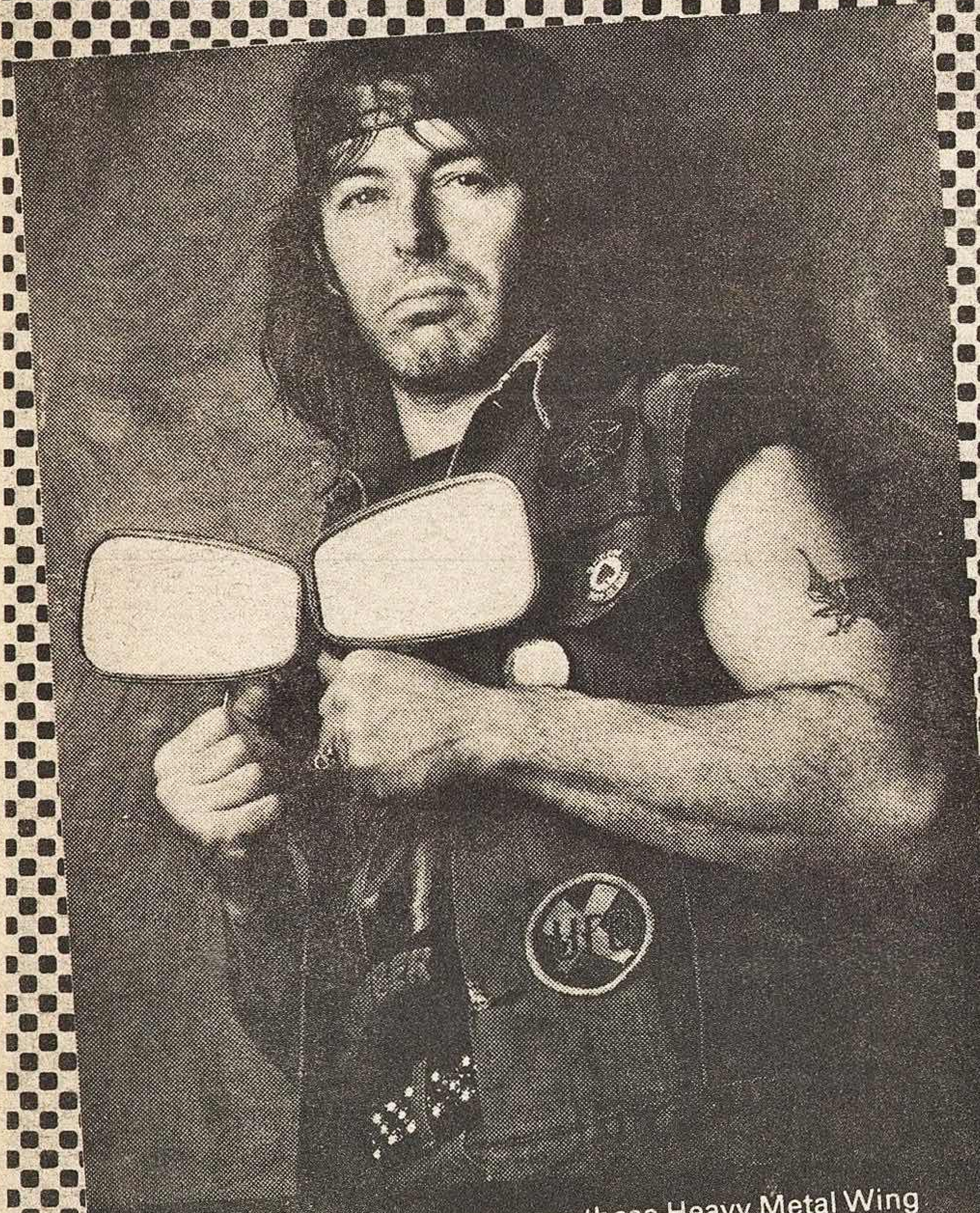

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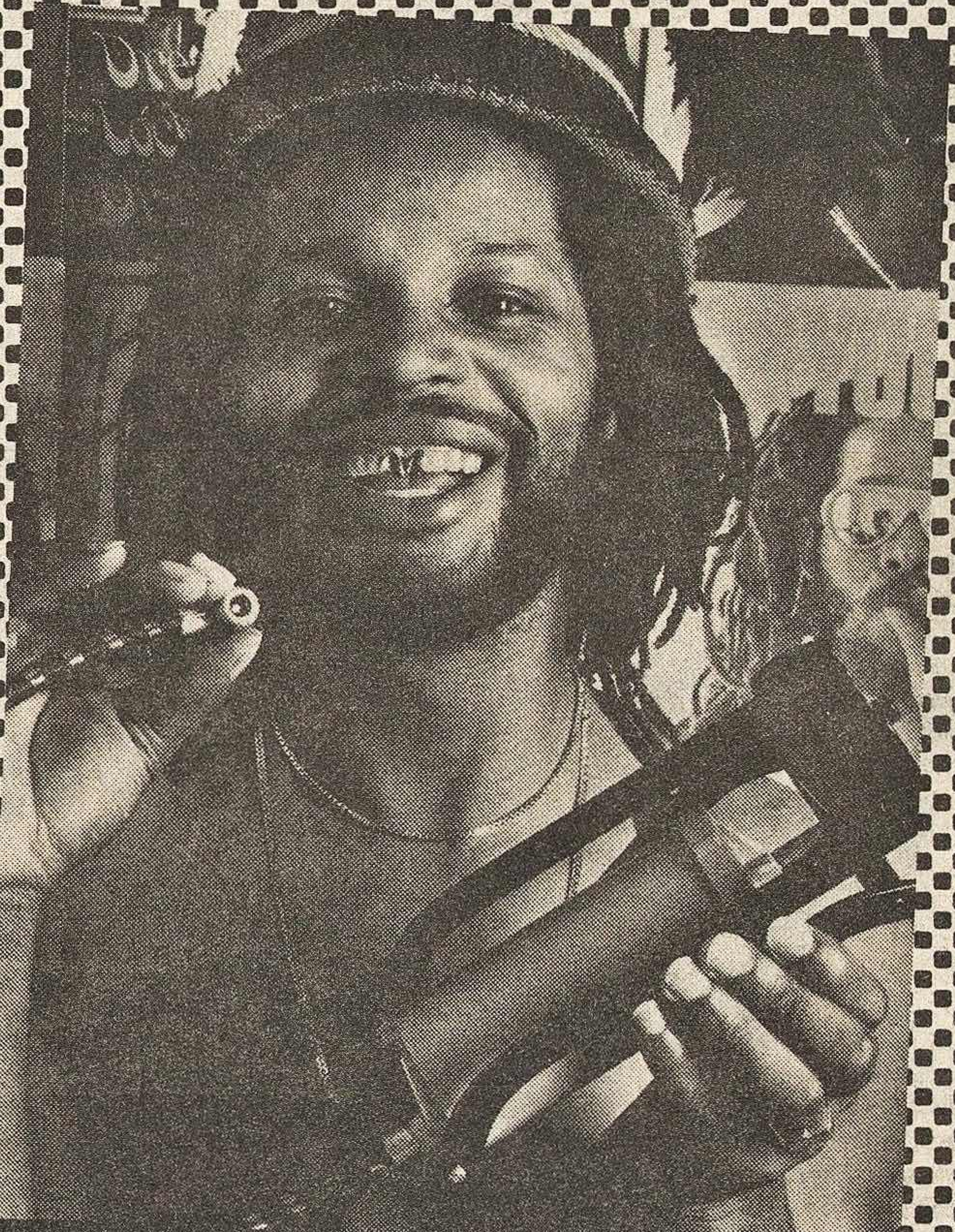

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Pic by Lex Van Rossen

Clarence Clemmons, who's playing, and Bruce Springsteen, who's watching . . .

Pic by Pennie Smith

. . . Jackson Browne, who's watching . . .

Good cause, shame about the songs

VARIOUS ARTISTS
No Nukes
(Elektra/Asylum)

"IN the end, it was the largest, most impressive gathering of musicians ever assembled for a non-profit event and it was a stunning testimony to the depth of shared beliefs of the generation that came of age in the '60s" — 'chairman' Jann Wenner, *Rolling Stone* Editorial, Issue 304, November 11, '79.

"The new American rock 'n' roll establishment have willingly involved themselves with the hysteria that's greeted the first noticeable and 'nasty' problem that's faced the States these last few years, and that's despite the existence of everyday problems and values that have pushed the US into the bland and self-deluding state that it's in today. Because of their ignorance, they (the M.U.S.E. participants) have added to those traumas. Now they naively sail on their ego trips to the centre of an issue that will sustain their illusions of rebellion and concern" — Paul Morley, "An anti-nuke melt-down in New York", *NME*, October 6, '79.

'NO Nukes' is a three-album set featuring 18 different acts spread over some 27 cuts that has been speedily edited and released just over two months after the five day Madison Square Garden M.U.S.E. Festival in support of anti-nuclear activitiy. This is only the first by-product of an American blitzkreig which also promises a film of the event that took place between September 19-23.

M.U.S.E. (Musicians United for Safe Energy) began as the brainchild of four performers — Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, John Hall, the principal instigator, Jackson Browne. Using their considerable clout, these four pulled together the likes of old guard performers like the Doobie Brothers, James Taylor and Carly Simon, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Paul Simon, Poco and Jesse Colin Young plus comparatively newer arrivals like Tom Petty, Peter Tosh, Ry Cooder and — a crucial choice — Bruce Springsteen.

The political / moral / sociological aspects of the whole enterprise are manifold but ultimately, in the context of simply reviewing this three-album set, they become secondary to the main issue — does this piece of product warrant you, dear reader, the option of blowing some ten quid on it? Sure, all the money goes to the anti-nuke fund, a worthy cause but . . .

'No Nukes' boasts an odd collection of acts ranging from the good (Springsteen, Petty, Cooder, Gil Scott-Heron, Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt), the bad (Graham Nash, John Hall, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Poco, Jesse Colin Young, Nicolette Larson), the ugly (Crosby, Stills & Nash, the Doobie Brothers) and the plain mediocre (Raydio, Chaka Khan, Sweet Honey In The Rock). Oddly enough though, given such an incongruous bunch, there's a definite overall 'feel' to the proceedings that, instead of sounding self-indulgently 'chummy', often has an effectively up-lifting bouyancy.

Side one, for example, lifts off with a typical example of the current Doobie Bros.' vapid hyper-proficiency, then picks up dramatically with the underrated Bonnie Raitt's tautly ingenious re-vibe of the Del Shannon classic 'Runaway', this followed by the lady's emotive performance of John Prine's best-ever composition 'Angel From Montgomery'. John Hall, a fanatical anti-nuker then performs an embarrassingly cute calypso entitled 'Plutonium Is Forever' before he, the Doobie Bros., James Taylor and Browne, Raitt, Larson, Nash ad infinitum on background vocals perform Hall's 'Power' and lo, the number has a really strong feel, thanks mostly to the tune itself being well-structured with anthem-like lyrics that aren't embarrassingly trite. Side one score: three hits out of five.

The second instalment is half-dross. James Taylor, Carly Simon and Graham Nash render 'The Times They Are A-Changin' in a manner so squeamishly self-important it's equalled only by the sequel, Nash's dreadful 'Cathedral' — a song so dire it totally eclipses even Nash's usually meagre talents as a singer-songwriter. The side's last position comes courtesy of Jackson Browne who, abetted by the fiddle-playing of David Lindley and other superb sidemen, tackles an evocative old English traditional 'The Cow On The Cradle' in fine form, following that up with the magnificent 'Before The Deluge', itself the first real musical anti-nuclear statement of intent here. Browne, like Raitt to a slightly lesser extent, is simply an excellent singer-songwriter and his commitment to the occasion adds to the power of his songs.

Sides three and four are low-ebb time commencing with the ridiculously overrated Nicolette Larson and the Doobie Bros. performing a characterless and feeble version of Neil Young's 'Lotta Love' and ending on the fourth side with a James Taylor-Carly Simon trade-off on 'Mockingbird' that would make Charlie & Innez Foxx consider committing homicide on this woosome twosome. Temporary solace is granted via Ry Cooder's immaculate rendition of Presley's Little Sister', a feisty gospel work-out of 'A Woman' by Sweet Honey In The Rock and Gil Scott-Heron's heavy manners performance of 'We Almost Lost Detroit'. The rest is mostly tepid fare with James Taylor's sickening whine most strongly in evidence whilst Jesse Colin Young's antiquated 'Get Together', another massed ensemble singalong pushes the whole M.U.S.E. affair far too close to a Woodstock re-run.

Side five is the obvious standout. After a false start with Poco's utterly forgettable 'Heart Of The Night', Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers perform a sterling rendition of 'Cry To Me' before Springsteen & The E. Street Band take over and completely blast all other participants away, first on a duet with Jackson Browne on 'Stay', this followed by the renowned 'live' Mitch Ryder medley of 'Devl With A Blue Dress/Good Golly Miss Molly' and 'Jenny Take A Ride'. Now *this* is the real deal. Lending a driving trigger-finger thrust to proceedings, Springsteen & Co. career through the medley with a dervish swagger that equals if not has an edge on Ryder & The Detroit Wheels' bone-crushing original — all of which is just as well since side six hits a real nadir with Crosby, Stills & Nash playing three old favourites for the 2001st time on vinyl, whilst James Taylor and the Doobie Bros. finish things off with a duet of 'Takin' It To The Streets'.

So, only ten pearls can be sited amongst the self-indulgent debris. That makes it about a quid per cut, not counting the lavish package replete with a glossy booklet featuring the stars and anti-nuke campaigners telling us all the whys and wherefores of fighting off the nuke menace and pushing for solar energy. All very attractive and that but, tossing aside these embellishments. 'No Nukes' could have easily been priced a good two to three pounds cheaper, thus shifting more units and benefitting the cause far more, I'd have thought. But that in turn would have reduced the prestige-quota of the album and that fact alone leads me to wonder whether some of these charitable folk performing for 'a better future' aren't in fact reliving their old Woodstock-generation glory days. And so we return to the two prefacing quotes to this review. *Rolling Stone* editor Wenner sees it all as the flowering of the Woodstock spirit come of age whilst Paul Morley — and myself — are more prone to view the affair as a perfect example of bland self-delusion and ego-tripping played out to sustain the protagonists' illusions of rebellion and concern.

There's a spirit to 'No Nukes' that is momentarily effective but ultimately its strengths lay simply with the strengths of some of the performers involved, these-being Springsteen, Browne, Raitt and Cooder — and frankly, there aren't enough of them to sustain six sides of vinyl.

Nick Kent

1930s Chicago — yes, it's a concept

MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND
Mama Chicago *(RCA)*

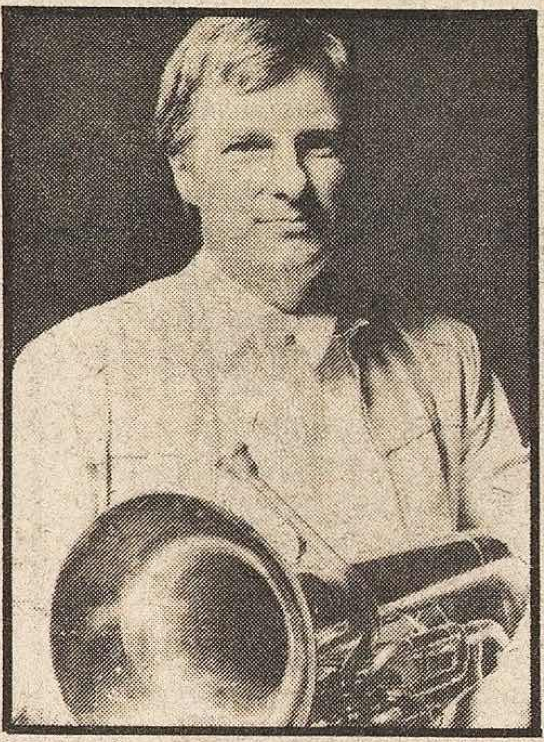
IT takes some grit to get past the concept — jazz cabaret by a brass band, red carnations on a spare white sleeve, Evita in cloth caps?

Allay your fears. This brass band is a lithe septet and the four sides of 'Mama Chicago' slip down like buttermilk. Originally conceived as a score for a now-abandoned version of Roger Planchon's bizarre theatrical 'life' of Al Capone, this is Mike Westbrook's best record since the mighty 'Citadel/Room 315'.

All the obvious temptations are sidestepped without trouble. There are no attempts at sprawling, grandiose orchestration; nor is there any straining to meet a storyline. Whatever the original design, sketches emerge of a forlorn dinosaur of a city and the scenario hangs together without any narrative lynchpin. The lyrics (mainly Michael Kustow and Kate Westbrook) are a sly adjunct to the main action, embellishing rather than detracting from the music.

Westbrook ransacks the tradition with gleeful abandon. Ballroom sleaze on 'Pre-Conceived Ideas' rubs shoulders with the Sunday school solemnity of 'Prisoners Hymn' and the jump band drive of 'Goin To Chicago'. Much of it is strongly Ellingtonian in character — in fact the master's own 'A Drum Is A Woman' comes to mind — and Westbrook has developed the ducal characteristic of providing settings in which individual stylists can thrive.

The playing swings and sighs throughout, tough modernism allied to an unfashionably direct, uncluttered approach. Everyone excels, but Mick Page's bull-necked tenor on 'Pre-Conceived Ideas', Malcolm Griffiths' peppery trombone and Chris Hunter's fleet alto deserve special merit badges. And Westbrook himself thoughtfully redefines his view of composer's piano.

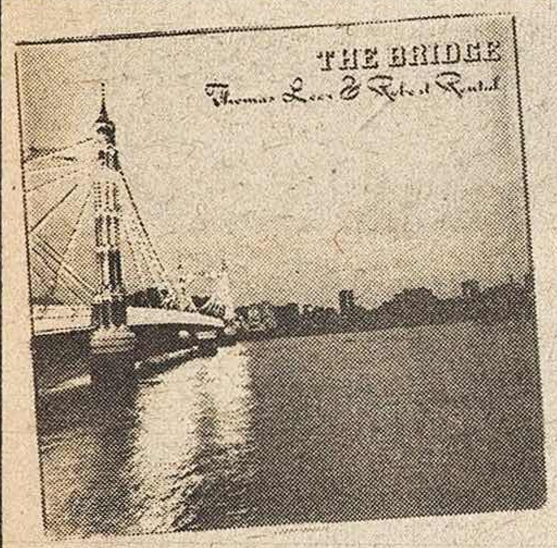


Mike Westbrook: a man and his French horn

The vocalists are superb. Phil Minton is abrasive or keening as the mood demands while Kate Westbrook uncoils an astonishing emotional range that stretches from the city slicker cynicism of 'Senator's Song' to the wispy, whispered tenderness of 'Shipwrecked Sailor'.

'Mama Chicago' revives a medium previously stale and lifeless. I suppose the obvious comparison is with Carla Bley's 'Escalator Over The Hill', but the energy and sureness here blow away that flabby, muddled work. Even Weill's inescapable ghost does no more than hover in the background. If you think cabaret is all Man Tran (sorry guys) and scampi on ice then book a table here.

Richard Cook



THOMAS LEER AND ROBERT RENTAL
The Bridge
(Industrial Records)

1979 has seen a further significant step in the advent of synthesised rock. Gary Numan has piped it into the charts; while 'experimental' bands like The Human League, Cabaret Voltaire and This Heat have made debut albums that are accessible.

Now Thomas Leer and Robert Rental who, with 'Private Plane' and 'Paralysis', were responsible for two of the more left-field single successes of 1978, have released an album that attempts to bridge (thus the title?) a commercial strain of synthesised pop with the more atmospheric, less structured pieces that are usually categorised as 'progressive.'

This bridging is tentative, though, since the album falls into two clearly differentiated sides. On the first, Leer and Rental deploy their synths, tapes and occasional real harsh electric guitars to recreate relatively conventional modes of pop.

In fact, 'Monochrome Day's', 'Connotations' and 'Day Breaks, Night Heals' are extremely catchy, matching an insistent beat with a simple two-or-three note phrase that hooks the attention in time-honoured fashion. The latter song, with its dominant percussive / synth bass riff and lilting vocals, even has a definite disco danceability.

The one failure on side one is 'Fade Away'; a deliberately crude and brutal pounding which finally winds down in a dense mix of gurgles, whistles and whines. It's the most obviously electronic track, and its fault is its obviousness.

Side two presents a different strategy. Four tracks wander through a shifting range of moods, textures and motions. 'Interfon', for example, begins with fast train-like rumbles and ends with solemn bell-like dripping; while 'Perpetual' is a quietly pulsating drone behind which a ghostly robotic choir occasionally sing "ooh". It's all mildly pleasant, curious and a little bit tedious.

The successes of the first side and those early singles suggest Leer and Rental produce more satisfying work within the limitations of a given structure. For all the momentary delights of the second side, it ends up as 'mood' music with neither the spontaneity of improvisation nor the organising principles of traditionally composed pieces on which to hang its fleeting pleasures. And that just means they're the more easily lost.

Graham Lock

Bully for Woolley

BRUCE WOOLLEY AND THE CAMERA CLUB
English Garden *(Epic)*

BRUCE Woolley seems set to be something of a pop star. He deserves it. He strikes a perfect 'This Year's Model' pose on the cover of this thoroughly pleasing debut, in a manner that's both 'meaningful' and cynical as hell; a balance he maintains in his songs with amazing ingenuity.

'English Garden' is finely produced to be synthetic, drip-dried, modern, intelligent pop — bright, effervescent, sparkling and meticulously detailed in design. The Camera Club are light, tight and snappy and boast a brilliant keyboardsman in Tom Dolby, who moulds their entire sound.

Woolley's muse favours either highly stylized tableaus enacted by various gangster-like persona, or else reflective, romantic, witty observations of his life and loves — very Ferry in their studied poise, but with none of the arrogance.

The title track's a blueprint for much of what follows — sparse guitars, spruce synthesisers, crisp cymbals, soft-centred glowing melodies, with Woolley's vocals parading their paranoid David Byrne inflections, occasionally veering off into strangled harmonies against more sub-aqua synths.

'Dancing With The Sporting Boys' slots in behind with another finely crafted melody and 'Octopus's Garden' vocal sheen, 'Clean / Clean' is absolutely the zippiest hunk of pop-rock currently not on the radio, and sandwiched between them both is the orchestral 'W.W.9. Instrumental' — again, an almost direct lift from the Bowie 'Warzawa' school of symphonic synthesiser.

Sizzling, medium-paced, relentlessly catchy tunes follow thin and fast: 'Goodbye To Yesterday' and 'Get Away William'. 'Johnny' is similar, but cranked to a punk-parody pacing, as is 'Flying Man' which hauls The Dave Clark Five's 'Glad All Over' over the coals for a facelift. And lest we forget, there's also Woolley's own original cut of his self-penned 'Video Killed The Radio Star', delivered with a subtle delicacy that almost wipes the slate of the excruciating Buggles' version.

Ironic, you might say, that this restrained rocker's palatable studio slickness is custom-built to make him a Radio Star too. As he says in 'You Got Class': *Learning how to control myself / Do the Waltz and not Rock And Roll"*. Try him, you might like him — waltz and all.

Mark Ellen

FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO
Jefferson Starship
(Grunt/RCA)

TO ACKNOWLEDGE that the Jefferson Airplane / Starship nucleus was once a major and seminal influence in rock music is not only a platitude, but might give the erroneous impression that your reviewer could listen to any of their stuff without squirming at their contrived perfectionism, their marshmallow propagandizing, their hippy-trippy panaceas and their stoneder-than-thou attitude. I loathed them in '69 and I loathe their latest album for largely the same reasons.

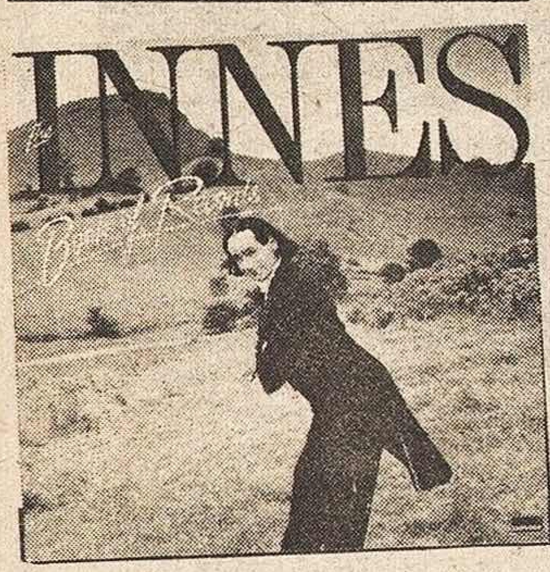
Because for all the water under the bridge, the reshuffled personnel, FAPZ is quintessentially and unmistakably A Jefferson Album — the group sound and message is indistinguishable from any of their material since Gracie left the fold. Their current opus merges seamlessly into their pattern of artistic and political dereliction, and effectively seals their excommunication from the aegis of contemporary relevance.

In all fairness, it might be mooted that devotees of Jefferabilia might yet find the new LP an edifying and satisfying experience. And disregarding their huge ready-made market in Duplex America where the stoned hoardes of yesteryear have grown commensurately fat, rich and boring, it is an intrinsically pointless and redundant exercise.

From the original line-up, only Kantner remains — and it's his extra-ordinary sky-writer singing voice that characterises the album, while the assembled cast of peers muck in admirably to create a very exact cloning of the traditional Airbus sound. They have, as a group, a commendable rhythmic soundness (so does my Smiths Alarm), and they make a pretty impressive wall of sound. So, I might add, do the 747s that fly over my roof.

And true to the Jefferson Starbar tradition, the lyrics are prominent in the mix. From the epic wetness of Lightning Rose, the apocalyptic twaddle of 'Things To Come,' the bloated self-importance of Awakening, the hackneyed guy - coalesces - atoms - with - chicktheme of 'Girl With The Hungry Eyes,' the stark joy of sharing your mescal butties with mythical iguanas under the desert moon (Fading Light), to the krypto-cosmic sermonizing of the title track, Freedom At Point Zero marks a new high/low in saccharin perfection, and sports a great deal of pomp but very little circumstance.

Rick Joseph



NEIL INNES
The Innes Book Of Records
(Polydor)

BONZO, Grim and Rutle, Neil Innes has pranced around the perimeters of rock'n'roll for many yonks now, and brought some craft and wit to bear while doing so. Unfortunately almost none of the man's talent ever manifests itself in the form of lasting satisfying vinyl.

Which isn't really surprising. Innes has a certain gift for English humour, laced with wry satire and gentle mockery, and a knack for parody realised with meticulous excution. But an original musician he ain't. Comedy, nostalgia and versatility are all very well but, without real emotion or energy or invention, they don't win much more than an appreciative smirk — and even that for only once or twice. Not a lot for five quid, is it?

Doubtless 'The Innes Book Of Records' acquires rather more charm as and when you've experienced the TV series it accompanies (scheduled for screening in Spring 1980). Even so it's hard to see this collection of clever, inconsequential ditties (treacly MOR, pop-bounce, reggae, disco, etc.) finding a permanent place in anybody's considered affections.

I've forgotten it already.

Paul Du Noyer

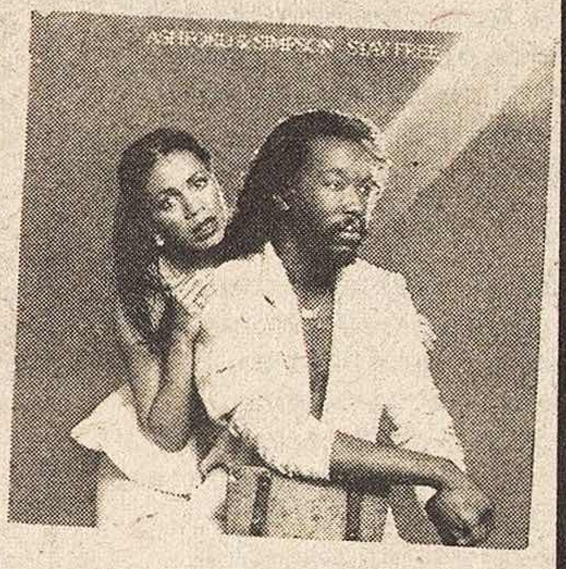
ASHFORD AND SIMPSON
Stay Free *Warner Brothers)*

THE acclaim accorded both their own last album and their recent work with Diana Ross has brought Ashford and Simpson, long respected as writers and performers, an equivalent deal of commercial success.

Unfortunately, 'Stay Free' has all the symptons of an album rushed out to cash in on same. It's especially disappointing, after the variety and delicacy of previous work, that they've fallen back on a formula of clomping disco tracks and the odd bombastic ballad.

The three tracks on side one go on for far too long, and the closer, 'Dance Forever' is given a histrionic intro that's a total travesty of genuine soulfulness. Side two fares little better; 'Crazy' is a light, frothy love-song that recalls their finer moments, but the final 'Follow Your Heart' is as leaden and cliched a track as they've ever recorded.

With little sparkle to arrangements or performances, with even the



occasional deft touch swamped by an unsubtle disco gallop, 'Stay Free' must be the nadir of Ashford and Simpson's career. The only consolation is that, surely, they can never be as dull as this again.

Graham Lock

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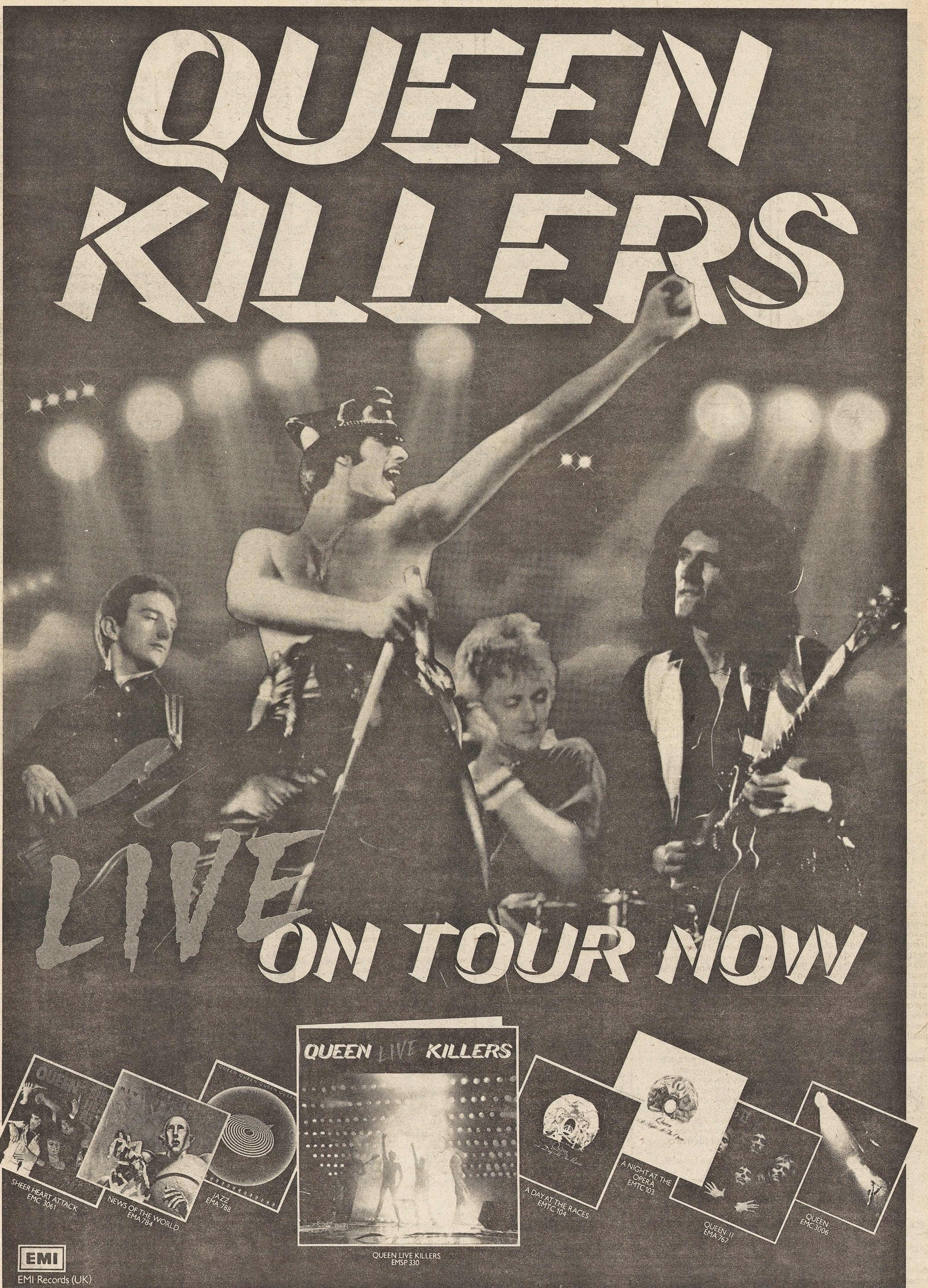
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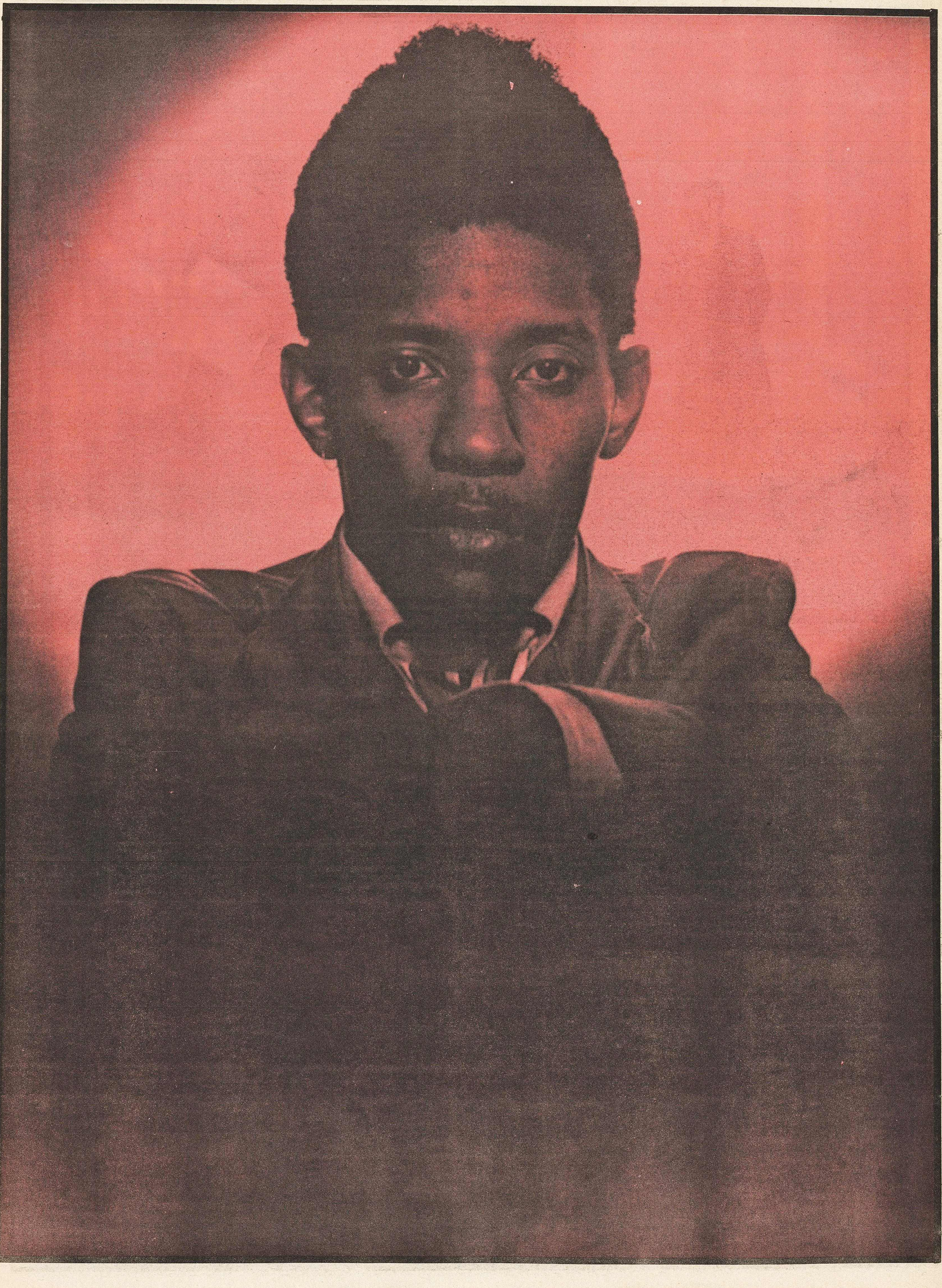
Angelic Upstarts at rehearsal

The Undertones at play

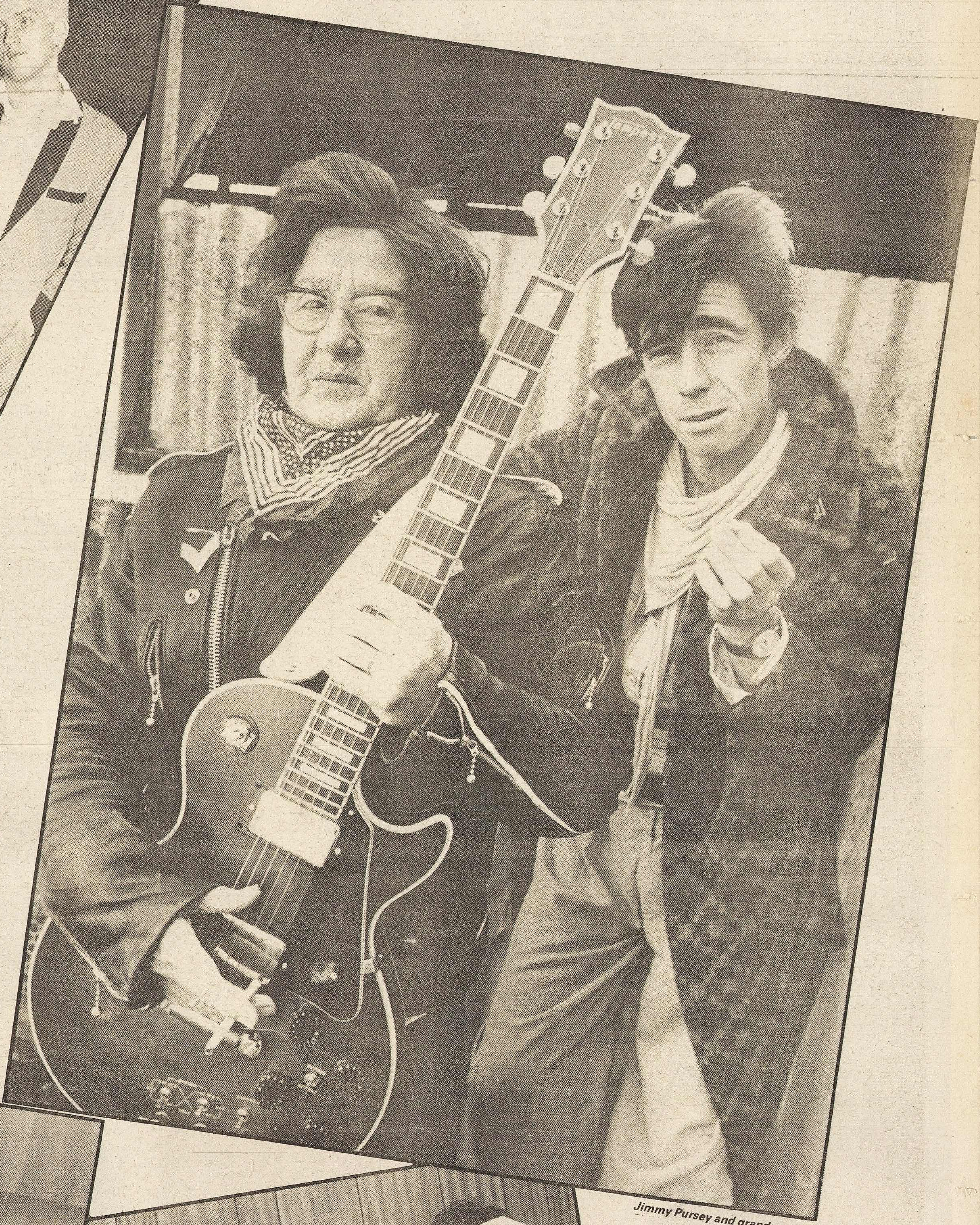


Linton Kwesi Johnson

John Lydon goes to court

Phil Lynott and Kosmo Vinyl

Amanda Lear and Glenn Hughes (Village People)



Jimmy Pursey and grandmother

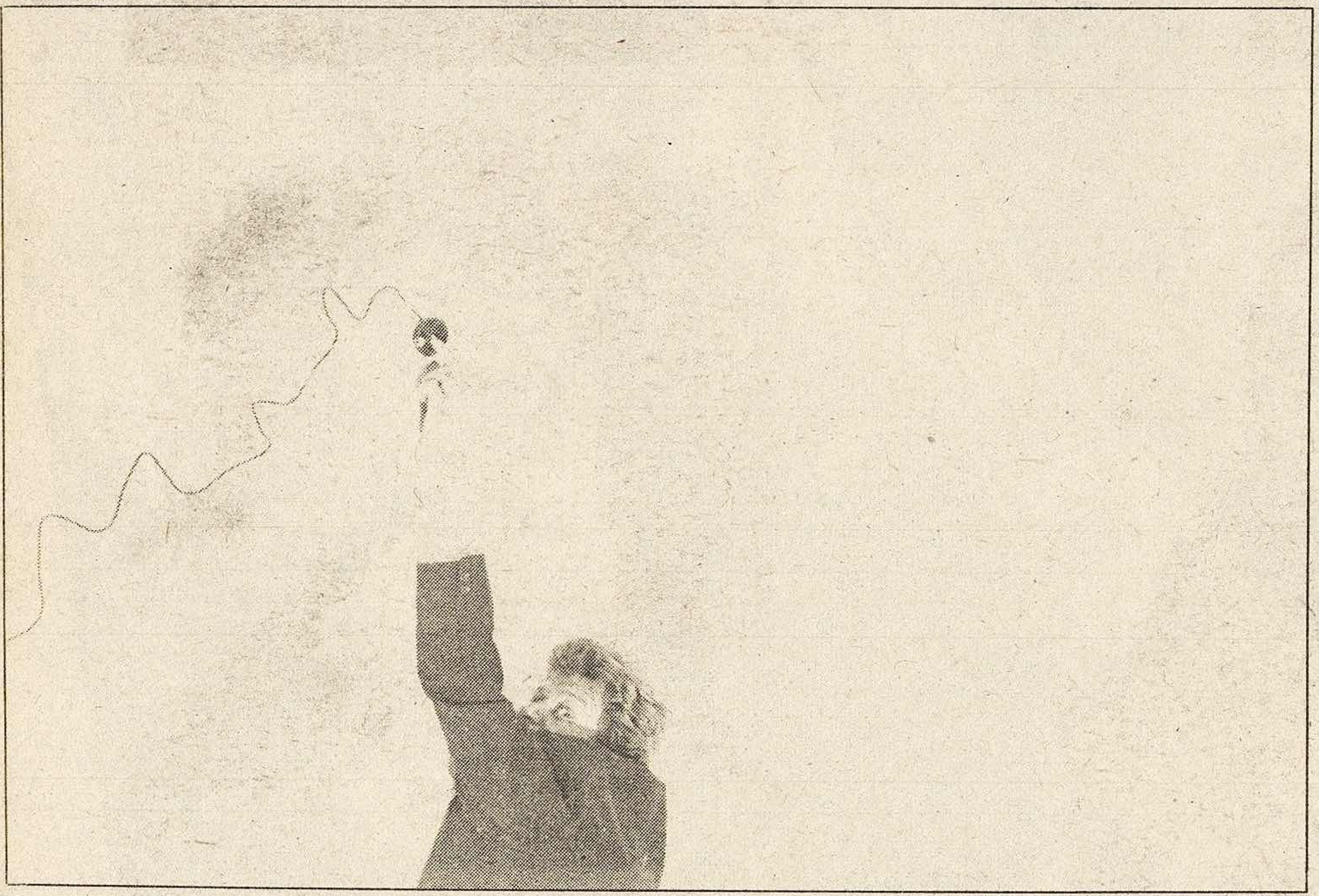
Ton Waits and Rickie Lee Jones

Paula Yates and Bob Geldof

MIKE LAYE

Dexy's Midnight Runners

Gay Pride March

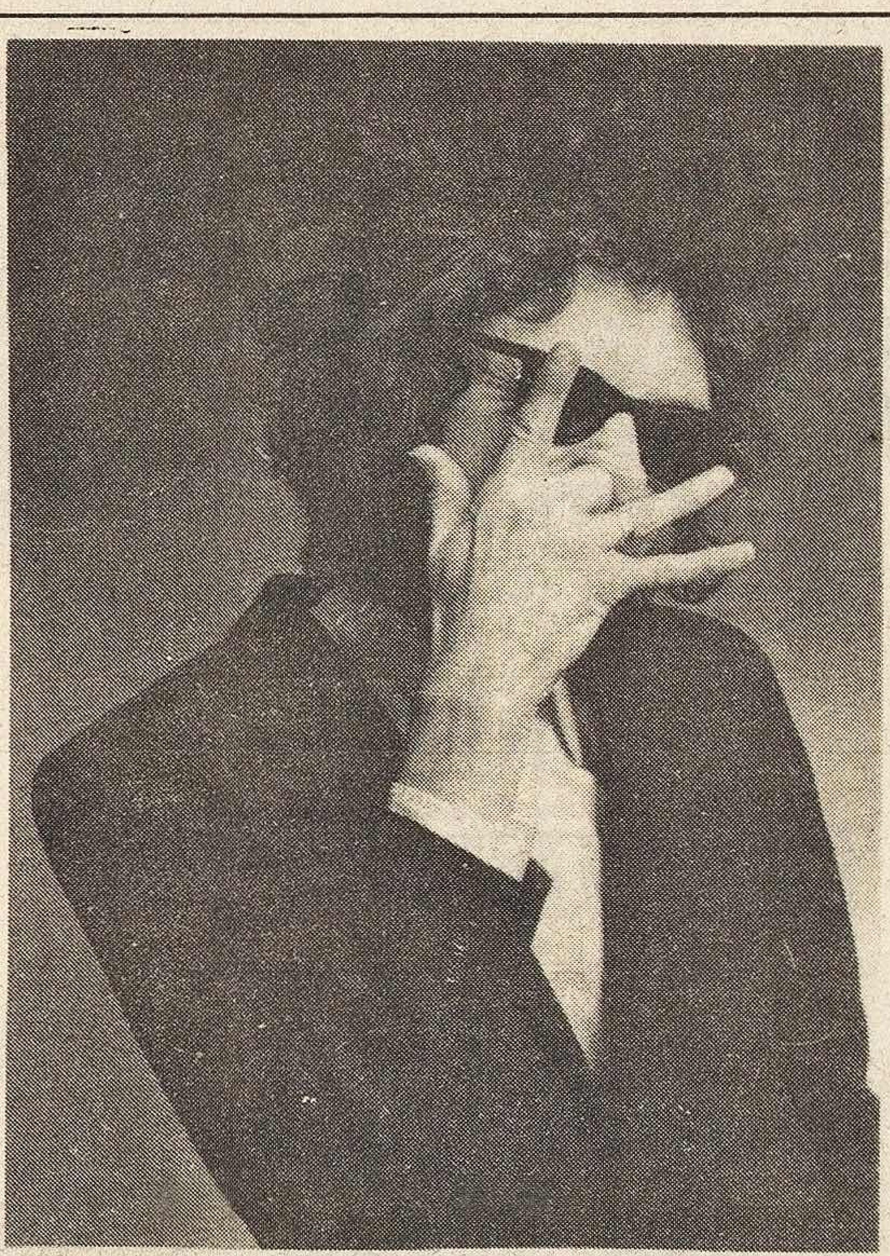

Squeeze

Henry Badowski

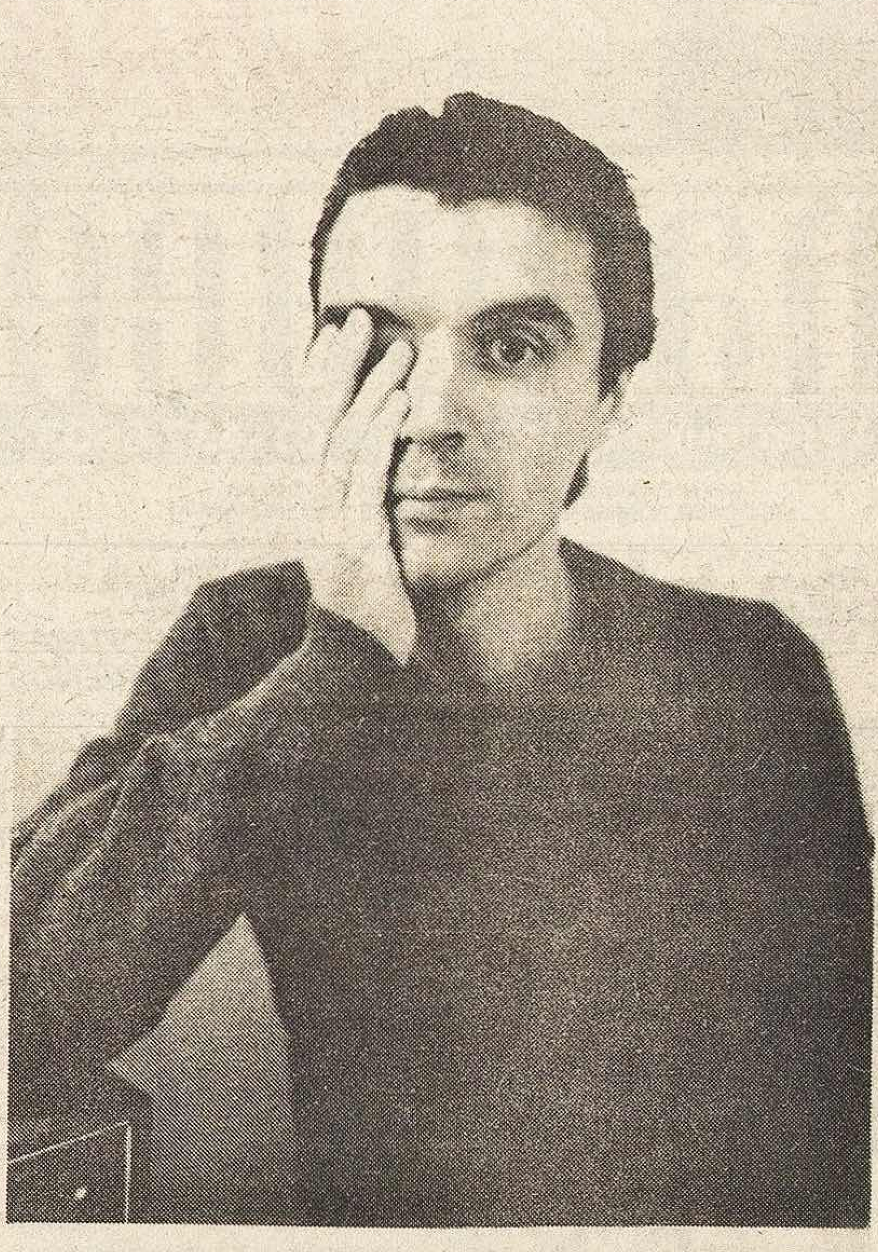
RAY STEVENSON

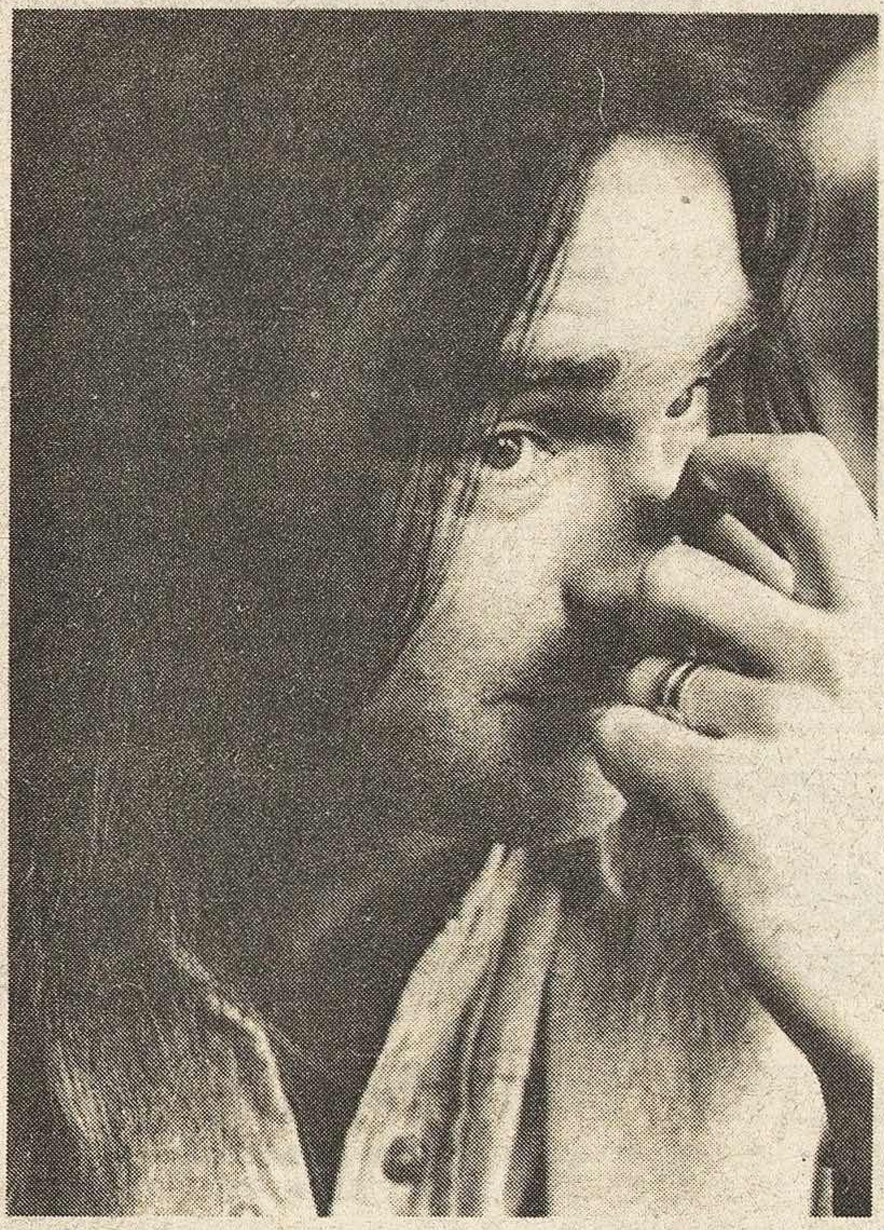
Ray Stevenson's hopes for next year
The Slits resolve their problems
The Selector & Specials continue as well as they began
The world sees Kelly Johnson
Everyone gets to hear The Holy Modal Rounders

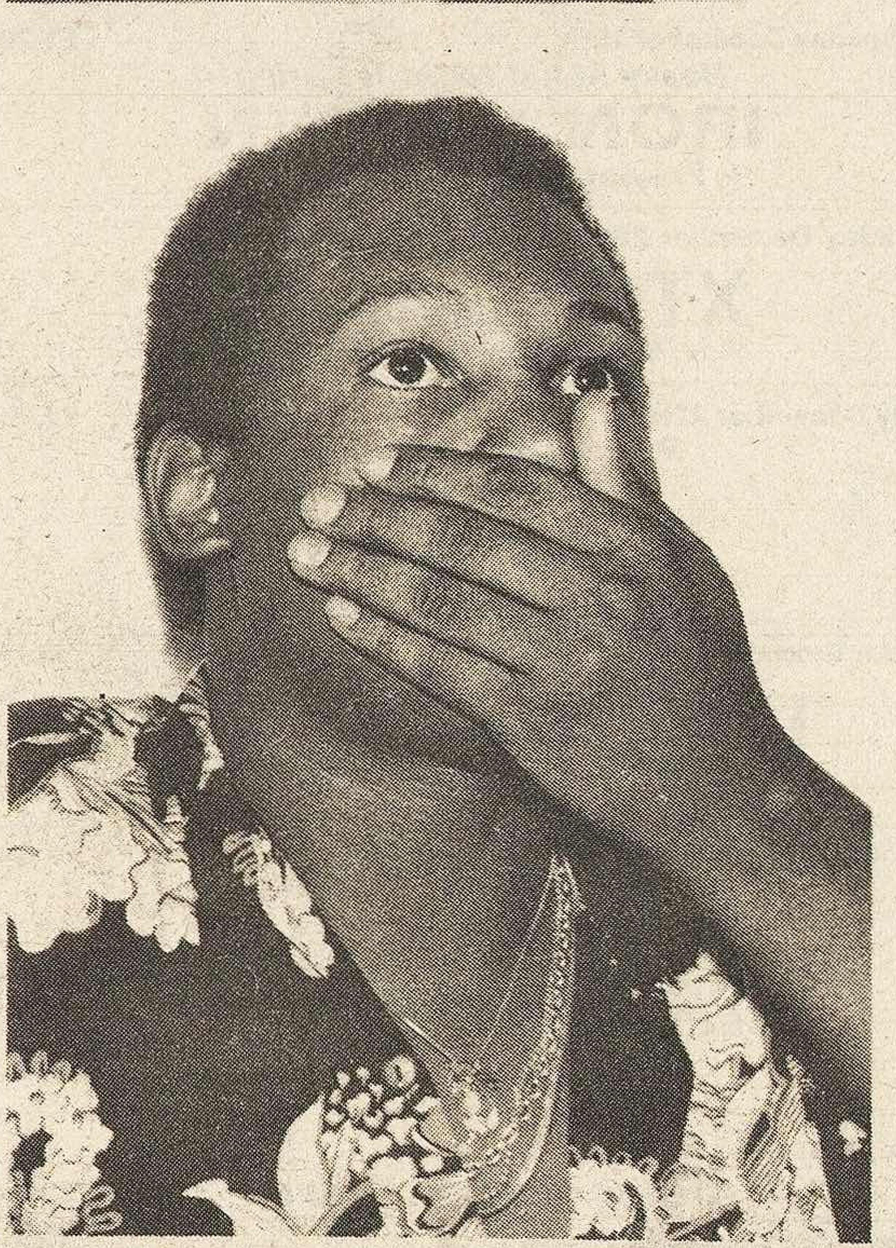
TOM SHEEHAN

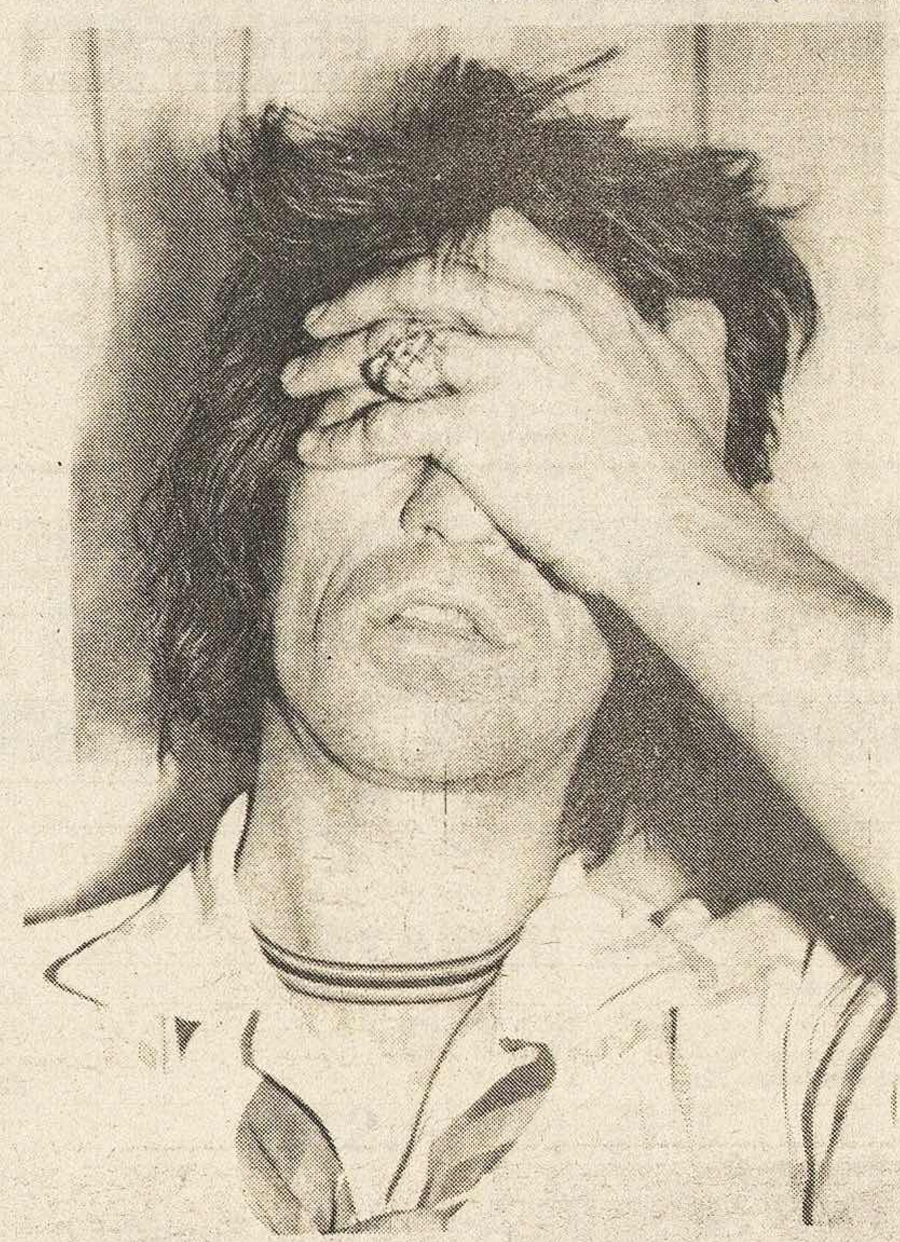

John Cooper-Clarke

Lew Lewis

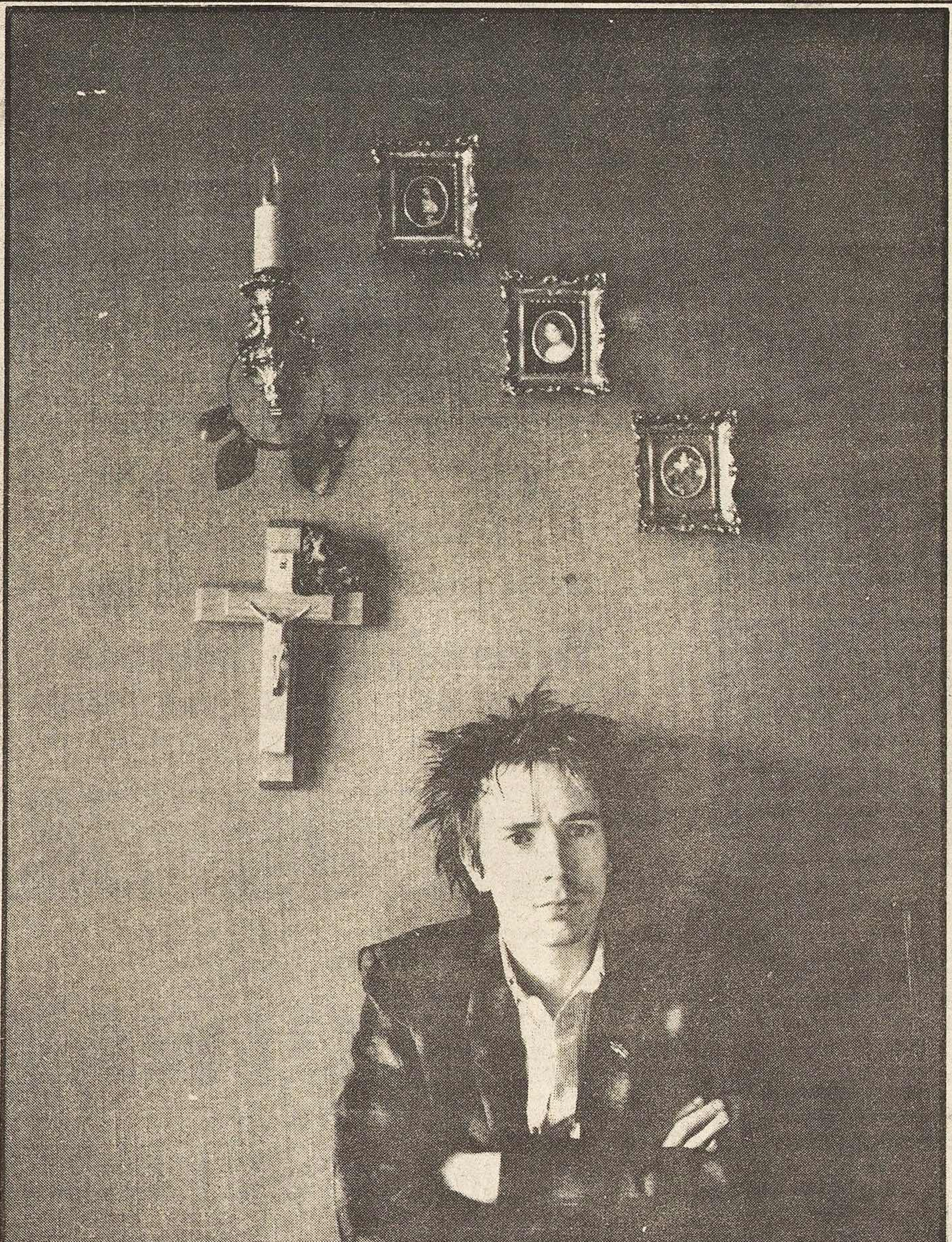

David Byrne

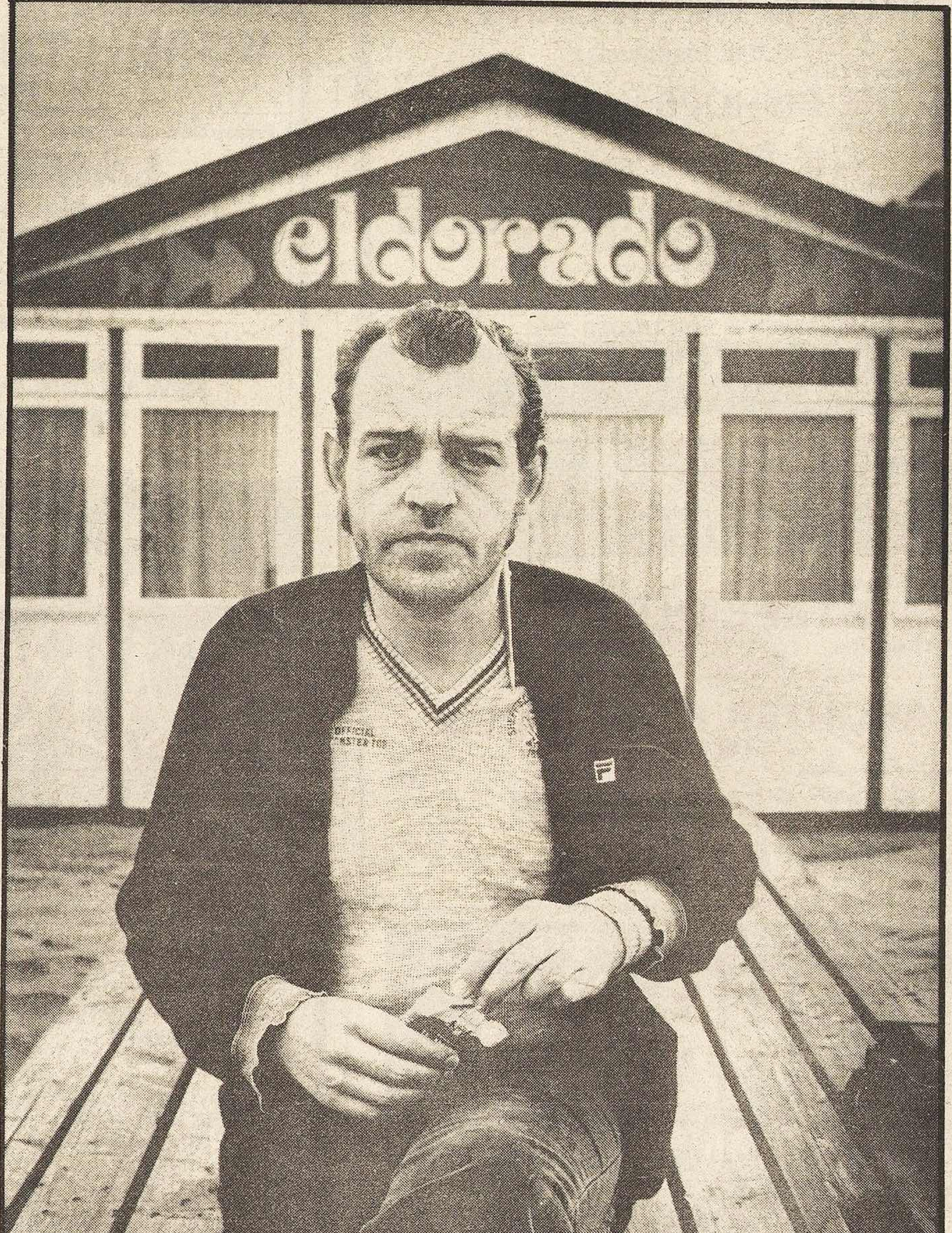

Francis Rossi


Sylvester


Keith Richards

ANTON CORBIJN


John Lydon at home



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Sunday December 30th — **THE FLYS** + Support — £1
Monday December 31st — **ROCKY SHARPE & THE REPLAYS** Featuring The Top-liners + Geraint Watkins — £2.50

NO ADMISSION FOR UNDER 20's

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROW W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Thursday, 20th December — **STEEL PULSE** — £1.50
Friday, 21st December — **SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS** +The Diks — £2
Saturday, 22nd December — **ROY SUNDHOLM** — £2
Monday, 24th December — **BITTER SUITE** — £2.50

OUTLAW AND JOHN SHERRY PRESENT
WISHBONE ASH
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 1st FEBRUARY
7.30pm
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; TICKET MACHINE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
ECHO & THE BUNNY MEN
SCRITTI POLITTI
the expelaires
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 21st DECEMBER AT 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (inc.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £2·50 ON NIGHT

MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01-387 0428/9

Wednesday December 19th — £1.20
Heavy Metal Night featuring
IRON MAIDEN
+ Praying Mantis, DJ Neil Kay

Thursday December 20th
XTC + Random Hold
Adv. tickets £2.50 from Box Office

Friday December 21st — £2.20
Reggae Dance Party Night featuring
TRADITION
+ Body Snatchers

Saturday December 22nd — £2.20
THE PIRATES
+ The Civilians

Monday December 24th — £2.50
Xmas Eve, Rock a Billy Party Night featuring
MATCHBOX
+ Guests

Tuesday December 25th
Xmas Day — Closed

Wednesday December 26th — £1.50
TRIBESMAN + Support

Thursday December 27th — £1.50
SORE THROAT + Bad Manners

Friday December 28th — £2.20
LAMBRETTAS
+ Malcolm Practice

Saturday December 29th — £2.20
BLACK SLATE
+ Prime Movers

Monday December 31st
NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY featuring
THE MEMBERS
Pay at the door £3

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8pm-2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

CAROLINE Roadshow
XMAS TOUR
Friday December 21st
CIVIC HALL, CROFTON ROAD, ORPINGTON, KENT

Saturday December 22nd RHODES HALL, SOUTH ROAD, BISHOPS STORTFORD, HERTS.	Thursday December 27th THE CROC-S, HIGH STREET, RAYLEIGH, ESSEX
Friday December 28th THE INSTITUTES BRAINTREE, ESSEX	Saturday December 29th STOUR CENTRE, TANNERY LANE, ASHFORD, KENT

New Years Eve Monday December 31st
CORN EXCHANGE, MAIDSTONE, KENT

Doors open 8pm. DJs include Robb Eden, Bri an Martin, Robbie Day. Admission to all Caroline Roadshow is a mere £2
Bookings 0621 783 229

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM'N'BOOZE

THURS 20 'DINGWALLS CHRISTMAS BASH'
VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
UNABLE TO ADVERTISE — CALL CLUB FOR DETAILS
SAT 22 Oh Boy!
FUMBLE
SUN 23 Christmas R&B special 7-11.30pm
THE INMATES
MON 24 TUES 25 WED 26
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS BREAK
THUR 27
CHARLIE DORE & HER BACK POCKET
FRI 28
SOULYARD
SUN 30 New Year Boogie Woogie Special
BOB HALL. GEORGE GREEN. CHARLIE WATTS. JACK BRUCE. DICK MORRISEY. IAN STEWART ALEXIS KORNER COLIN SMITH. & JOHN PICKARD
MON 31 Dingwalls New Year's Eve Party
THE SELECTER
"FREE CARD" HOLDERS NOT VALID FOR THIS SHOW
WE SUGGE T BOOKING EARLY
JANUARY 1980
TUES 1 CLOSED
WED 2
ROY SUNDHOLM
THUR 3
RED BEANS & RICE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON NW1 01-267 4967

BeeLzeBub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO
An Xmas Party With
ALBIE DONNELLY & SUPERCHARGE
Saturday 22nd December
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm
Tickets £2.00 In Advance
ADVANCE TICKETS FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL AND FROM VIRGIN RECORDS
NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO
CARLYON BAY, 2 MILES EAST OF ST. AUSTELL OFF THE A390
TELEPHONE: PAR (072-681) 4261

BeeLzeBub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO
HI TENSION
Saturday 5th January
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm
Tickets £2.00 In Advance
TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL AND FROM VIRGIN RECORDS PLYMOUTH
NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO
CARLYON BAY, 2 MILES EAST OF ST. AUSTELL OFF THE A390
TELEPHONE: PAR (072-681) 4261

presents
JOHN OTWAY
plus Wazmo Nariz
RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON
Saturday 22nd December at 8pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from Box Office Tel: 01-236 3148 and all usual agents

CHRISTMAS GIG GUIDE

BLONDIE TOUR OPENS

*So the long-awaited **BLONDIE** tour finally materialises — and just at the right time of the year, too! They'll be adding to the seasonal festivities in Bournemouth (Boxing Day), Leicester (December 27), Manchester (28), Glasgow (30 and 31) and Edinburgh (January 1 and 2), with more New Year gigs to follow.*

Thursday 20

Aberdeen College of Commerce: **Protex**
Bath Pavilion: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Joe Jackson**
Birmingham Handsworth L.S.D. Club: **Danny & The Dressmakers / The 012 / The Door And The Window / The Sell-Outs / The Instant Automatons**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **AC/DC**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canvey Island Paddocks: **Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
Chester Faces: **The Final Programme**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **The Cheaters**
Clayton le Moors Martholme Grange: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for three days)**
Colne Union Hotel: **Sic**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Specials**
Derby College: **Tradition**
Dorchester The Tavern: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Dublin RSDC Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Durham Dunelm House: **Preying Mantis / Nato / Randy Mandy's Sound Sensation**
Eston (Cleveland) James Finegan Hall: **Dial 192 / Thunderbirds / Dicks Down & Outs**
Falkirk Maniqui Ballroom: **The Revillos**
Galashiels College of Textiles: **The Solos**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Cracked Mirror**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Ocean Boulevard**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Madness / The V.I.P.'s**
Hull Wellington Club: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Shader**
Leamington Spa Centre: **The Shapes / Flackoff**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Diks**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester Granby Hall: **The Police**
Lewes Pop Club: **The Lambrettas**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Classics**
Liverpool Annabels: **Dick Smith Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **Those Naughty Lumps / The Moderates**
London Acton Oak Tree: **The Rest**
London Camden Music Machine: **XTC / Random Hold**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Roll-Ups**
London Catford The Squire: **The Sunsets**
London Chelsea Art College: **English Subtitles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Holly & The Italians / Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Jump**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kicks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Medium Medium**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Inmates**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Queen**
London Marquee Club: **Wreckless Eric**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Cimarons**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dire Straits**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (currently until January 5)**
London Shepherds Bush The Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan's Christmas Party**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Paul Goodman**
London W.14 The Kensington: **9 Below Zero**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **Prodigal Son**
Mansfield CWS Club: **Zorro**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Scott Sanders & The Express / Tony Kent (for three days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Cape Hotel: **The Institution**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Beast**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Trendies**
Paisley TUC Club: **Flying Saucers**
Penzance Demelza's: **Metro Glider**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Eye Sight**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jack Hudson / Gentleman Soldier**
Prestwick Town Hall (RAR): **T.V.21 / The One Takes / The Soviet Tractors**
Retford Porterhouse: **Steel Pulse**
Rhyl Queen's Showbar: **Amsterdam / The Units**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Toulouse**
Salisbury City Hall: **The Stilettos**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Deadringer**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Yeovilton RNAS Station: **J.A.L.N. Band**

Friday 21

Bath Pavilion: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Beaconsfield Bell House Hotel: **Yakety Yak**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Members**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Disco Students**
Bicester Red Lion: **Urchin**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods**
Birmingham Odeon: **AC/DC**
Birmingham Underworld: **Landscape**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Another Roadside Attraction (for three days)**
Bournemouth Capones Suite: **Program/Clinic/Interference/Contacts/Catholic Girls**
Bradford Palm Grove Club: **The Negatives**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Shattered Dolls**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band/Stage Fright**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Treedog**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Dr Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Prodigal Son**
Coventry Queen Inn: **Blown Fuze**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coverack Drawbar Club: **The Rockin' Shades**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Matchbox**
Davidstow The Hall: **Metro Glider**
Derby Bemrose Sports Club: **Strange Days**
Derby King's Hall: **Madness/The V.I.P.'s**
Dorchester Cattistock: **The Romantix**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Specials**
Evesham Public Hall: **The Photos/The Shapes**
Fife Cardenen Bowhill Bar: **The Solos**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Trendies**
Gloucester The Alternative Venue: **UB 40**
Gosport John Peel: **Ptarmigan**
Gt Yarmouth Garibaldi: **Zorro**
Guildford Star Club: **Flying Saucers**
High Oakham Youth Centre: **Deadringer**
Hull Cave Castle Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**
Ingatestone Fryerning Hall: **Bastille**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Vin Garbutt**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Brown Sugar**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Bodger's Mate/Jude Jackson**
Liverpool Creative Mind: **Danny & The Dressmakers/ The 012/The Door And The Windows/The Instant Automatons/The Sell-Outs**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Mighty Vhybes/I Society**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Iron Maiden**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **The Spinners**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Live Wire/The Act**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Teardrop Explodes/Echo & The Bunnymen/ Scritti Politti/The Expelaires**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **9 Below Zero**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dance Band**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Small Hours**
London Dalston Cubies: **The Cimarons**
London Deptford St Mark's Centre: **Merger/The Opposition**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Beast**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Idlers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Marquee Club: **Doll By Doll**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ronnie-L & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chris Farlowe**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk & Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Southside**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dire Straits**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Peanuts Hucko/Barney Bates Trio**
London Twickenham Ailsa Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London Wandsworth Lord Westbury: **The Details**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Blues Band**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause/Left Handed Virgins**
London W.C. 1 New Merlin's Cave: **Esmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Crafty Avenue**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Vardis**
Nelson Majestic Ballroom: **Black Gorilla**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton The Romany: **Decoy**
North Berwick Harbour Pavilion: **Trax**
Norwich Cromwells: **Spookey**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **Radium**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Stilettos**
Orpington Civic Hall: **Caroline Roadshow**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Retford Porterhouse: **Slaughter & The Dogs/The Diks**
Rugby Barby Village Hall: **Religious Overdose/Anemic Cinema/Mutated Egg/Zylum**
Salisbury Rising Sun: **Eye Sight**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Steel Pulse**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy Club: **Excel**
Southport Prince of Wales: **Spice**
Sunderland Annabelles: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**

And this just about sums up all we wish you for Christmas and the New Year. The festive spirit is personified by RICHARD DIGANCE, who's one of the many bands and artists playing holiday specials over the next few days — his is at London The Venue on Sunday (23).

Saturday 22

Anglesey Amlych Memorial Hall: **Spider**
Aylesbury Friars: **XTC**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Flying Saucers**
Basingstoke Magnum's: **Scissor Fits**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Two Brewers: **The Sussed**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Guvnors**
Blackpool Kawalla Club: **Spice**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Deadringer**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Shattered Dolls**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Teenbeats**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Bristol Granary: **Chris Farlowe**
Bristol The Dockland: **The Wild Beasts/The Stingrays**
Bristol Turntable Club: **High Flames**
Cardiff Casablanca Club: **Central Line**
Cardiff Smiley's Club: **Pointless Exercise**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Flash Cats/Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Wild Boys/ Protege**
Doncaster Granby Rd Club: **Strange Days**
Edinburgh Traverse Theatre: **The Solos**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Glasgow The Bungalow: **Protex**
Gloucester Jamaica Club: **Black Slate**
Harworth Sports Centre: **Zorro**
Havant Langston Hall: **Chinatown**
Hildenborough Hare & Hounds: **Cracked Mirror**
Hornchurch The Bull: **The Next Band**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Steel Pulse**
Immingham County Hotel: **The Classics**
Kirkcaldy Birksgate: **The Trendies**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Brown Sugar**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Madness**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Teardrop Explodes/Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Acton Oak Tree: **Bloodshot-/Moontier**
London Alexandra Palace: **Queen**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fumble/Limited Edition**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Damned/Security Risk/Splodgenessabounds/ The Satellites**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Yakety Yak**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Tourists**
London Lewisham Odeon: **The Police**
Londong Leytonstone Red Lion: **Shader**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders**
London Mount Royal Hotel: **Tradition**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **John Otway's Christmas Show**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Men**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **First Aid**
London Southall White Swan: **The Chevrons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Sinceros/ Roy Sundholm/The Decoys**
Manchester Denton Youth Club: **Crafty Avenue/JSRSR/Thin Ice**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Cimarons**
Manchester The Funhouse: **The Accelerators**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Stilettos**
New Brigton Riverside Restaurant: **Dick Smith Band**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Oldham Tower Club: **Iron Maiden**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Urchin**
Phurnacte (Glamorgan) Sports Centre: **Matchbox**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy Club: **Excel**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Supercharge**
St Austell Riviera Lido: **Metro Glider**
Stockton The Teessider: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Sutton Coldfield Golden Diamond: **The Mods**
Torquay 400 Club: **Electrotunes**
Watford Red Lion: **Ptarmigan**
Winterbourne Stickland Village Hall: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wilshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Rising Star Club: **Black Gorilla**
York De Grey Rooms: **The Leopards/Prime Movers/Plan B**

Sunday 23

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Trax**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham, (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Dixieland Showbar: **The Cimarons**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Mods**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Spider**
Bristol Locarno: **Madness/The VIPs**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Solos/The Trendies**
Glasgpw Apollo Centre: **The Specials**
Kettering Raunds Woodbine: **Strange Days**
Leeds Amsterdam Bar: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (for a week)**
Leeds Fan Club **Steel Pulse**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Stilettos**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Liverpool (Huyton) Eagle & Child: **Amsterdam**
London Acton Oak Tree: **The Results**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (also Monday and Wednesday)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Soft Boys/Scissor Fits**
London Dalston Cubies: **Brown Sugar**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **Desmond Dekker**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Q-Tips**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Teenbeats**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **9 Below Zero**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The OK Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker/Beryl Bryden**
London Strand Lyseum Ballroom: **Budgie/Girlschool/Angelwitch/Preying Mantis**
London Victoria The Venue: **Richard Digance**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Stan Arnold**
Luton The Unicorn: **Decoy**
Maidenhead Alexandra's: **Robert & The Remoulds/The Arrogant**
Middlesbrough Empire: **Moulin Rouge/Dicks Down & Outs**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northfleet Red Lion: **Prodigal Son**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Classics**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bullock Smithy's Christmas Party**
Rochdale R.A.O.B. Club: **Beans & The Toasties**
Southend Shrimptons: **The Blues Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **XTC**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse.**

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve is usually a good night for gigs, but this year is something of an exception, because it falls on a Monday. Most of the big Christmas specials took place last week or over the weekend, which means that today looks like being pretty flat on the circuit — apart from those places listed below!

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Derby Bell Hotel (lunchtime) and Lincoln Leys Sports Club (evening): **Strange Days**
Doncaster Granby Club: **Zorro**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms Hotel: **The Solos**
Gosport John Peel: **Chinatown**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Liskeard Carlton Suite: **The Rockin' Shades**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Helicopters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Thrillers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Q-Tips**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matumbi**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Flying Saucers**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Black Gorilla**
New Brighton Empress Club: **Body**
Northampton County Ground: **Supercharge / The Russians**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Limelight**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rugby Town Hall: **Canned Rock**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

During 1979, we have brought you details of around 25,000 gigs. And after pausing a moment to wish you peace, love and happy gig-going in the New Year, we pledge ourselves to maintain — or even improve — our service, as we go . . .

INTO 1980 WITH GIG GUIDE

Christmas Day

Christmas Day is traditionally the time when everything closes, and you're left to your own devices. It's all down to TV, radio, gluttony and debauchery. You may be lucky enough to find the odd gig here and there — notably in Northern social clubs and, of course, in Scotland. And probably most of these will be discos! In fact, we've only been notified of four live gigs today:

Barnsley Birdwell Club: **Zorro**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **King Sounds & The Israelites**
Leicester Braunstone Victoria Club: **Strange Days**
London Oxford St. Studio 21: **All-Star Jam Session with members of Thin Lizzy/The Sex Pistols/Generation X/The Banshees/The Lydon Family**

Boxing Day

Another quiet day, but no doubt you'll welcome the opportunity of getting over the excesses of the night before. A limited selection of gigs, but still considerably more than Boxing Day last year:

Barnsley The Londoner: **The Name**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **Brown Sugar**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Blondie**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Black Slate**
Bristol Turntable Club: **15, 16, 17**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Wild Angels**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Val Doonican (for four days)**
Doncaster Askern Spa: **The Classics**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Deadringer**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vye**
Leicester Syston Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Dick Smith Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Ptarmigan**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Queen**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Chevrons**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London N.15 The Fox: **Elvis Presley Tribute**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **The Cimarons**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Southall White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
Manchester Pips: **The Roaring 80's**
Milton Keynes Navigation Inn: **The Russians**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Perth Top Flight Leisure Club: **The Trendies**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanforth The Club: **Zorro**
St Austell Mount Charles Club: **The Rockin' Shades**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**

Thursday 27

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Vardis**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Exclusives**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Dick Smith Band**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **The Rockin' Shades**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Bastille**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Blondie**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Zorkie Twins / Junk Art / Attempted Mustache / The Posers**
London Brixton A Little Bit Ritzy: **Holly & The Italians / Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Dore & Her Back Pocket**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Purple Hearts / The V.I.P.'s / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sore Throat**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry / The Risk**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roy Sundholm / X-Effects**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / Matumbi plus surprise guest act**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Chris Farlowe**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Winston Fergus**
London Shepherds Bush The Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Subs**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Kenny Ball's Christmas Party**
London W.14 The Kensington: **9 Below Zero**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **Interface**
Mansfield Minera Club: **Deadringer**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Reality Band / Johnny Hillyard (for three days)**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perth York House: **Trax**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Major Mustard's Christmas Show**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Caroline Roadshow**
Southampton (Eastleigh) Crown Inn: **Scissor Fits**
Southend Scamps: **Steve Hooker Band**

Friday 28

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Handsworth Regal Theatre: **The Cimarons**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Scotch**
Bournemouth Capone's: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Lambrettas**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Cracked Mirror**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Lillettes**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dorchester Town Hall: **Eye Sight**
Grimsby Barnetby V.H.: **The Classics**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Vardis**
Hornchurch Town Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Major Mustard's Christmas Show**
Liverpool Eric's: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Dalek I**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Soulyard/Icarus**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Hawkwind/The Psychedelic Furs/Andy Dunkley**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull doubling Harrow King's Head: **Spider/Chaps**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **9 Below Zero**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fumble/Charlie Fawn**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Who/The Specials**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Albion Morris Men**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Red Beans & Rice**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Bobby Henry/The Risk**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Esmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Blondie**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Zanathus**
Mont Breton The Londoner: **The Negatives**
New Brighton Grand Hotel: **Dick Smith Band**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **Art Failure**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Flys**
Oldham Saddleworth Civic Hall: **Sic/The Mothmen**
Oldham The Lancashire: **Crafty Avenue**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **The Name**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **The Fans**

Saturday 29

Aylesbury Friars: **Madness**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Spice**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Hoi Polloi**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham The Sydenham: **Matchbox**
Bognor Ocean Bars: **High Flames**
Bournemouth Capone's: **Tours**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Ptarmigan**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Sheer Elegance**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Hurricanes/Bop Street Kids**
Grantham Guildhall: **The Next Band**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Any Trouble**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **The Trendies**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Fans**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool Eric's: **Lew Lewis Reformer/Bad Manners**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Dick Smith Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **9 Below Zero/The Rave**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Hawkwind/The Psychedelic Furs/Andy Dunkley**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Flys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sox**
London Ealing Town Hall: **The Dregs/The Vedettes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Wings/Billy Connolly/Elvis Costello/Rockpile**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Marquee Club: **Live Wire**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Southall White Swan: **El Seven**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hi-Tension**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Spider**
Norwich Tava Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Magic**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham The Test Match: **The Mortals**
Nuneaton Ansley Village Club: **Strange Days**
Oldham Tower Club: **Body**
Penzance The Garden: **Chris Farlowe**
Scunthorpe Baths Ballroom: **The Classics**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **The Name**
Stockton The Teessider: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Asylum**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **Geoff Bodenham/Andy Caven/John Hendley**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday 30

Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Remains**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**

IAN DURY (above) and QUEEN (below) are two of the star acts appearing in the post-Christmas concert series at London's Hammersmith Odeon in aid of the Cambodian relief fund. Queen top on Boxing Day, followed by Dury on December 27 — then come The Who (28) and Wings (29), the latter with a battery of big guests including Elvis Costello and Rockpile.

Bury Radcliffe Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Body**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Blondie**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Boogie Woogie Band with Alexis Korner/Charlie Watts/Jack Bruce etc**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisables (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes**
London Dalston Cubies: **Rico**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limited Company**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Paul Jones & The Blues Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Teenbeats**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Madness/The VI.P.'s**
Maidenhead Alexandra's: **Sledgehammer**
Maidstone Royal Albion (lunchtime): **Isis**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Split Screens**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Alan Bell's Own Music Hall**
Shildon Club & Institute: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Wallsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Weymouth Gloucester Bars (lunchtime): **The Martian Schoolgirls**

New Year's Eve

As was the case with Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve falls on a Monday this year, which means that celebrations aren't quite as vociferous as usual — at any rate, in terms of gigs. In any case, it's really a night for making your own whoopee. But if you need any help, we've got together a few gigs to help you see in 1980.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Blackpool Horseshoe Bar: **Spice**
Bournemouth Westover Rowing Club: **Eye Sight**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Blondie**
Grimsby Gas Club: **The Classics**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Deadringer**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **King Sounds & The Israelites**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Side Effect**
Lincoln Hykeham Social Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Dick Smith Band**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Selecter**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Adam & The Ants / Cyanide / Black Arabs / English Subtitles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blues Band / 9 Below Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Rackets**
London Marquee Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer / The Little Roosters / The Stickers**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Urchin**
Ruabon Plas Madoc Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (for four days)**
Wolverhampton Park Hall Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**

New Year's Day

Recovery Day! And really, spending most of the time in bed is virtually all there is to do on what is probably the year's most boring day. Even gigs are at a premium for at least another week. And we weren't helped by the fact that a lot of people couldn't bother, before Christmas, to notify us of their January gigs.

Bamber Bridge Pear Tree: **Dick Smith Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: **Matchbox**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Blondie**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Spredthick**
London Camden Brecknock: **First Aid**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **One Hand Clapping**
London Old Kent Road. Thomas A' Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
Rotherham Trades Club: **Strange Days**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday 2

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Kay Russell's Folk Night**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Blondie**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Sundholm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blood Donor**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lonesome No More**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
Manchester The Phoenix: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Swinton The Tow Path: **The Classics**
West Kirby Concourse: **Pieces of Glass**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Joe Stevens

MONDAY (24): Bottom Line — **Lou Reed** (three days); My Father's Place — **Fred Locks**; Sweet Basil — **Charley Newbanks**; Raleigh Hotel — **Eliza Kashi**; TR3 — **Lydia Lunch's 2-Eyed Spy**; Max's Kansas City — **Vengeance.**

TUESDAY (25): Village Vanguard — **Dexter Gordon** (six days); Sweet Basil — **Slide Hampton** (five days); Max's Kansas City — **Von Lmo/Science/Panic Squad**; Ones — **Live Reggae.**

WEDNESDAY (26): Max's Kansas City — **Hooks/The 80's**; Majestic — **Bette Midler** (seven days); Diamond Jays — **Betty Carter**; Other End — **The Persuasions** (six days); Showplace — **TV Toys**; Rockpile — **Filthy Dog.**

THURSDAY (27): Max's Kansas City — **The Rattlers/The Normals/The Coolies**; Kutshners Hotel — **Lionel Hampton**; Resorts International — **Dolly Parton** (two days); Red Rail — **Aztec Two Step**; TR3 — **The Stimulators.**

FRIDAY (28): Heat — **Johnny Thunders' Gangwar** (two days); Soundscape — **James Blood Ulmer**; Hurrah — **Fleshtones/Raybeats**; South St Theatre — **Doc Miracle** (six days); TR3 — **The Rockefellers**; Max's Kansas City — **The Billies/The Scruffs/The Splits**; Beacon — **Sonny Till & The Oricles/The Drifters/The Coasters/The Shirelles-/Chuck Jackson.**

SATURDAY (29): Agricultural Hall — **Millie Jackson**; Hurrah — **Tinapeel/B-Girls**; Max's Kansas City — **Ronnie & The Jitters/Cheap Perfume**; TR3 — **The Mod Set.**

SUNDAY (30): TR3 — **DNA/L.I. Whore**; Max's Kansas City — **Crayola.**

MONDAY (31): Hurrah — **The Slits**; Palladium — **The Ramones/Alda Reserve/Rock 'n' Roll High School**; My Father's Place — **Robert Gordon**; Fast Lane — **David Johansen**; Capitol — **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes**; Fat Tuesday's — **Dizzy Gillespie** (five days); TR3 — **The Senders**; Max's Kansas City — **Brenda Real Tones**; Bottom Line — **Garland Jeffreys**; Sweet Basil — **Lou Donaldson**; Nassau Coliseum — **The Allman Brothers.**

TUESDAY (1): Ones — **Monyaka**; Maxwells — **The Inebriations.**

WEDNESDAY (2): Max's Kansas City — **New Riders Of The Purple Sage/The Blessed/Forest Large.**

THURSDAY (3): Max's Kansas City — **The Speedies.**

FRIDAY (4): Town Hall — **Don McLean-/Carolyne Mas/John Hammond/Avis Davis & Joy Rider.**

SATURDAY (5): Hurrah — **Single Bullet Theory**; Bijou — **Tom Scott.**

SUNDAY (6): CBGB's — **Woman's Tango Lesson**; Slugger Ann's — **Meatball Mamma.**

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday December 20th *Closed for private function*	Tuesday 25th & Wednesday 26th CLOSED
Friday December 21st 75p **MEDIUM MEDIUM**	Thursday December 27th £1 **PINPOINT**
Saturday December 22nd £1 **TOURS**	Friday December 28th £1 **LIMOUSINE**
Sunday December 23rd £1 **RED BEANS & RICE**	Saturday December 29th £1 **THE UNTOUCHABLES**
Monday December 24th £1 **THE CLEANERS**	Sunday December 30th £1 **FATAL MICROBES**

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned

SECURITY RISK
THE SATELLITES

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

SATURDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (inc.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday December 20th 60p *** ROLL UPS *** Album Release day "Low Dives for Highballs"	Thursday December 27th 50p **TOUR DE FORCE** + NEVER NEVER BAND
Friday December 21st 60p **THE QUADS** + Prime Moves	Friday December 28th 70p **JACKIE LYNTON BAND**
Saturday December 22nd 70p **JACKIE LYNTON BAND**	Saturday December 29th 60p **THE ATTACK** Featuring Steve Waller of Manfred Mann's Earth Band
Sunday December 23rd 60p **TERMINAL SNACK BLUES BAND**	Sunday December 30th 50p **SPECIAL BRANCH** + Idol Rich
Monday December 24th £1 (open till 12.00) **NASHVILLE TEENS** + SUPPORT	Monday December 31st £1 (New Year's Eve) (open till 12.30) *** ROLL UPS *** *+ Top Band & many other surprises*
Wednesday December 26th 80p (open till 12.00) **All Star Jam —** *Jerry MacAvoy, Lea Hart, Paul Jones, Chris Thompson + all our other favourites*	Tuesday January 1st 60p (New Year's Day) **DOGWATCH**
	Wednesday January 2nd 50p **WASTED YOUTH**
	Thursday January 3rd 50p **EMBRYO** + The Voyeurs

THE GREYHOUND
Fulham Palace Road

Thursday December 29th	**CONTAINERS** + Misspent Youth	50p
Friday December 21st	**CAROL GRIMES SWEET F.A.** + Hand Clapping	£1
Sunday December 23rd	**TEENBEATS** + Missing Persons	£1
Monday December 24th	**TREMELOES** + DAVE DEE, DOZEY, BEAKY, MICK & TITCH	£2
Wednesday December 26th	**THE DIRECTIONS** + **THE SOUNDS**	£1
Thursday December 27th	**THE TINS** + The Agents	50p
Friday December 28th	**The Q-tips** (Streetband)	75p
Saturday December 29th	**MERGER**	£1
Sunday December 30th	**SOX** + Never Never Band	75p
Monday December 31st	(New Year's Eve) **MATCHBOX**	£1.50
Tuesday January 1st	**STA-PREST** + BODY SNATCHERS	£1
Wednesday January 2nd	**LONESOME NO MORE**	50p

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday 19th Dec. £3.00
MERGER
+ The Electrotunes

Thursday 20th-Friday 21st Dec. £3.75
TAJ MAHAL

Saturday 22nd Dec. £3.75
HI TENSION

Sunday 23rd Dec. £3.00
RICHARD DIGANCE

Monday 24th Dec. £3.00
MATUMBI

Friday 28th Dec. £3.25
KOKOMO
+ The Dukes

Monday 31st Dec £5.00
NEW YE R'S EVE P
in aid of M Sclerosis Res with
SEC AFFAIR
cial guests
SOLD OUT
(Limited num er of tickets available by personal application from the Venue only)

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday 20th December
THE LEMMINGS

Friday 21st December
FAST EXIT

Saturday 22nd December
ONE EYED JACKS

Sunday 23rd December
COLD SHOULDER BAND

Monday 24th December
SNOOPS

Thursday 27th December
CLIENTELLE

Friday 28th December
CANIS MAJOR

Saturday 29th December
MOONWALKERS

Sunday 30th December
STEPPING OUT

Monday 31st December
SKIN FLICKS

In New York City C.B.G.B. and O.M.F.U.G.

THE BIG FAT TET CLANS
Thurs, Fri, Sat, December 20th, 21st, 22nd
+ Guest groups, *including* —
Urban Blight, The Go, The Cheaters, John King & The Cats, Multiple Exposure, Paper Men & Tiger Beats

JOHN CALE
Thurs, Fri, Sat, Mon, December 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st
+ The Colors, Leisure Units, The The

Band enquiries 212 982 4052

THAT BRIGHTON BLUE BEAT

SECOND NATURE

Wed 19th Dec, Stapleton Arms, Crouch End
Fri 21st Dec, Moonlight, West Hampstead
Sat 22nd Dec, Concorde, Brighton

Brighton Beat 0273 690223

To Advertise Ring 01 261 6153

Please phone before setting out & check but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE DANCE BAND
FRI DEC 21st • £2·50 • Outfit masterminded by Lou Stonebridge and including Rob Townshend on drums + the RUMOUR's brass section. Even the name is right!!

TOUR DE FORCE
SAT. DEC 22ND • £2·50 • "...music that carves an exhilarating niche between light and heavy entertainment." wrote N.M.E.

SUN. 23RD, thru to WED 26th. CLOSED FOR XMAS!

THE METHOD
THU. DEC 27th • £1·75 • Highly recommended.

FUMBLE
FRI. DEC. 28 £2·25 • Wurlitzer Rock'n' Roll. Recommended.

SOX
SAT 29 • £2·25 SOUL/FONK Band and so good they could be American.

KEVIN ARMSTRONG'S LOCAL HEROES
SUN. DEC. 30th.

ROCKGARDEN NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH
THE BLUES BAND
+ NINE BELOW ZERO + 60's DISCO!
7·30 till 3 A.M. ALL INC. PRICE WITH 3 COURSE MEAL. 6GNS ON NIGHT. 5GNS IN ADVANCE!

LONG TALL SHORTY
TUES. 1st JAN. £1·50. MOD RULE O.K!

BLOOD DONOR
WED. 2ND JAN. £1·50 • + SUPPORT.

VALENTINES
THU 3RD • + RICKY & THE PREFECTS

The Doors open 8·45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7·30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 8·30 A.M. till last orders at 11·45 P.M. Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station). PHONE: 240·3961

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB
Archway Rd., N6
Opp Highgate Tube

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
8 pm

SOULYARD
BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS
SPLODGENESSABOUNDS
+ Disco

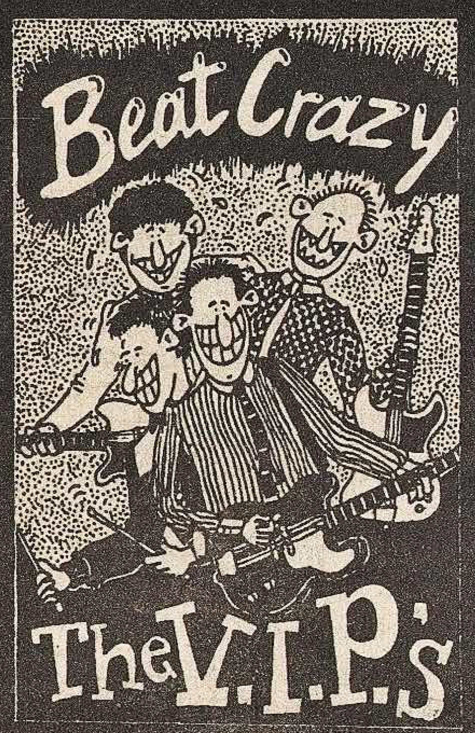
Adm Members £1.50
Non Members £2.

CAXTON HOUSE
St John's Way, Archway

I.C.A.C. Benefit

CHARGE
+ OXY
+ THE MORONS

December 31st
Adm £1, 50p unwaged



"THAT SENSIBLE SOUND" ON TOUR IN DEC *with* **Madness**

V.I.P.'s
appearing at-
The Electric Ballroom December 27th
(with Purple Hearts)
Apologies to all who turned up at Woolwich just another cock-up! We are not at the Rainbow on 22nd — *ring us for refunds.*
Management 01-858 8892/5
Agency: Nimocho 01-581 0978

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday, December 22nd, 7.30 pm
The Friars Aylesbury Christmas Party

XTC
+ Roger Ruskin Spear & His Giant Kinectic Wardrobe
+ **Random Hold**
A.C. Sound and Vision
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Unfortunately no tickets will be available at door on the night
"He make you glowing He bake you golden like the Yanste mud"
A pleuseirable Ule-Tide to Friars members everywhere

SPEEDBALL
LONG TALL SHORTY
EDDIE STEADY GO
AT THE
TRAFALGAR 50p
SHEPHERDS BUSH SHOPPING PRECINCT
(Opp. Tube)
THURS. 20th DEC.

'Vaultage 79' One Stop Tour
with ***The Chefs, Ijax All Stars.***
at The Moonlight Club
Saturday January 5th

★ Catch them on the album available thru Rough Trade and other good record shops ★

ATTRIX RECORDS,
3 Sydney Street, Brighton.

AGENCY: Brighton Beat 608941/690223.

PTARMIGAN

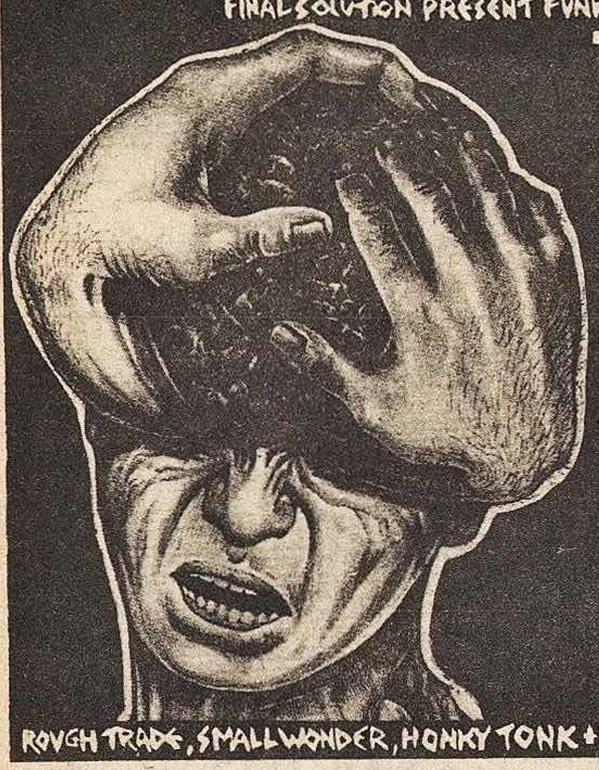
Say *"Thanks For A Good Year"* To All Those Who've Supported Us; Help Us Finish It Off Completely At

THE JOHN PEEL, GOSPORT, Fri Dec 21st
THE RED LION, WATFORD, Sat Dec 22nd
THE BRECKNOCK, CAMDEN, BOXING DAY
THE PINECLIFF BARS, BOURNEMOUTH, Sat Dec 29th

"THESE GUYS HAVE ALL THE PRESENCE THEY NEED"
— SANTA CLAUS
(Enquiries Emsworth 3537)

LIVE PAGE

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT FUNKY, FESTIVE FROLICS WITH



THIS HEAT

SCALA CINEMA, 25 TOTTENHAM ST. W1
DEC 20, COUNTERFEIT – LESLEY EVANS
THIS HEAT · THE PEOPLE IN CONTROL
DEC 21, GIRL CHEWING GUM – JOHN SMITH
THIS HEAT · THE PEOPLE IN CONTROL
PLUS, BOTH NIGHTS, DEMENCIA
BOTH NIGHTS BEGIN AT 10.30PM
TICKETS £2.00 FROM THE SCALA (TEL 637 9309), THE SHOPS LISTED BELOW OR ON THE NIGHT

THROBBING GRISTLE

SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL LONDON
3.00 PM, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23RD
LOCATION DETAILS ON THE TICKETS, AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE ONLY PRICE £1.50 AT SHOPS
ROUGH TRADE, SMALL WONDER, HONKY TONK + LUIGI AND THE BOYS (HANWAY ST. W1)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PURPLE HEARTS

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

THE V.I.P'S

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
THURSDAY 27th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5088

SINGLE

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B/W CADILLAC
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MADCAP presents
IN ASSOCIATION WITH RAM CUP MANAGEMENT

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TIM BUCKLEY

From page 38

Falsia insisted that Buckley wasn't a heavy drug user at all and the evidence suggests that this is true. He *was* becoming a chronic drinker but his death was not an inevitable rock'n'roll tragedy like Gram Parsons' or Janis Joplin's. He had no morbid death wish and no romantic image of himself to support. Any idea that he was a doomed genius operating beyond the pales of normal expectation is refuted by the facts.

Buckley's road manager The Bear had strong feelings about Tim's demise, an emotion which Joe Stevens bears out.

"We felt angry that the kid had been cheated. In a way you sensed his frailty; he wasn't a big stong guy. He had the aura of permanent youth on him but no death wish, no. He was too precious."

The Bear felt that there was something ordained for Buckley beyond his control, that he couldn't last. It wasn't a feeling he cared to articulate but it was something he sensed very strongly, like a deep dread. Barry 'The Bear' Schultz died himself this year, a victim of cancer in upstate New York.

When Buckley visited England for the last time, six months before his death, DiscReet organised a party in a posh West End niterie. The press were there, Stevens too. Soon as Buckley sees Joey he goes nuts, leaping about and yelling, "Joey Stevens! Jesus, what are you some kind of limey now?" Buckley grabbed Stevens and dragged him away into the lunchtime traffic, leaving the reception, photographers and all, in a less than even temper. Stevens took Buckley home to rap about old times, sink some of that good bourbon and meet up with his girl (Kate Simon). Later that day the record company called Stevens in angry tones. Had he kidnapped their client? . . .

Buckley spoke in loving terms of his family, his stepson Taylor and Larry Beckett, who he always had good words for. He refused an Turkish Taffy but was fully absorbed into his Jack Danny.

It had been the same story at Knebworth, where exotic hashish was passed around the Buckley caravan and always refused by Tim. He spent his evenings with Stevens and Kate and they'd go out and paint the town red. Buckley seldom ate but he drank, used to try and beat the tab with a quick exit but never had the nerve. Late at night his mind turned to women and you could find him curled under the TV murmuring sweet nothings to whoever; the girls always fell for his amorous politesse and those sexy pleasantries.

The last time Stevens saw Buckley he was leaving his house with Art Johnson, the crippled guitarist swaying on crutches, both shouting and yelling, staggering and singing at the early morning light.

SINCE BUCKLEY died without a record company his passing was mourned by those who knew but pretty well ignored otherwise. It was no big deal.

Herb Cohen has consistently refused to acknowledge the existence of any unreleased material but it's a solid fact that no artist goes for nine years (and makes as many records) without someone somewhere recording him off the mixer, or in a club, or anywhere.

The Bear had tapes of Tim singing his heart out and playing that twelve-string down in Hole Hog. He mailed the reels someplace and they never showed up.

There was a black irony in Buckley's death, a quirk of fate that had become typical of his wretched limbo. Though all his writing projects had remained on the shelf, unpublished, he had been offered the starring role in a film version of Woodie Guthrie's life, playing the itinerant singer for Hal Ashby's *Bound For Glory*. Had Buckley made the transition, he would have been financially secure for the first time since his late-teens, the days when he could appear in *The Monkees* as a 'guest-star', and the girls swooned.

Bound For Glory was his only escape route. Roger McGuinn and Jacques Levy had once had Buckley in mind for the lead role in their adaptation of the musical *Peer Gynt,* which they'd re-ramed *Gene Tryp;* McGuinn iced the idea after making 'Untitled' with the '70 Byrds. 'Chestnut Mare' and 'Lovers Of The Bayou' were two songs that survived the session, but there was no return call for Tim (who'd once intimated that he played on The Byrds' first album, a claim McGuinn refutes).

For a variety of reasons Buckley spent his last three years drifting in and out of a psychological mine-field that was barbed with depression, self-loathing and chronic artistic insecurity. To earn any kind of living he was committed to playing the business game, to making records that the Straight/discreet organisations would OK from a commercial angle.

Buckley despised the limitations of the format he'd been coerced into. The sexual drive of his material fired the sessions with a certain vicarious energy but deep inside, Buckley's range of five and half octaves struggled for air.

In 1974 Buckley wrote an extraordinary 'story-letter' to Underwood where he bared his soul with a frightening honesty. "You are what you are, you know what you are, and there are no words for lineliness, black, bitter, aching loneliness, that gnaws the roots of silence in the night. . .

"There has been life enough, and power, grandeur, joy enough, and there has been beauty enough, and God knows, there has been squalor and filth and misery and madness and despair enough; murder and cruelty and hate enough, and lineliness enough to fill your bowels with the substance of grey horror, and to crust your lips with its hard and acrid taste of isolation."

To Buckley the past was now "a dark time. . . feeding like a vulture on our entrails, and we know that we are lost, and cannot stir."

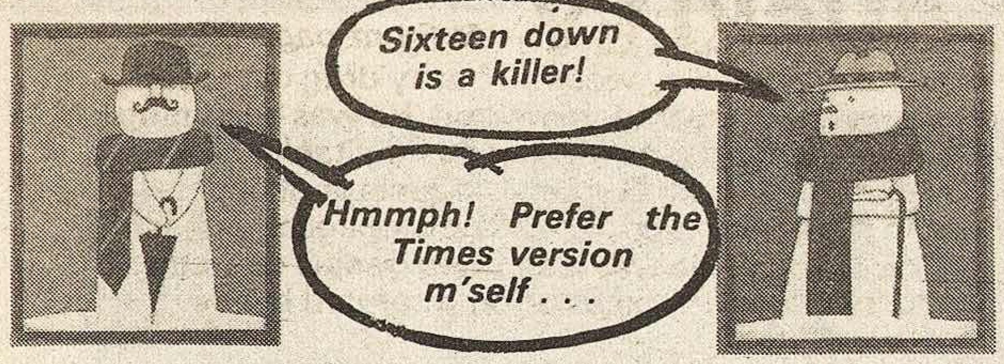
IT'S DIFFICULT to full understand the creative spark that triggers a charge like Tim Buckley had in his throat, to hear the music that played in his head, to separate the myth from the romance, and the role from the reality. His short time really *was* gorged on an excess of. . . everything except lasting success. But that's life.

And death was everything he'd feared, until he uttered his last words to Judy, just "Bye bye baby" and goodbye.

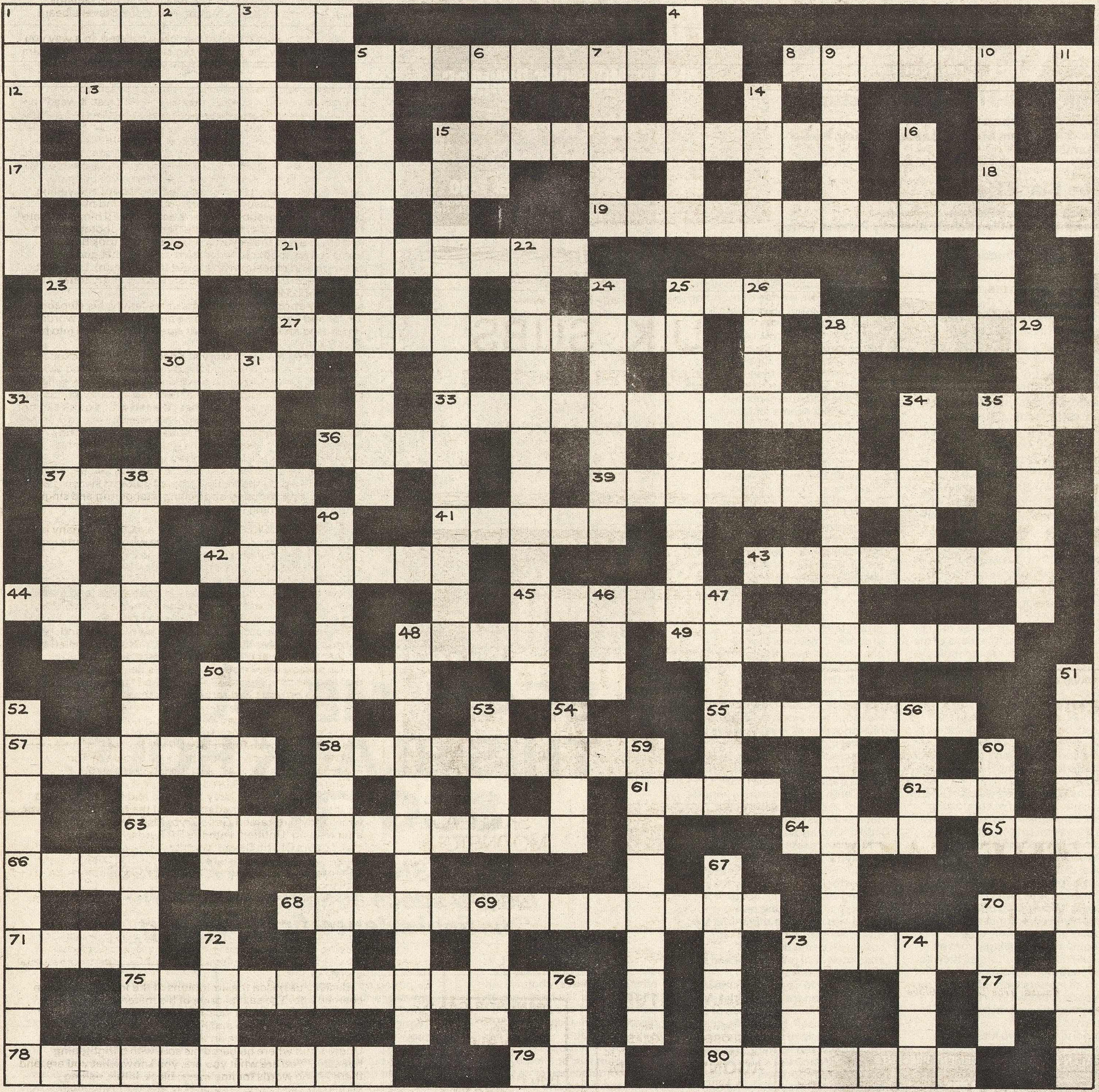
Tim Buckley died owning nothing except a guitar and an amplifier; all his assets had gone to creditors, to the good life and the high times. Maybe he kept the best secrets inside, perhaps he never did reveal his full and transcendental self to the world even when it was watching.

Now, when you can only listen, you know that if he'd lived long enough he could have been champ. But what a hell. . . that voice was his, that sould was his and there's no one to judge him anymore, no one who can decry those massive achievements.

The song of the siren is breaking on the surf, lapping around the rocks, and there are always those places. The places that his voice can go.



X-MAS NME X-PRESSWORD



ACROSS
1 Mix up over an ELO single!
5 Prep duel EP (anag. 2 words).
8 A class pie for no ordinary band!
12 Motown veteran who cut original 'I Heard It Thru The Grapevine' (6,4).
15 Just aspired to form an H.M. outfit! (5,6)
17 '60s New York group led by John Sebastian (5,8)
18 They're here loudly!
19 Monkees chart-topper covered by Robert Wyatt in 1974 (2,1,8)
20 Curtis Mayfield's old group
23 Plus four plus two = '60s beat combo.
25 Black Sabbath's heart is in pop!
27 Celtic apron (anag. 2 words)
28 & 70 down. Does Nick Lowe call him dad, daddy, pa or pops?
30 & 43 Wings best-seller (4,2,3,3)
32 Janis Joplin's last album, also title of upcoming bio-flick
33 Mavis Ronnor rearranged! (3,8)
35 Bit of West Indian in Dubai!
36 Cryptic City: She takes the end off a joint, then turns back!
37 & 64. A brute, my way (anag. 2 words)
39 R&B vet who had a '79 disco hit with 'Contact' (5,5)
41 David, chief wimp of Bread
42 Tap rift in Quo — get Rick!
43 See 30.
44 ----- & Gordon was a '60s pop duo which used to feature Linda Ronstadt's producer.
45 First name of 'OK Fred' singer.
48 See 6.
49 Original recorder of Mod classic 'The In-Crowd' (5,4)
50 See 67
55 Chas & Dave's cockney charter.
57 The DIY man? (3,4)
58 Singer with 8 across (5,4)
61 Duke of . . . . .
62 ELO transformation?
63 Former Genesis guitarist (5,7)
64 See 37
65 Cute title for a Streisand LP!
66 TV comedy import starring Hawkeye and Hotlips (1,1,1,1).
68 Slit close love (anag. 2 words)
70 Kraut-rock kombo.
71 The Ayatollah Thatcher's favourite colour?
73 Patti Smurf's label
75 Birmingham-born musician who started his career as a teen prodigy with the Spencer Davis Group (5,7)
77 Ask about the 2-Tone sound!
78 Her big hit was 'It's In His Kiss', in summer '75 (5,5).
79 Oh man, hey, it's a Kate Bush hit . . . amazing!
80 See 46.

DOWN
1 Nothing simple 'bout Numan the Human!
2 Second hit 45 from 'Eat To The Beat' (5,4,4)
3 Aka James Jewel Osterberg (4,3)
4 First name of 'I Will Survive' survivor.
5 Brother of Brian and Carl (6,6).
6 & 48 across Middle-aged US greaseball who wrote the words to 'My Way'.
7 Cryptic Reprise: Diana Ross and I enlist with Status Quo!
9 Ms Smurf.
10 Jon, Ian or Viv (for England).
11 & 34 Former Free, current Bad Company drummer.
13 B. Holly oldie (4,2).
14 Who or Buzzcock?
15 Rock Follies actress who hit No 1 with a Tim Rice and Andrew Middle-Class composition (5,9).
16 Stiff star / Or the uncomfortable result of sleeping around!
21 Loopy Lou the Prince of Ponce
22 Early Damned 45 / Or the favourite tune of a fastidious Mod? (4,4,4)
23 Don't ensure this formation!
24 3 down's old band
25 US singer / writer whose hits include 'Lonely Boy' and 'Never Let Her Slip Away' (6,4)
26 Instrument, fish or beer?
28 Saturday Night TV Person (5,6-6)
29 From 1971, Elton John's first hit 45 (4,4).
31 Siouxsie surrogate, from Deutschland via a hedge backwards! (4,5)
34 See 11.
38 By Presley and Perkins, an all-time r'n'r classic (4,5,5).
40 The Clash boasting 'bout their criminal records? (1,6,3,3)
46 & 80 Tots drawer (anag. 2 words).
47 David Bowie paying for his keep?
48 What makes 68 across such a winning personality!?
50 Alexis of the Deep Throat.
51 See 73 down.
52 Anita Ward's disco biggie (4,2,4).
53 Gallagher's oppo's a real sweetie!
54 Speedy indie!
56 & 60 Lee Dorsey oldie goes down a storm at the Mosque disco.
59 Reggae producer aka Scratch aka The Upsetter (3,5).
60 See 56.
67 & 50 across Honoured (!) lady soul singer.
69 Paul Pistol.
70 See 28 across.
72 Madeline or Thom.
73 & 51 An LA engine thing (anag. 2 words).
74 Jerk who believes his / her own publicity!
76 Like Summer and Streisand, Peaches and Herb, Peters and Lee, Pinky and Perky . . .

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS:
ACROSS: 4 'Tears Of A Clown'; 9 Lemmy; 10 Pete Shelley; 11 Rio; 12 Lee (Brilleaux); 13 'God Save (The Queen)'; 15 Roman (Polanski); 16 Rod Argent; 17 Oboes; 18 Kenny; 20 'Grease'; 21 Candi (Staton); 23 'Woodstock'; 26 '(God Save) The Queen'; 27 Rocket; 28 (J.J.) Burnel.
DOWN: 1 Ace; 2 'I Only Want To Be With You'; 3 Judy Collins; 5 'Another Brick In The (Wall)'; 6 'She's So Modern'; 7 Foreigner; 8 'No More Heroes'; 10 (Roman) Polanski; 14 Dr Feelgood; 18 Ry Cooder; 21 (June) Carter; 22 '(Time For) Action'; 24 June (Carter); 25 '(Another Brick In The) Wall'.

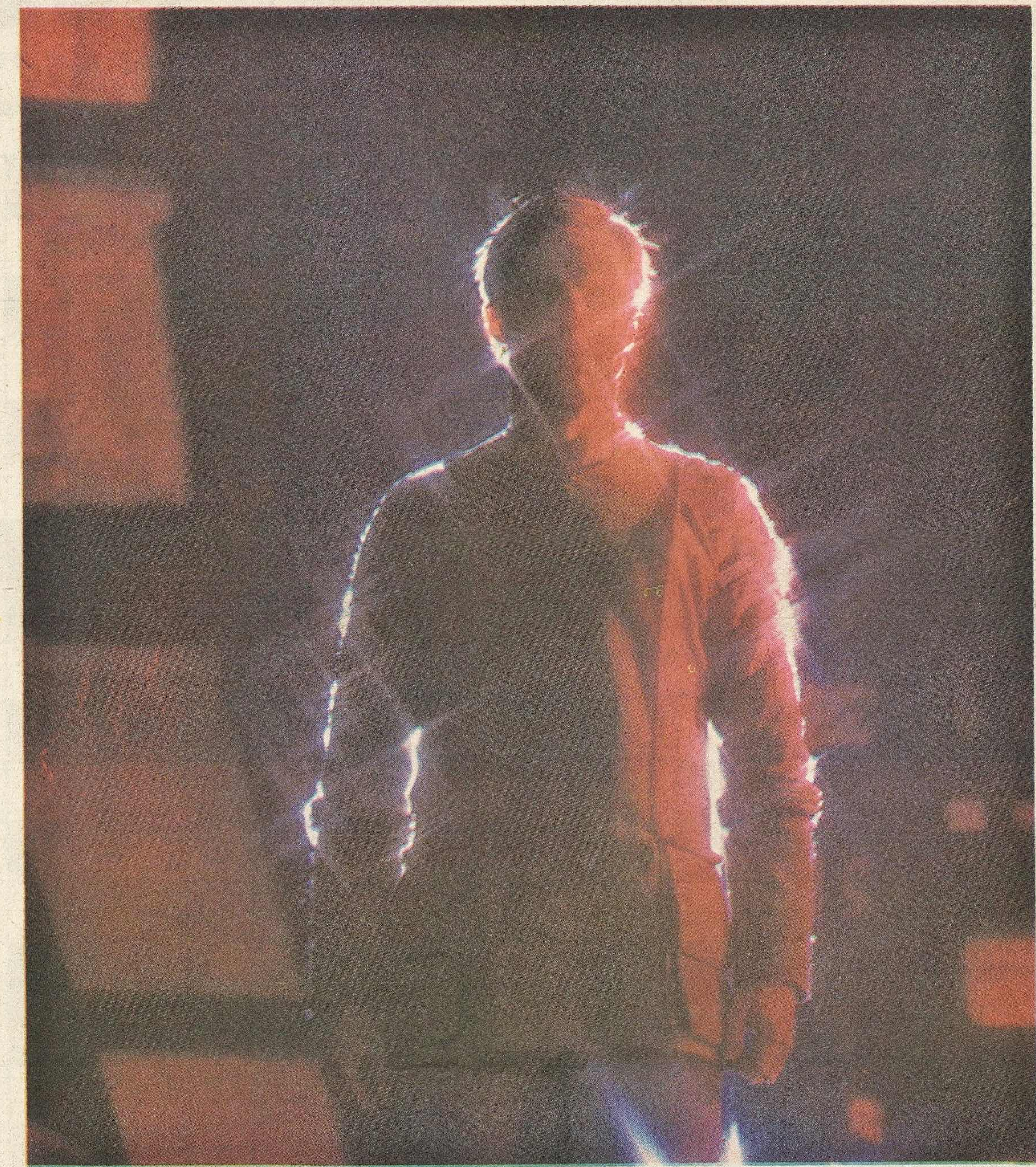
Silver Screen Special

Star Trek: The Motion Picture

Directed by Robert Wise
Starring William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Persis Khambatta
(CIC)

The Black Hole

Directed by Gary Nelson
Starring Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Ernest Borgnine
(Walt Disney Productions)



"This is your new captain speaking — and I don't think you've quite got the gist of that teleporter, Scottie . . ."

BEAM ME OUT OF THIS BLACK HOLE, SCOTTIE . . .

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY adjusts his 3-D specs and susses out the '70s final science-fictional fling

THE grand interstellar dogfight for the Christmas bonus has begun. Phasers set to stun, Walt Disney and Paramount are duelling for dollars. Across that patented wonders-of-deep-space backdrop, this year's contestants are *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* and *The Black Hole.* What would have been a potentially fascinating tag-match if *Superman 2* and *The Empire Strikes Back* (the George Lucas-less sequel to *Star Wars,* which launched this current cycle two-and-a-half years ago) had actually been completed and released is now definitely a lightweight bout.

It becomes an increasingly academic point to make in this context, but — with a couple of exceptions — all the big SF movies are little more than the ideas of the '30s depicted with the technology of the '70s. *Superman: The Movie* had the most charm (and Glen Larson's repugnant *Battlestar Galactica* and *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* definitely had the least), but only Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and Ridley Scott's *Alien* made any serious attempts to buck the odds.

Close Encounters was wet liberal bullshit: a mound of comforting goo. Its premise was as seductive as it was basically dishonest: human beings find it virtually impossible to surmount trivial tribal distinctions in order to coexist peacefully and positively with each other, which would render it somewhat unlikely that they could communicate as beautifully, as simply and as eloquently with beings from a totally different culture as they do in Spielberg's epiphany.

In all matters technological, I am an early primitive; my belief is permanently suspended head down in a tank of blood-temperature liquid. I can believe in any damn gadget that any hack fantasist can skull up for my benefit: all that I require is that the beings who operate and are affected by said gadget achieve a status and depth greater than simply that of pawn shuffled from square to square (or from cruiser to shuttle) at the behest of the scenarist and/or director.

The population of the Nostromo in Ridley Scott's *Alien* bear a laudable resemblance to actual human beings (i.e. they're mostly boring and/or irritating) but the plot unfortunately bore an equally strong similarity to the andiluvian 'haunted house' scenario: there's a horrid THINGIE loose! Where will it strike next? *Alien* had H R Giger's marvellous monster which (until it grew up, anyway) was startlingly reminiscent of the baby in *Eraserhead,* and one wondered idly how Kirk, Spock and the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise would've dealt with such an apparition on their hallowed, antiseptic decks. The answer is elementary, my dear Bones: in *Star Trek* Spock would've made certain that the horrid THINGIE never got on board in the first place. Total screen time: five minutes, maximum.

One touch in *Alien* would've worked positive wonders in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture,* though. Quite early on, we see a computer terminal printout screen with the usual lights and controls; parked right next to it is a grimy, stale coffee-cup. Though one presumes that the crew of the Enterprise also consume food and beverages, they maintain an unnatural tidiness with regard to both premises and persons that seems far less credible than their unfailing heroism. (Couldn't we at least see someone cleaning up the bridge now and then?)

And do they ever have an opportunity to display said heroism! A gigantic THINGIE — powerful enough to take out three Klingon vessels and a Federation space station without even breaking wind — appears heading for Earth and by some amazing coincidence, the Enterprise is the only craft capable of damn well steaming in and sorting the THINGIE out. Kirk, by now promoted to Admiral and grounded, resumes his old command — even though the Enterprise has been extensively rebuilt, thereby providing simultaneous excuses for brand-new expensive sets and weapons and a *new* set of stills and blueprints for all loyal Trekkies to purchase *mach schnell* — and displaces the new captain, Decker (played by Stephen Collins, a man with a Captain America face apparently sculpted from a knuckle of ham, thereby making him a natural for American Hero roles in kiddie films and teleplays.)

Kirk also reassembles his old crew, who have a splendid opportunity to redo all their best 'character bits' and display their moving cameraderie, not to mention their exciting new hairpieces. All the old faithfuls are there: Scottie (James Doohan) comes off worst due to an absolutely foul moustache and the fact that Kirk never gets an opportunity to say, "Beam me up, Scottie". Leonard Nimoy makes a meal of his return to the role of Old Big Ears himself, melting from freezing deadpan to chucklesome 'humanity' with fetching coyness.

Persis Khambatta's Lieutenant Ilia is the only addition to the cast apart from Decker (she's the one with the Isaac Hayes hair-do) and the script turns her into a robot fairly early in the game, so she is not required to perform the difficult task of impersonating a human for any noticeable length of time. Anyway, she's a Deltan and they talk well deadpan and are supposed to be incredibly attractive, so that's that.

The crew journey towards the secret of the THINGIE in a blaze of pulp metaphysics and special effects. In the visual arms race, *Star Trek* currently leads all the competition by six vortices and two journeys through warp space. At the end, two of the characters become One With The Universe (whispers of *"That* creep?" from various areas of the theatre) and Kirk commandeers the Enterprise with an open ending that means that we'll be seeing *lots'n' lots'n' lots* of sequels if the financial climate is right.

Because of its 'A' certificate, monstrous budget and respectable cast, *The Black Hole* demands more serious attention than the standard Disney fare, but regrettably it does not justify these demands. The Disney special effects crew have laboured long and hard over the hardware and technology of this film, and devotees of hi-tech cinema will — quite reasonably — enjoy *The Black Hole* for those factors alone, but my fun was spoiled by the nasty complacency of its Middle American vision and the unremitting cutesiness of the characterisation.

The crew of the Palomino — the protagonist-vessel of *The Black Hole* — include Yvette Mimieux as a Nice Person, Ernest Borgnine as a journalist (he turns out to be Not A Nice Person and therefore comes to a sticky end), Anthony Perkins as a twitching neurotic scientist (ditto) and Robert Foster and Joseph Bottoms as a pair of American Heroes. They also have a cute little robot, who looks endearing and funny but is much smarter and tougher than the villain's robots. Natcho!

The villain in question is Foreign. He has A Beard, Nasty Plans and is played by Maximilian Schell for full Teutonic menace. He also comes to a sticky end. None of this *Star Trek* bleeding-heart liberalism where our heroes are drawn from a variety of races and cultures. This is a Disney movie — good, clean fun with no messages, something you can safely take the kids to — and therefore foreigners are villains and Americans are heroes. Except — that is — for traitors and self-servers. Even the 'obsolete' robot encountered by the Palomino's mechanoid and speedily enlisted on the side of The Good Guys speaks with a Tennessee accent. Gawdam, we know who the good guys are, Hiram!

The trouble is this: *we* are the kids, and now *we* decide what we take ourselves.

Star Trek maintains its good-vibe quotient by not even *having* a villain. The THINGIE is dangerous, but morally neutral. The most sinister character in the whole operation is Spock, newly returned from Vulcan with his ultimate loyalty in doubt.

The crew of the Enterprise, pluralistic though they be, ride roughshod over racial and emotional issues. Much is made of Spock's 'half-human' heritage, but in this context 'human' means American. It is implied that a mixed racial heritage — which 'half' will win? — is a matter reducible to equations. 'Heritage' is a far more confused and confusing issue than that, even in deep space.

Both films dabble in pulp metaphysics — 'The Force', anyone? — but for sheer absurdity the Disney film wins out by literally sending the Good Guys to heaven and the Bad Guy to hell. Visually, the sequence bears an undeniable power — it's straight out of *Fantasia,* for a start — that whacks the shit out of *Star Trek's* more mealy-mouthed finale, but morally it's unbelievably simplistic and far 'worse' for the children for whom it is intended than films which suggest that Americanism and instant moral superiority are not necessarily congruent concepts. This is what is meant by films which contain 'no message': their 'message' is indistinguishable from the majority value system and is thereby invisible. The only things recognisable as 'messages' are suggestions that other value systems exist and they are deemed suspect.

So are we receiving a transmission from outside our value system, Spock?

No, Captain, we are not.

Star Trek has both a superior value system (at least it's liberal and pluralistic even if it does fit into mainstream Americana) and the best visual (not to mention a couple of actual *characters* in the shape of Nimoy's Spock and DeForest Kelley's Bones McCoy), but it's little more than a giant game of Space Invaders where you rely on others to press the buttons. *The Black Hole* honours no-one but its gadgeteers.

Time is running out, gentlemen. Our boffins can build anything that the human brain can imagine and describe. Why, then, is the human brain imagining such massive mundanities?

For the first time, the hardware of the SF movies doesn't look cheap, silly and transparent. However, the plots these days do.

The trouble with *Star Trek* — and

The Black Hole: exploding robots auditioning for an instant potato ad.

indeed with most pulp SF — is that the SF is limited to the context rather than the content. It's still little more than *Wagon Train* in space.

Star Trek is fun, in its way: there is a cosy familiarity in the presence of the old faithfuls, but the only challenge and innovation is technical. SF is a genre dependent on challenge and innovations, but you'd never know it from these two films. They numb us with their blandness while they blind us with science.

Star Trek: The Motion Picture and *The Black Hole* are the last SF films of the '70s. We're going into the future for real now, and we need all the theories and advice we can get. *Star Trek* blandly assumes that all the problems we face now have been solved by the time that the action takes place, which is an infinitely preferable attitude to that of *The Black Hole,* which blandly assumes that they never existed in the first place.

And — of course — in Walt Disney films they never did. Consistent if not logical Captain. We need an SF cinema that deals with the future in a manner that demonstrates that its makers at least have some under-standing of our present and our past. But to display such an understanding would be *depressing,* right? *Downbeat,* right?

And this is Christmas, right?

Maybe it's out of order to be applying such criteria to films which are just 'entertainment', just 'fantasy.' But fantasy is a crucial area of our lives, and nowhere do we reveal more of ourselves and our understanding of our society than in the fantasies we create and consume. The fantasist can reveal truths as great as the social realist: SF can tell us things about the way we live in manners barred to the realist.

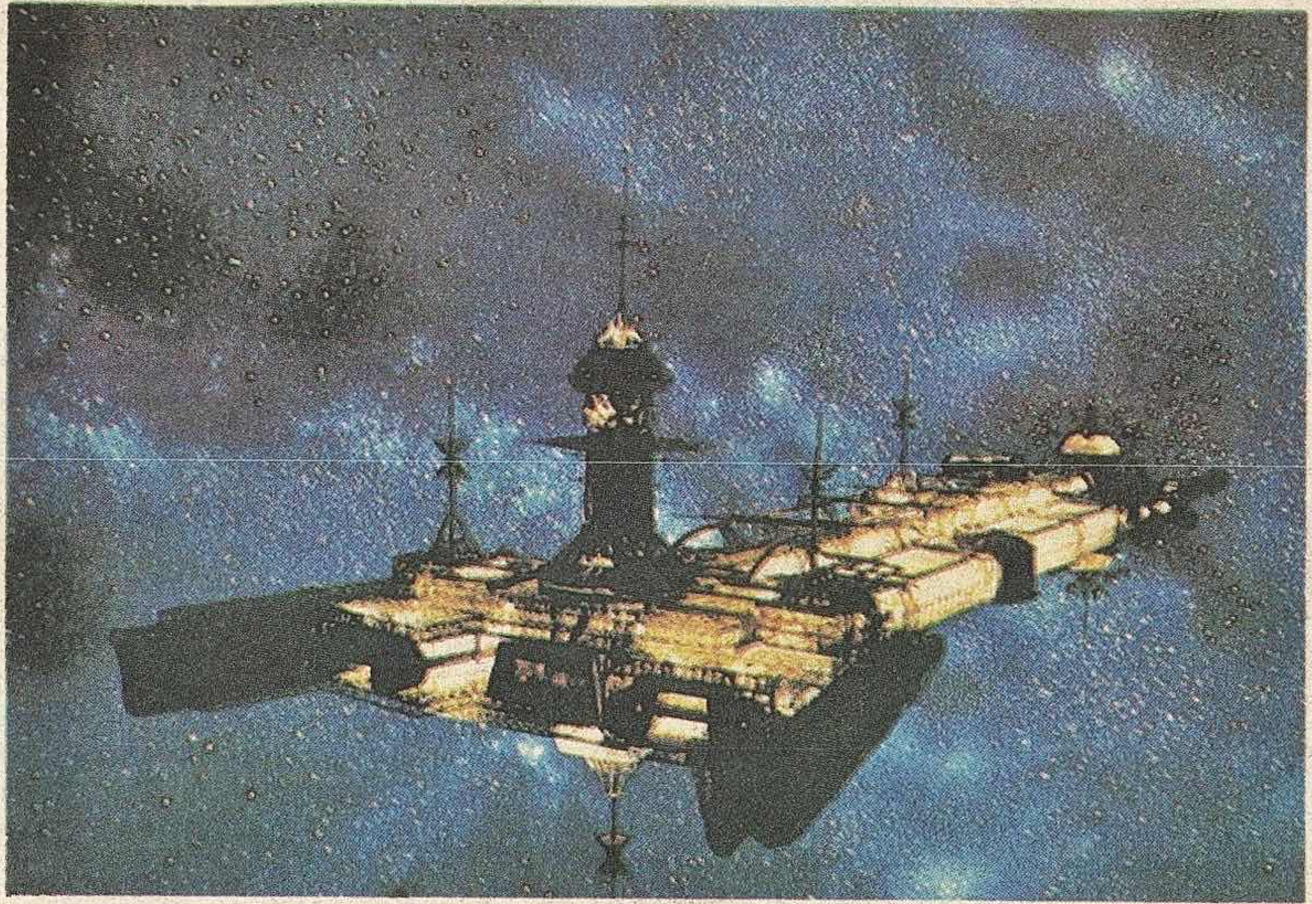
This opportunity is being ignored. Meanwhile, they're gonna flood us with space opera until the public gets bored with the blinking panels and the matte superimpositions and the Dolby explosions and the starry skies, and then the bottom will fall out of the SF boom and it'll be ten years before anyone can make another try and by then there may not be any cinemas left to watch the damn films in anyway.

Go revel in the hi-tech all you want, tl.ough. I do — hypocrite that I am — but I sit cursing in the stalls because the possibilities of the genre are being tossed in the dumper by a conspiracy to trivialise. The tools required to make the definitive SF movie are now available, and these films are commercials which demonstrate what these tools are capable of doing.

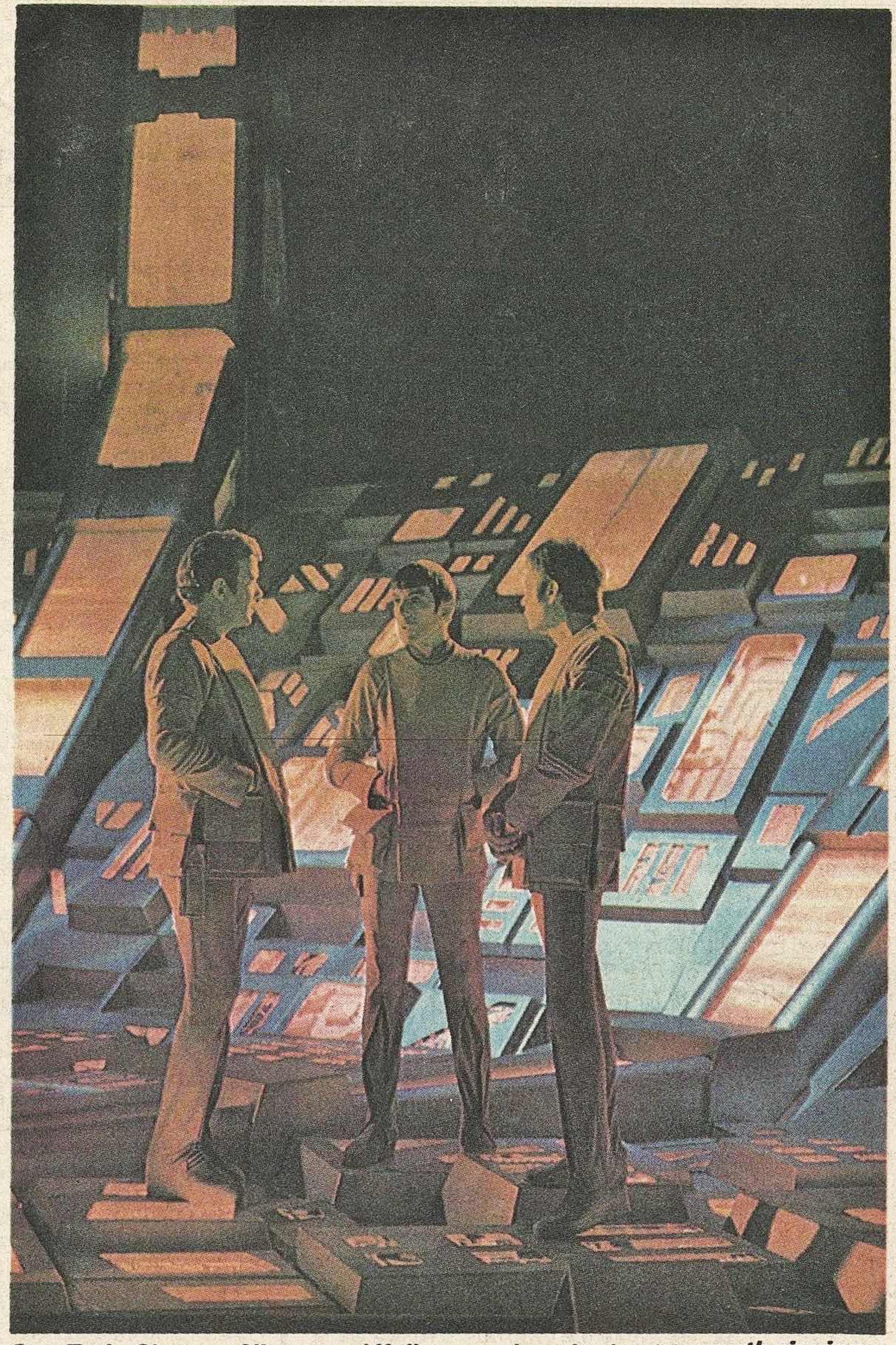
All we need now are film-makers with the courage and vision to use them as they should be used, to make the film that needs to be made. Isn't that right, Mr Schlock?

Fascinating, Captain. *Fascinating*. Such a possibility is, however, only 0.00001 according to the ship's computers.

Charles Shaar Murray



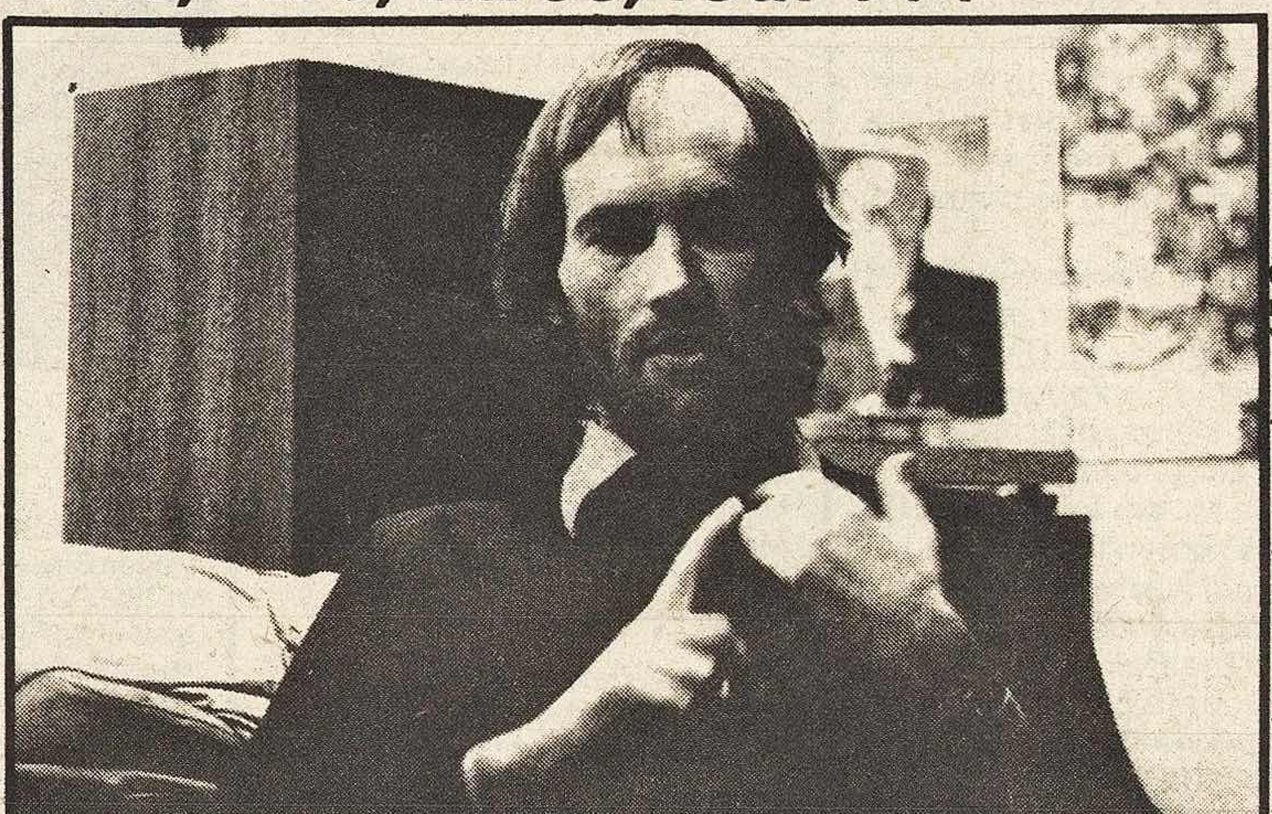
The Black Hole — Freddie Laker's already considering the possibilities.



Star Trek: Shatner, Nimoy and Kelley wonder whether it's worth signing a new contract.

Talking of technological miracles, your next NME will be on sale January 3, 1980. It just so happens that the most silvery of Silver Screens will be featured in it. Who needs Barry Norman anyway . . . ?

One, two, three, four . . .



Chris Petit counts the number of F-Stops Tom Sheehan uses to take his pic.

Radio On's off

Former critic CHRIS PETIT talks about the decline and fall of the British film empire.

"WHAT would you make a film about in this country?" asks Chris Petit. I stare at him blankly and shrug. I'm supposed to be interviewing him.

But he's no stranger to this game. From 1973 to 1978 Petit was *Time Out*'s films editor and as such conducted scores of interviews.

This year he directed his first film, *Radio On,* and confessed he finds it "rather strange" to be in the hot seat. When I enquire about this or that, he tends to answer with a question. It's all a bit odd on several counts. For one, I've known 30-year-old Petit, albeit vaguely, for a number of years and have been amused by recent descriptions of him in some papers as being dour, sombre or withdrawn — he can certainly give those impressions but his self-deprecating sense of humour is always in evidence (he gleefully told me that, in return for five years hard labour, he'd given *Time Out* the most boring interview imaginable). For two, it's not every day that a film critic turns his hand to film-making — OK, there was Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz, Francois Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Bogdanovich . . . but this is 1979 (just). For three, I don't much like *Radio On.*

It's very modern, full of 'meaningful' shots, dark and ambiguous, and will doubtless be considered in years hence as an archetypical late '70s film, i.e. diffident and vacuous. The use of (mainly rock) music is deliberately ironic, the dialogue — what little there is — wilfully blank, the acting purposelessly expressionless, the pause-filled pacing portentous. As you'd expect, not exactly a bucketful of laughs.

The beloved *Grauniad* hailed it as a "genuine breakthrough". Which is true, if being bored in a clever sort of way can be termed such.

"It is a film that flirts with boredom," admits Petit, unselfconsciously. "But if people are willing to be patient with it they may get something out of it. *Radio On* achieves a couple of things — it gives a sense of journey, which is rare in British cinema, and a sense of contrasting cities.

"There are very few discernable traces of the cinema that I like in *Radio On* — American B-movies, film noir — and as far as influences go, it's difficult because so little has been going on over here for so long that you virtually have to start from scratch.

"It's impossible to adopt the style of someone like Martin Scorsese, say, because if you make that kind of inner city movie in this country you get bogged down in social realism. That kind of appeal to myth that *Mean Streets* makes can't be done in this country — I don't know why. The closest I've seen anyone get to it was the early series of *Gangsters* on TV, in which Birmingham was used in an interesting way."

Does he agree, then, that the best young writers and directors in this country tend to be working in television, on *Play For Today* and such?

"I don't know. I can't watch TV at all now, it imposes such enormous restraints. A series like *Tinker Tailor,* for instance, which people describe as filmic, is not at all filmic. It's more wordy than the average BBC play. The thing is so talky that any kind of camera movement is completely inhibited."

What about the Ken Loach TV films, or one-offs like Roland Joffe's *The Spongers* and Franc Roddam's *Dummy?* Surely they are exellent films full-stop?

"Yes, I saw Loach's *The Price Of Coal* but that tends to fit into the tradition of British realism, via documentary and the '60s movement, which is still the dominant force in British cinema, wouldn't you say?"

There appears to be no discernable pattern in British cinema when people like Alan Parker *(Midnight Express),* Ridley Scott *(Alien),* Alan Clarke *(Scum)* and Franc Roddam *(Quadrophenia)* can make one movie then disappear to Hollywood clutching a three picture contract. Not unless you take into account the likes of Loach and John MacKenzie *(Just Another Saturday, Just A Boy's Game)* whose TV movies share a 'toughness' and a unique 'Britishness'.

"You're probably right but I find that very depressing because I don't think television is necessarily the answer."

But it is an outlet that reaches a vast audience. (Unfortunately *Radio On* will not, in the forseeable future, be broadcast on TV because of its, er, robust language.) Just who does Petit envisage as his audience?

"Well, what about all your hip readers?" He smiles wanly. "Once I'd finished it I didn't know how commercial it was. I mean, I knew it wasn't going to be commercial in the sense that Rank or ABC would take it on the circuits, but on the other hand I didn't set out to make an art movie.

" I was surprised by the reaction of the Edinburgh Film Festival. I asked 20-year-old art students 'Why does this film mean anything to you at all?' and they said simply because they hadn't seen anything like that on TV.

"Movies are so set up now to hit 1-2-3, that you go in, have it done to you and then you go and have a pizza."

My ideal night out, almost. We get to talking about current movies and realise that our basic tastes remain similar: solid Americana — Eastwood, Carpenter, Romero. I tell him I'm going to see *Mad Max* that night.

"Oh, it's a very good film, you'll enjoy it. It's everything *Radio On* isn't." He laughs into his Guinness and I keep my fingers crossed, hoping that he's got his European ennui out of his system.

His next film, he says, will be more 'commercial' — if he can find the money to do it: "Much as I'd love to do a Roger Corman-type movie here, I just don't see how it can be done."

Monty Smith

On The Box

NME's guide to the seasonal celluloid turkeys — hung, drawn and quartered.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year and, boy, do the programmers wish it happened more often. The 'Xmas Specials' are in the can so all they have to do to fill up the rest of the time is shove out as many films as possible. Easy.

BBC 1 and 2 are weighing in with 51 movies over the holiday period and ITV have managed to find about 23. And that's great if it means Little & Large and Larry Grayson etc are limited to 50 minutes screen time. Obviously you've got to pick and choose and that's what this *On The Box* is all about. There's some good stuff coming up — Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam* And Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now* for starters — so you can afford to be sensible with the on-off switch.

By the way, the films we don't deal with either have an excess of animals in them, are plain ancient or otherwise irredeemably awful.

Monty Smith

Friday December 21
MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR: The Beatles' 50-minute '60s psychedelic extravanganza caused widespread agitated bemusement when it was first shown in 1968. Methinks it'll stand up well to '70s scrutiny — not only are the lads helped out by the likes of Ivor Cutler, Victor Spinetti and Viv Stanshall, but there's the 'I Am The Walrus' set-piece, too. **(BBC 2)**

DARK STAR: Made on a budget not far exceeding 37s 6½d, John Carpenter's 1974 feature debut is a much-liked sardonic space opera involving three pissed-off astronauts, a playful black blob of an alien and a talking bomb. As in his later *Assault On Precinct 13* and *Halloween*, Carpenter's economy is impressive; co-writer/star Dan O'Bannon came over all serious and went on to write the plodding *Alien*. **(BBC 1)**

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER: An enjoyable Gene Kelly romp (which he co-directed with Stanley Donen in 1955) as three wartime buddies hold a reunion in a bar ten years after VJ Day. There's some early split-screen experimentation and a sassy script that takes a few swipes at the then burgeoning monster TV. **(BBC 2)**

THE BLUEBIRD: 20th Century Fox's 1940 present to Shirley Temple (to make up for her not being allowed to do *The Wizard Of Oz)* sounds well weird — a selfish little girl (surprise, surprise) searches for the bluebird of happiness in the past, the future and the Land of Luxury. Directed by Walter Lang from Maurice Maeterlinck's fairy tale and by all accounts quite creepy it is, too. **(ITV London)**

Saturday, December 22
RED SUN: Terence Young's leaden Spanish western is a turkey circa 1971. The gift-wrapping includes Ursula Andress and Capucine as silver-toothed gambler Alain Delon steals a jewel-encrusted samurai sword and is stalked the dago plains by Charlie Bronson and Toshiro Mifune (desperately trying to avoid a hara-kiri situation). Big, bloody and boring. **(ITV all regions)**

CLEOPATRA: Also bloody big and boring but the Beeb are spreading the tedium over two showings (it's concluded tomorrow). There's four hours of the bugger as Liz 'n' Dick swop pleasantries with Rex Harrison's Caesar over the Nile. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz during the best part of 1963 **(BBC 2)**

HELP!: Some inspired lunacy in Dick Lester's 1965 Beatles film as a mad religious sect (led by Leo McKern) attempt to retrieve a sacrificial ring rom Ringo. Eleanor Bron, Patrick Cargill, Roy Kinnear and, again, Victor Spinetti join in. **(BBC 2)**

DIGBY, THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD: Victor Spinetti continues his happy Christmas with an appearance in Joseph McGrath's amiable 1973 comedy about a giant Old English sheepdog. Spike Milligan steals the show as the mad doctor behind the supergrowth chemical. **(ITV all regions)**

THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL: Roger Graef's follow up to *A Poke In The Eye*, his previous filmed account of Amnesty's annual charity show. *TV Times* spotlights Peter Cook's savage Thorpe trial piss-take but unfortunately, as *Thrills* pointed out last week, this has been dumped by ITV along with some other salty stuff. But for Cleese, Palin et al, it should still be worth a look. **(ITV all regions)**

Sunday, December 23
THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE: Stodgy entertainment in Ronald Neame's 1972 disaster about a luxury cruiser overturned by a tidal wave. Most notable for a blubbery Shelley Winters in bloomers swimming, whale-like, through a flooded hold. Trying to look serious: Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine and Roddy McDowall. **(BBC 1)**

THE BEATLES AT SHEA STADIUM: Over 55,000 teenies saw the lads at their historic 1965 concert, but the PA was so poxy and the screaming so loud that not one of them heard any of the songs. This TV film, never seen in this country, captures the din and you'll probably spot Paul perusing a paper called *NME*. **(BBC 2)**

ON THE TOWN: Another Kelly-Donen collaboration, this one from 1949 and New York is unrecognisable as three sailors (including Gene and Sinatra) spend a day's leave with Betty Garrett, Ann Miller and Vera Ellen. **(BBC 2)**

Monday, December 24
YELLOW SUBMARINE: If you're in an expansive mood, and you should be on Christmas Eve, then George Dunning's classic 1968 pop-art animated feature will go down well. Lots of dreadful puns, Blue Meanies, sanitised acid visions and 'All You Need Is Love'. **(BBC 2)**

BEN HUR: If, on the other hand, you feel an attack of Christian guilt coming on then you can wallow in three and a half hours worth of pain, suffering and degradation with Charlton Heston's Oscar-winning Ben. William Wyler's 1959 epic picked up ten other statuettes — for being so damn noble, I suppose — and if Yakima Canutt didn't get one for handling the ferocious chariot race then there ain't no Brian. **(ITV all regions)**

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson scratching out each other's eyes in Charles Jarrott's ponderous 1971 history lesson. To the Tower with the both of them. **(BBC 2)**

THE GO-BETWEEN: The past really is a foreign country in Joseph Losey's over-elaborate adaptation of the L. P. Hartley story. Michael Redgrave is the dry old man who remembers a long past Norfolk summer full of intrigue and sensuality. Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Dominic Guard and Margaret Leighton perform wonders with Harold Pinter's disquieting dialogue. Superficially elegant but decadent as hell. **(BBC 1)**

THE TAMARIND SEED: Monumentally dull soaper written and directed by Blake Edwards in 1974. He quickly realised what a faux pas he'd made and went back to churning out the *Pink Panther* series. For the record, Mrs Edwards (Julie Andrews) plays a Home Office secret-holder who, er, befriends Russian diplomat Omar Sharif on holiday in Barbados. **(ITV all regions)**

Tuesday, December 25
THE STING: George Roy Hill's clever, soft-option follow-up to *Butch Cassidy* is too long (129 minutes) but has its moments. Paul Newman is as watchable as ever (particularly in a crude drunk scene) but Robert Redford struggles against both Robert Shaw and the Scott Joplin music. The '30s in Chicago could surely have never been this much fun for two struggling conmen. Still, seven Oscars in 1973 — just goes to show. **(BBC 1)**

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT: Monochrome madness this time from Dick Lester and The Beatles in 1964. Wilfrid Brambell is great as Paul's grandad, and, oh yes, Victor Spinetti's around as well. **(BBC 2)**

GOLDFINGER: James Bond saves the world — the tension's unbearable — in Guy Hamilton's thick-ear 1964 money-maker. Sean Connery as Jim, Gert Frobe as Auric, Shirley Eaton as the Dulux gloss ad, Honor Blackman as Pussy and a model of Fort Knox as Fort Knox. Harold Sakata's pretty good as Oddjob. **(ITV all regions)**

CABARET: More decadent nonsense — but ever so well tarted up — in Bob Fosse's Oscar-winning 1972 musical drama. Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey and Michael York wowed the Kensington crowd as they minced their way through the Berlin of the '30s. **(BBC 2)**

THE THREE MUSKETEERS: The Queen's Diamonds segment and a well-crafted bit of rollicking swashbuckle from Dick Lester in 1973. George MacDonald Fraser (author of the *Flashman* series) wrote the script and a large cast — Richard Chamberlain, Charlton Heston, Christopher Lee, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Geraldine Chaplin and Oliver Reed (they don't come any larger than that) — do it justice. Spike Milligan's about, too. Good fun. **(ITV all regions)**

Wednesday December 26
WHERE EAGLES DARE: Relentless crash-bang war thriller with odd couple Clint Eastwood and Richard Burton defying the odds in a mountain Nazi stronghold. Director Brian Hutton pours on the ketchup as battalions of stormtroopers go thataway. Pretty silly. **(BBC 1)**

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM: Woody Allen in surprisingly restrained form (perhaps because he's being directed by Herbert Ross) in terrific 1972 comedy of sexual manners. Some great lines ("How can you cook this TV dinner stuff?" "Who bothers to cook it? I suck it frozen."), good performances (Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, Susan Anspach) and it's all beautifully choreographed. One of his very best. **(BBC 1)**

THE KING AND I: Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1956 musical with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr doing their King of Siam and governess schtick. Walter Lang directed and Yul's still giving his pate an airing on the Palladium stage. **(ITV all regions)**

OKLAHOMA!: Rodgers and Hammerstein again (1955) with a very chewy western musical. Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are dull as ditchwater but there's some odd casting in Gloria Grahame and Rod Steiger. **(BBC 2)**

LET IT BE: The Beatles bust up in public. Basically slim documentary by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, enlivened only by a couple of songs and Ringo falling off his drum stool for Julian's benefit. Not a lot for 80 minutes. **(BBC 2)**

Thursday December 27
DUEL: A highway duel of death between a salesman's car and a diesel truck is milked for all it's worth by Steven Spielberg. He went on to do *Jaws* and *Close Encounters* but *Duel* may yet be seen as his best film. Dennis Weaver's the salesman. You don't meet the truck driver. **(ITV London)**

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS: Particularly the holiday ones, as that's when Fred Zinnemann's award-winning '66 drama is usually trotted out. Heavy going, with Paul Schofield, Robert Shaw, John Hurt and Vanessa Redgrave emoting all over the shop. Thomas More 0, King Henry 8. Robert Bolt sent off for persistent delaying tactics. **(BBC 1)**

THE BLUE MAX: Fine aerial photography and an excellent score by Jerry Goldsmith but John Guillermin's '66 First World War epic (it nudges three hours) crashes badly when George Peppard, James Mason and Jeremy Kemp are poncing about on the ground. Really notable only for Ursula Andress' famous gravity-defying bath towel. **(BBC 2)**

Friday December 28
SLEUTH: Joseph L. Mankiewicz, fully recovered from his Egyptian hiatus, turns Anthony Shaffer's tart thriller into an accomplished — albeit elongated — set-piece. Michael Caine, Laurence Olivier and a portrait of Joanne Woodward do the honours. **(BBC 1)**

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Let's hope Dick Lester and Victor Spinetti have shares in seasonal TV. This is the former's frenetic '66 farce, blessed with a score by Stephen Sondheim and appearances by Phil *Bilko* Silvers and Zero *Producers* Mostel. Holding up the ancient Roman backcloths: Michael Crawford, Buster Keaton and Michael Hordern. Would you believe that Nicolas Roeg was the cinematographer? Thought not. **(BBC 1)**

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK: James *Frankenstein* Whale did a fair version of the Dumas swashbuckler back in 1939, but this is the '77 TV version, heavy on duplicity and light on derring-do. Richard Chamberlain plays the Frog twins (the one with the crown's the king), Ian Holm and Patrick McGoohan pretend to be interested. **(ITV all regions)**

STAGECOACH: Funnily enough, John Ford made a pretty good job of this in '39, too. Gordon Douglas undertook the hapless task of re-making Ford's classic in 1966 (in 'Scope and colour, natch) and came up with a real pudding of a western. Any film in which Bing Crosby (here as the drunken doctor) steals the acting has got to be in dire straits. **(BBC 1)**

MOBY DICK: John Huston's ponderous 1956 adaptation of the Melville novel. Ray Bradbury worked on the sententious script, Gregory Peck was somewhat awash as Ahab, but Oswald Morris' atmospheric photography and Orson Welles' loony preacher emerge with credit. **(BBC 2)**

Saturday December 29
THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION: Ludicrous and lugubrious Stanley Kramer blockbuster taken from C. S. Forester's *The Gun*. Cary Grant, Sophia Loren and Frank Sinatra sweat it out amongst the Spanish peasantry. It must've seemed like a good idea in 1957. **(BBC 1)**

Sunday December 30
DON'T LOOK NOW: Nicolas Roeg's labyrinthine enigma is one of the most perfectly structured films of the '70s. Taken from an inconsequential story by Daphne Du Maurier, *Don't Look Now* (an unfortunate catchpenny title) possesses the cruel inevitability of great tragedy, moving performances from Donald Sutherland, Julie Christie and Hilary Mason, crystalline photography, razor-sharp editing and a score of awesome perception by Pino Donaggio. *Death In Venice* would've been a great title but, like almost everything else, that's already been done. Everything fits and it's a real soul-stirrer. Miss this and you miss a major film-maker at the height of his creative powers. **(BBC 2)**
P.S. This film, unfortunately, appears to have been tampered with by the powers that be.

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI: Ever so detached and ironic epic from David Lean (1957) with Alec Guinness in good form as the stubborn British officer who can't bear to see his bridge — built under duress for the Japs — blown up. A jolly good show. **(BBC 2)**

Monday December 31
MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS: A stuffy, fussy 1974 all-star Agatha Christie effort, anonymously directed by Sidney Lumet and played for all it's worth by the likes of Albert Finney (as the smarmy Hercule Poirot), Ingrid Bergman, Richard Widmark and Vanessa Redgrave (and there's loads more getting in on the act). Enjoyable despite itself and a good deal better than the later *Death On The Nile*. **(BBC 1)**

SUNSET BOULEVARD: Billy Wilder's understandably bitter and twisted study of Hollywood's cannibalism. Probably more disturbing in 1950 than now but incisively written and sharply played by Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Fred Clark and Erich Von Stroheim. **(BBC 2)**

CARRY ON DICK: Hardly less eccentric ground as Kenneths Williams and Connor, Babs Windsor, Joan Sims and Sid James (in the dual role of Dick Turpin and the Rev. Mr Flasher) regurgitate British history. Peter Butterworth is Doc Scholl and Jack Douglas is Jock Strapp — need you know any more? Directed by Gerald Thomas in 1974. **(ITV all regions)**

Tuesday January 1
PAINT YOUR WAGON: Now's your chance to see Clint Eastwood make a complete twat of himself. The Man With No Name in a *musical?* Well, he's a man with no voice, too, as he tries to croon along with Lee 'Wanderin' Star' Marvin and Jean Seberg in Joshua Logan's 1969 blancmange about the California Gold Rush. Small wonder Clint started directing himself soon after **(ITV all regions)**

THE ODESSA FILE: No singing in this one — Jon Voight is a German reporter tracking down present day (1974) neo-Nazis. Filmed on location in Brick Lane by Ronald Neame. And how he could make such a subject dull is a matter purely for Frederick Forsythe's agent. **(BBC 1)**

Thursday January 3
WHITE ROCK: Tony Maylam's flashy record of the 1976 Innsbruck Winter Olympics certainly has its share of eye-boggling moments but is continually scuppered by Rick Wakemans grandiose synthesizer score and James Coburn's risibly mock-authoritative commentary. **(BBC 1)**

Paramount Pictures Presents A GENE RODDENBERRY Production A ROBERT WISE Film STAR TREK - THE MOTION PICTURE Starring WILLIAM SHATNER LEONARD NIMOY DeFOREST KELLEY Co-starring JAMES DOOHAN GEORGE TAKEI MAJEL BARRETT WALTER KOENIG NICHELLE NICHOLS Presenting PERSIS KHAMBATTA and Starring STEPHEN COLLINS as Decker Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH Screenplay by HAROLD LIVINGSTON Story by ALAN DEAN FOSTER Produced by GENE RODDENBERRY Directed by ROBERT WISE Read the Futura paperback. Original soundtrack album available on CBS Records and Tapes.

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THE QUIZ OF THE DECADE

(More or less, anyway)

Remember those fabulous '70s? Yeah, horrible weren't they? Best forgotten, right? Wrong! Here's your chance to impress your friends and win enemies by showing you can crack more than three questions in NME's Killer Krissy Kwiz. There's no prizes, mind — just hellish hangovers and badly scratched brainplates. Answers, for those who need 'em, on page???

Who are they? See question 46.

1. Name the oldest person present:
(a) Link Wray
(b) James Brown
(c) Ian Hunter
(d) Alex Harvey

2. Who was responsible for the following lyric: *"I was born in a welfare state ruled by bureaucracy / Controlled by civil servants and people dressed in grey / Got no privacy, got no liberty / 'Cos the twentieth century people took it all away from me"?*
(a) David Bowie
(b) Joe Strummer
(c) Ray Davies
(d) Billy Idol

3. Which novel did David Bowie adapt for a musical adaptation in 1974, the results being premiered in London for his fan club only?
(a) *All Quiet On The Western Front*
(b) *Brave New World*
(c) *Fear Of Flying*
(d) *1984*

4. Which of these men is not a scientologist?
(a) Chick Corea
(b) John Travolta
(c) Billy Cobham
(d) Stanley Clarke

5. Which of these artists has never performed with Mick Ronson?
(a) Bob Dylan
(b) Annette Peacock
(c) Carlos Santana
(d) Roger McGuinn

6. Elvis Costello is a fervent admirer of one of these artists:
(a) Joe Jackson
(b) Richard Hell
(c) Stephen Stills
(d) Linda Ronstadt

7. The first band ever to play the Roxy Club were:
(a) Generation X
(b) The Clash
(c) The Damned
(d) Roxy Music

Which ex-Bowie sideman appears on Chic's 'C'est Chic' album?
(a) Mick Ronson
(b) Carlos Alomuar
(c) Luther Vandross
(d) Woody Woodmansey

9. Chic's Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers were formerly in the charts under which name?
(a) New York City
(b) Realistics
(c) Gary Toms Empire
(d) Jonathan King

10. Which band do Ian Dury and the Blockheads acknowledge as theo. 1?
(a) Themselves
(b) The Crusaders
(c) B. A. Robertson
(d) Earth, Wind And Fire

11. To which of these Todd Rundgren albums did Patti Smith contribute a poem?
(a) 'Runt'
(b) 'A Wizard A True Star'
(c) 'Faithful'
(d) 'Hermit Of Mink Hollow'

12. Who unwittingly provided the inspiration for The Specials' 'Gangsters' hit?
(a) Malcolm McLaren
(b) Bernie Rhodes
(c) Reggie Kray
(d) Rico

13. Who first coined the phrase 'the heavy heavy monster sound'?
(a) Dave And Ansel Collins
(b) Chas Smash
(c) Dandy Livingstone
(d) Rico

14. Which former television rock show host launched a quality independent record label in 1979?
(a) Mary Wilson
(b) Harold Wilson
(c) Ray Wilson
(d) Tony Wilson

15. What band was Keith Richards referring to when he said, "I never heard 'em but I saw a picture and they looked very pretty. Their drummer died didn't he?"
(a) The Allman Brothers
(b) The Sex Pistols
(c) The Velvet Underground
(d) The New York Dolls

16. Who was 'Wild Horses' written for?
(a) Gram Parsons
(b) Brian Jones
(c) Anita Pallenberg
(d) Marianne Faithfull

17. Which of the following artists has *not* recorded 'Love Me Tender'?
(a) Mick Ronson
(b) Little Richard
(c) Elvis Presley
(d) Annette Peacock

18. Which of the following artists has *not* had an album sleeve designed by Andy Warhol?
(a) John Cale
(b) Paul Anka
(c) The Rolling Stones
(d) James White And The Blacks

19. In which of these films did Blue Oyster Cult's 'Don't Fear The Reaper' feature on the soundtrack?
(a) *Nosferatu*
(b) *Hallowe'en*
(c) *Jaws 2*
(d) *Love At First Bite*

20. The original title of the Monty Python film *Life Of Brian* was:
(a) *Jesus Christ: Lust For Glory*
(b) *Brian Of Nazareth*
(c) *A Star Is Born*
(d) *Brian In The Bullrushes*

21. Abba's guitarist is:
(a) Bjorn Borg
(b) Bjorn Ulvaeus
(c) Bjorn Free
(d) Bjorn Andersson

22. Who missed out on the Woodstock '79 European tour?
(a) John Sebastian
(b) Joe Cocker
(c) Arlo Guthrie
(d) Richie Havens

23. Philip Rambow once played as a back-up musician for:
(a) David Johansen
(b) Ian Hunter
(c) Eno
(d) Crosby, Stills & Nash

24. 'March Of The Mods', the big '65 hit, was penned by:
(a) Pete Meaden
(b) Charlie Parka
(c) Roy Carr's dad
(d) Ian Page's uncle

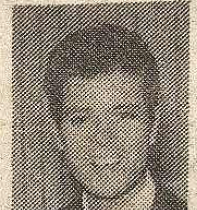
25. Which of the following once managed Can?
(a) Don Arden
(b) Tim Hardin
(c) Abi Ofarim
(d) Mayo Thompson

26. Everyone knows the name Steely Dan refers to a dildo in William Burroughs' *The Naked Lunch*; but from which far-eastern city is the dildo said to come?
(a) Shanghai
(b) Yokohama
(c) Nagasaki
(d) Wan King

27. Which of the following was once a journalistic associate of Ulrike Meinhof?
(a) Kraftwerk's Ralf Hutter
(b) Magma's Christian Vander
(c) Faust's Uwe Nettlebeck
(d) Can's Holger Czukay

28. In which movie did Racquel Welch make her movie debut?
(a) *Don't Knock The Twist*
(b) *Roustabout*
(c) *The Girl Can't Help It*
(d) *Quadrophenia*

29. Which one of these artists *hasn't* recorded a Rolling Stones song?

(a)


(b)

(c)

(d)

30. One of these artists is still alive:
(a) Freddie King
(b) Albert King
(c) Howlin' Wolf
(d) Little Walter

31. The Clash have never been supported by:
(a) Sam & Dave
(b) The Inmates
(c) The Jam
(d) Bo Diddley

32. Who said in 1975: "I absolutely hate Britain. In the next seven or eight years the whole of Europe will go Marxist. Communism frightens me to death"?
(a) Angie Bowie
(b) Steve Harley
(c) Neal Peart
(d) Rick Wakeman

33. Who said: "If I am sleeping with someone and David phones because he needs me, I go right away"?
(a) Steve Harley
(b) Mick Ronson
(c) Angie Bowie
(d) Jerry Hall

34. Who said: "I think morals should be straightened up. They're disgusting. The best thing is for an extreme right wing government to come"?
(a) Mary Whitehouse
(b) Paul Weller
(c) David Bowie
(d) Steve Harley

35. Which of these artists has never worked with Lee Perry?
(a) Prince Jazzbo
(b) The Clash
(c) Eddy Grant
(d) Paul McCartney

36. The first Sex Pistols single to reach No. 1 was:
(a) 'Anarchy In The UK'
(b) 'God Save The Queen'
(c) 'Pretty Vacant'
(d) 'Somethin' Else'

37. Who once jammed with Iggy Pop And The Stooges while wearing a gorilla suit?
(a) Elton John
(b) Johnny Thunders
(c) David Bowie
(d) Jesse Hector

38. Lemmy used to be a roadie for:
(a) Gene Vincent
(b) Jimi Hendrix
(c) Irwin Rommel
(d) Black Sabbath

39. Which of these movies did *not* have a score penned by Jack Nitzsche?
(a) *Hardcore*
(b) *Blue Collar*
(c) *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*
(d) *Death May Be Your Santa Claus*

40. Who is Gillingham's manager?
(a) Gerry Summers
(b) Gerry Winters
(c) Gerry Winterbottom
(d) Gerry Marsden

What's he doing in The Quiz Of The '70s? See question 47.

41. Mick Jones of Clash once had a soccer hero. Was it:
(a) George Best of Man. Utd
(b) Ian Story-Moore of Notts Forest
(c) George Eastham of Stoke
(d) Ray Davies of the Showbiz XI

42. Cat Stevens changed his name to...
(a) Yusef Lateef
(b) Yusuf Islam
(c) Yusef Ali
(d) Steve Georgiou

43. Who *didn't* have a UK No.1 in 1970:
(a) Benny Hill
(b) Elvis Presley
(c) Lee Marvin
(d) Rolf Harris

44. The term heavy metal was coined in reference to The Byrds. Who invented it?
(a) Terry Melcher
(b) Sandy Pearlman
(c) Roger McGuinn
(d) Ritchie Blackmore

45. What description did *Sniffin' Glue* magazine aim at The Jam when they first appeared?
(a) Perfect
(b) Hopeless
(c) Laid-back
(d) Weird

46. Take a look at the three ladies at the top of the page opposite and tell us: (a) Who are they? (b) So what? (A clue: Prince Charles would like to bogie with them. As would we all).

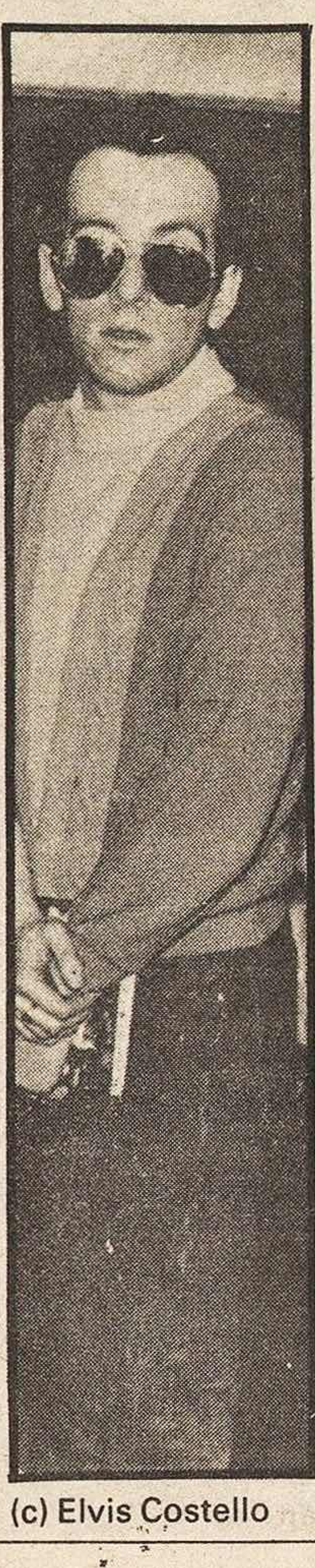
47. Now take a look at the pic above. Mean fellah, innee? But what we want to know is, what brave person in showbiz ran off with this dude's daughter? And did he live to tell the tale?

And finally, some oldies but goldies from the pages of NME:

48. Who did Roy Carr once describe as "the collective voice of their generation":
(a) Cheech & Chong
(b) Lennon & McCartney
(c) Dean Martin & Frank Sinatra
(d) Sid Vicious & Nancy Spungen

49. Who did Chrissie Hynd once describe as "an ultimate being that everybody wanted to be and go down on at the same time":
(a) Gary Glitter
(b) Jimi Hendrix
(c) Iggy Pop
(d) Tim Buckley

50. Whose career was rudely curtailed when Charles Shaar Murray described him as looking like "a small constipated toad on methedrine":



(c) Elvis Costello

(a) Marc Bolan

(b) Little Walter

(d) Jimmy Osmond

COMING NEXT DECADE

from the paper that's been bringing you the '80s since 1975 . . .

When NME goes into the '80s, we do more than just change the numbers at the top of the pages. After all, new decades come but once every ten years, and we like to think we can do better than that. So as we kiss off the '70s while changing the sheets for the new occupants, three young people face three vital issues:

Paul Morley simplifies
SIMPLE MINDS
still further

Ian Penman's pride comes before
THE FALL

And Danny Baker swaps No. 6 coupons with
STATUS QUO
— the '80s answer to Sham 69.

Cinema-goers can be dazzled by Silver Screen's Silverest Screens of '79, charitable types can gasp at the instant replay of the Kampuchea benefit gigs featuring Wings, Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, Specials, The Who, Rockpile and a host of other studded stars, and rock stars can squirm under the ignominy of an omission from the annual T-Zers Awards.

Twenty pee buys you a ticket to the last party on Earth.

(It also buys you an NME, but that's another matter.)

Last one down to the newsagent's on THURSDAY JANUARY 3 has to buy Melody Maker. You have been warned.

NME

Where 20p brings you the '80s — not even Geoffrey Howe could have legislated for that.

I'M DREAMING OF A ROCK CHRISTMAS.

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Queen – Sheer Heart Attack
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Queen – Jazz
Queen – Queen 2

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Blondie – Eat to the Beat
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Led Zeppelin – IV
Led Zeppelin – In Through the Out Door
Pink Floyd – Meddle
Pink Floyd – Dark Side of the Moon
Pink Floyd – Wish You Were Here
Pink Floyd – Animals
Gary Numan – Pleasure Principle
Eagles – Greatest Hits
Eagles – The Long Run
Boney M – Oceans of Fantasy
Manhattan Transfer – Extensions
Cliff Richard – Rock 'n Roll Juvenile
Fleetwood Mac – Rumours
Dave Edmunds – Repeat When Necessary

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All offers relate to list price. Valid until 29th December. Subject to availability.

Quotes Of The Year

JAN

Richard Hell: I'm just not a real fun lovin' guy. *(6.1.79)*

John Lydon: So what you fuckers been doing since I've been away, eh? I hope you ain't been spending time and money down the Kings Road.
I'm still the best, ain't I? Even when I'm dead I'll still be the best. *(6.1.79)*

Rhodes Boyson MP, on hearing a broadcast of the Pistols' 'God Save The Queen': . . . an affront to the public. The BBC is a public service and if it can't keep up its moral standards then why should we have the BBC? *(6.1.79)*

Tony James (Generation X): I must say that in the past we have made some incredibly dumb statements to the press.
I checked back in my old books and magazines and saw the Stones being photographed with their girlfriends and thought, yeah, that's for me.
Our main desire . . . what we all want to get out of this more than anything else, is to have the ultimate satisfaction of knowing we never really dropped our knickers in public, symbolically speaking. *(13.1.79)*

Bob Last of Fast Product: It really gets up my nose all these bands saying we've got to learn to play rock'n'roll properly before we can do a gig. It means that all they do is proper rock'n'roll and that nothing new ever happens. By the time people learn to play proper rock'n'roll, they've forgotten what their original ideas were. *(13.1.79)*

Wayne County, on his/her new image: Y'see? I'm not tacky any more! *(13.1.79)*

Dave Edmunds: There are only a couple of real rock and roll bands around right now: Cheap Trick and Rockpile. *(13.1.79)*

Jon King (Gang Of Four): People have accused us of being 'too male' but I think we look quite asexual on stage. We certainly reject the stereotyped macho poses. Like, that coat I wear is baggy and shapeless and Andy (Gill) never uses the guitar as a phallus, which is one of rock's sexist assumptions — cock rock. *(20.1.79)*

Marvin Gaye: I have enemies in this country (America), certain people who are making it difficult. People say it is me who's difficult, but it's my heart, my blood, my throat . . .
I'm very misunderstood, you know, it's the price I have to pay. Beethoven and Michelangelo were misunderstood in their time, too. I'm not concerned about now but I'd like to think that when I leave this earth, I'll be appreciated. *(20.1.79)*

Peter Gabriel: I reckon if I turn 30 per cent of my ideas into reality then I'll be doing all right. *(20.1.79)*

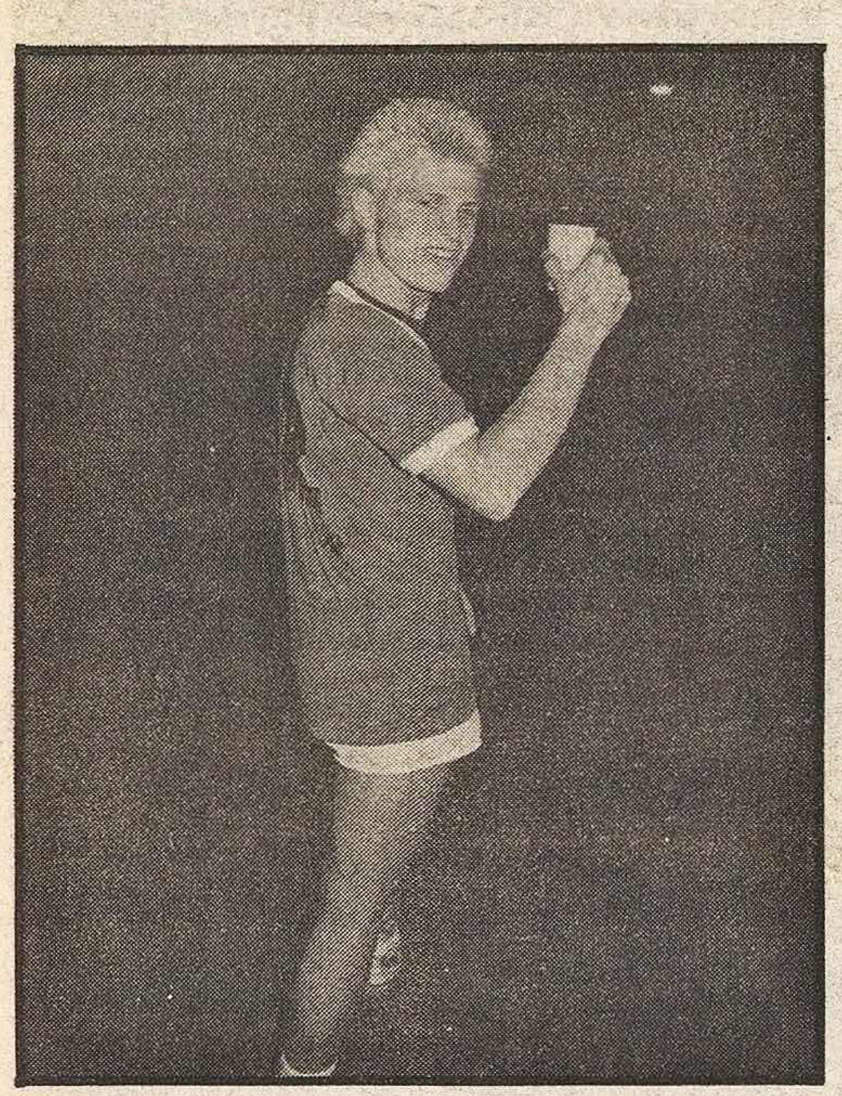
Mond (Angelic Upstarts), on signing to Jimmy Pursey's new label: Pursey I trust. I wouldn't go to bed with him but I trust him. *(27.1.79)*

Marie Osmond, on being asked if she would refuse to play the role of Juliet in *Romeo And Juliet* since the play contains a bedroom scene: Yes. Well, maybe. I'd have to see the script. *(27.1.79)*

Sid Vicious, on J. Rotten: He will see who'll sell the most records when this trial is over and it won't be him. I'm the only one of The Sex Pistols left. I was always more famous than any of them. They just didn't have any bottle. *(27.1.79)*

Lou Reed: I don't think that people who listen to rock and roll for a minute think that the guy who's making music or singing is as hip as they are. *(27.1.79)*

Billy Idol: I'm just part of the whole music-hall tradition. *(13.1.79)*



Joe Jackson: I was a slightly *odd* teenager.
One gets the impression that the average American rock fan must be mentally retarded. *(3.2.79)*

FEB

Johnny Stud (Rocky Sharpe And The Replays) on how Helen Highwater came to join the group: She's amazingly good looking, and she's got a large chest. Mind you, she's a classically trained singer with an excellent voice. *(3.2.79)*

Graeme Douglas (The Hot Rods): We were slagged off by the punks in the same way that the hippies slagged off Scott McKenzie. *(3.2.79)*

Lora Logic: Any music that isn't just blam blam blam has got to be inaccessible to a certain degree. I'm not just going to write songs for people to bang their heads to. *(3.2.79)*

Kevin Coyne (on punks): I like their lack of concern for the guitar. They way they get inside the bloody thing and give it a bloody hammering . . . I'm into that. For me, Johnny Rotten is the most exciting thing since Little Richard. *(3.2.79)*

Geoff Travis of Rough Trade: We don't want to pretend that there's not a music industry, there's not a music press; we don't want to be in an isolationist position where we try to create our own world and then go ahead and do all the things we think are sincere and real and authentic in our world. *(10.2.79)*

Jean Jacques Burnel: I think every citizen's got a right to mouth off — but it seems when I mouth off I'm labelled pretentious.
You can either use a motorbike as transport or use it as a form of sensual release.
I just wanna fuck my mother basically. Always have done. Not so much now because she's getting a bit older, she's losing her grip on her looks. She's a cute little French girl.
If I find myself in bed with another living thing, I tend to treat it as a sexual object.
Rock 'n' Roll is about cocks and jiving and the odd bloody nose . . . and about people like us talking seriously about the social order.
Maybe I'm a latent homosexual. Who knows? Make me an offer I can't refuse! *(10.2.79)*

Jimmy Pursey (after his resignation speech on *London Weekend Show*): Christ, you know I never wanted to be a pop star or any of that lark, but when things get as big as fast as that, you can't stop things . . . I dunno. *(17.2.79)*

John Lydon in Court (on the script of *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*): It's the foulest document I have ever seen. *(17.2.79)*

John Lydon in Court (recalling when he first heard of the Cook/Jones/Biggs trip to Rio): I am spitting blood and they expect me to sit on a plane for a couple of days. *(17.2.79)*

John Lydon (to Janet Street-Porter): Wouldn't it be good if Malcolm was murdered? It would be good if he got run over. *(17.2.79)*

Moon Martin: I dropped out of the Los Angeles crowd — they all think I'm dead. It's so cliquey.
We gigged once with Blondie and David Johansen. He was so loud that I had to rush outside to puke up. *(17.2.79)*

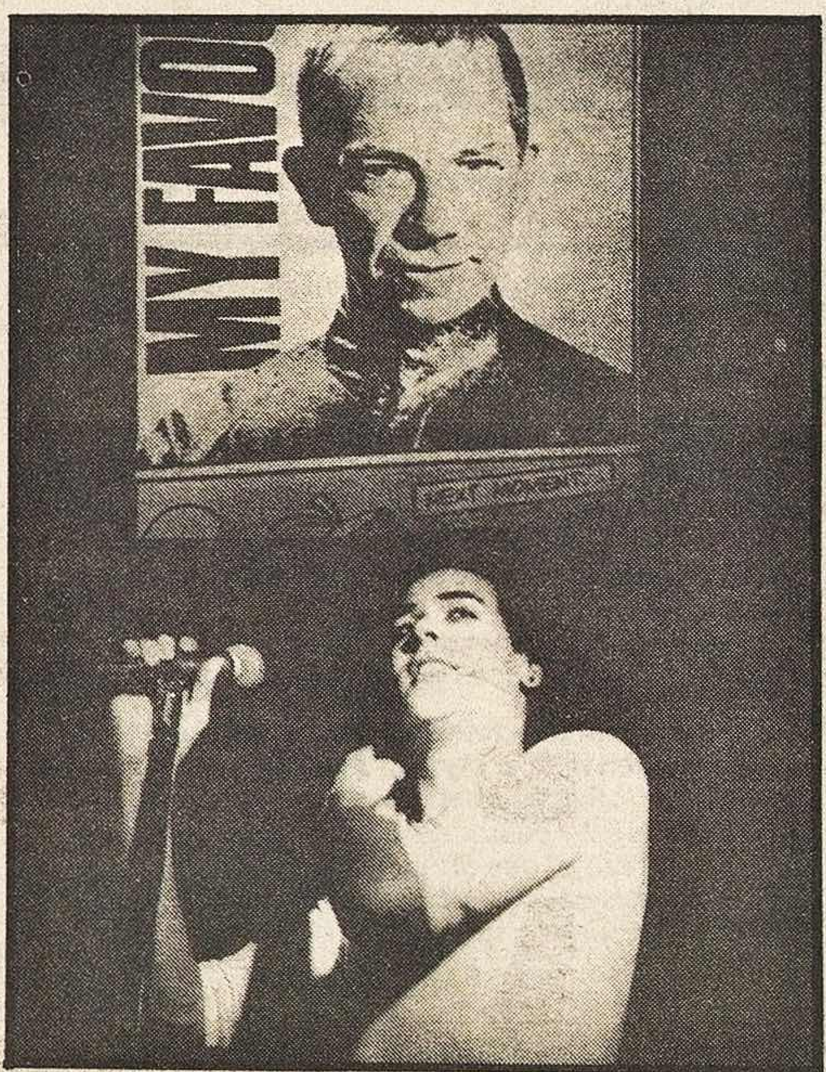
David Hodo (Village People): No, I don't think we're a gay band. The gay inflection is something I am very used to because I was in a long-running play on The West Coast in which every night I got raped on stage by two guys. *(17.2.79)*

David Bowie (on watching The Human League): They were great. It was like watching 1980! *(24.2.79)*

David Bowie (on 'Lodger'): It's like I went to a disco in Berlin, and there were all these fluorescent lights, blue, pink and green, and loads of punks, and it was the 25th Anniversary of The Berlin Wall, and right across the floor was a 15-foot cake model of the wall, complete with guns and turrets — and the punks all ate the cake. *That* is what the album sounds like. *(24.2.79)*

Lemmy (on Motorhead philosophy): People can relate to us, y'see. We'll sit in a bar and talk and drink with them before the gig, and it's an insurance in a way, because if we then get up on stage and play a duff gig, at least those people will go away with *something*. *(24.2.79)*

Jackie Leven (Doll By Doll): I personally see myself as the global idiot who can interpret to those who want to know. *(24.2.79)*



The Human League: We play our musical instruments because it's so easy. More people ought to do it. People should go out and buy their own synthesisers. *(31.3.79)*

MAR

Tom of the Mekons: We were saying the other day that it's nice to see people actually smiling at groups, which is what they tend to do to us, when they're not actually pissing themselves laughing. I can't see how we could ever be idolised in any way. *(3.3.79)*

Jerry Wexler, Warner Brothers senior vice-president: A lot of us executives are walking around physically ill — needing to pretend that we're creating something artistically worthy . . . But since we're all capitalist enterprises, we have to capture the lowest possible denominator. What's wrong is that we have to cater to the rancid, infantile, pubescent tastes of the public. *(3.3.79)*.

Joe Strummer: To break, crack, storm or blitz America you have to work as hard as Elvis Costello, shake hands and smile like The Boomtown Rats, and sound like Dire Straits. Of the three, we could make the first but not the rest. *(3.3.79)*

Billy Joel: I have this thing about dignity. You have to maintain your dignity. Sometimes it's hard to do in this business because I look at some of the people who are supposed to be my contemporaries — Kiss or some of these punk rock groups who are just . . . I just wanna punch them out. They really piss me off. Just the fact that I'm in the same business as them. I mean, there's my grandmother watchin' *Midnight Special* and there's Kiss — and she turns to her neighbour and goes, "That's what Billy does for a living." *(3.3.79)*

Graham Parker: Look, I've got to have a piss. Seen the gents anywhere? *(3.3.79)*

John Lydon: Most of you out there are better than us, but you're too fucking lazy! *(3.3.79)*

Steve Hillage: While it would be loony to claim that there is a mass movement dedicated to putting over so-called 'New Age' ideas and energies through rock music, there's definitely something happening. We're not just pissing in the wind. *(10.3.79)*

Donald "Benjamin" Griffiths (Aswad): I always know what I'm saying, but some of what I say is not meant to be clear to you. And if I thought that you would completely understand me, I would probably not say it. *(10.3.79)*

Van Morrison: If you want me to sit here and talk about my emotions, you've got to be out of your mind! *(10.3.79)*

Paul Weller: Now this is gonna sound like a massive cliche, but everyting I've gotta say — or not got to say — comes out in the records. So just because I ain't got so much to go on about in interviews, which'll make boring reading, it don't follow that I'm a dull and simple lad. *(17.3.79)*

Bob Marley: America . . . It is pure *devilry* them things that go on there. Them just work with force and brutality. Them lock out the punk thing because them see that something is happening. Them 'ave punks, mon, so the oppressors bring another man to blind the youth to the truth. And they call him John *Tra-vol-ta!* *(17.3.79)*

Iggy Pop: I am *totally* into *corruption.*
I started reading in the papers about me being the 'Godfather Of Punk' and figured well, if I'm going to be the Godfather then I'm going to be a real Godfather, Mafia style. Taking no shit from anybody and screwing anyone who tried to screw me.
Now I have it all totally under control. I've been through it all, I've been a puppet, the arsehole, the dupe, the junkie, and I've come through it all and proved that I'm the equal to anybody you'd care to mention. *(24.3.79)*

Red Saunders (Rock Against Racism): There's no point us putting on Judas Priest when they strut around with their bollocks hanging out. *(24.3.79)*

Jonathan Richman: Dum dum dum diddy diddy dee dee dee diddy dum diddy diddy dee . . .
To me, sophistication and gaol have a lot in common. *(31.3.79)*

APRIL

Glenn Tilbrook (Squeeze): I think there are few bands to equal us. It's just that the general public don't happen to realise it at the moment. *(7.4.79)*

Nicky Tesco (The Members): We did this gig at the Nashville, and there was this bird at the front shouting 'Nicky Nicky Nicky I really love you'. I mean she was a beautiful looking bird . . . if she knew me she'd probably think I was a real prick. *(7.4.79)*

JC (The Members)'s Dad (on JC): When he gave up that good job at the bank, I said to myself 'Bully for him'. *(7.4.79)*

Joseph Hill (Culture) on Soccer: It's a prophecy of defeat from His Imperial Majesty to his enemies. Even the ball itself, it was designed in the shape of the world, representing the overthrow of Babylon by Jah Jah chosen people. *(14.4.79)*

Ross McManus (Father of Elvis Costello, defending his son against allegations in the US press that he was 'racist'): You can tell your readers that Elvis' mother is a Liverpool lady who'd beat the fucking tar out of him if she thought he was turning into a racist. Elvis is no racist. His mother and I were always very strict on that point. *(14.4.79)*

Johnny Winter (on too much dope): You don't feel like some big rock star when you've got your head stuck down the toilet. *(14.4.79)*

Linton Kwesi Johnson: I think the Tory Party will be attempting to rob us of some of the gains we, the black community, have made since we've been in this country. I think the powers of the police will be increased and that you'll find that there'll be even more intense policing of our community. We're going to be in for a tough time. *(21.4.79)*

Mensi (The Angelic Upstarts): Don't think there's any way I'm against law and order. Nobody's got more respect for an honest copper than me, it's just that from my experiences . . . I haven't met any. *(21.4.79)*

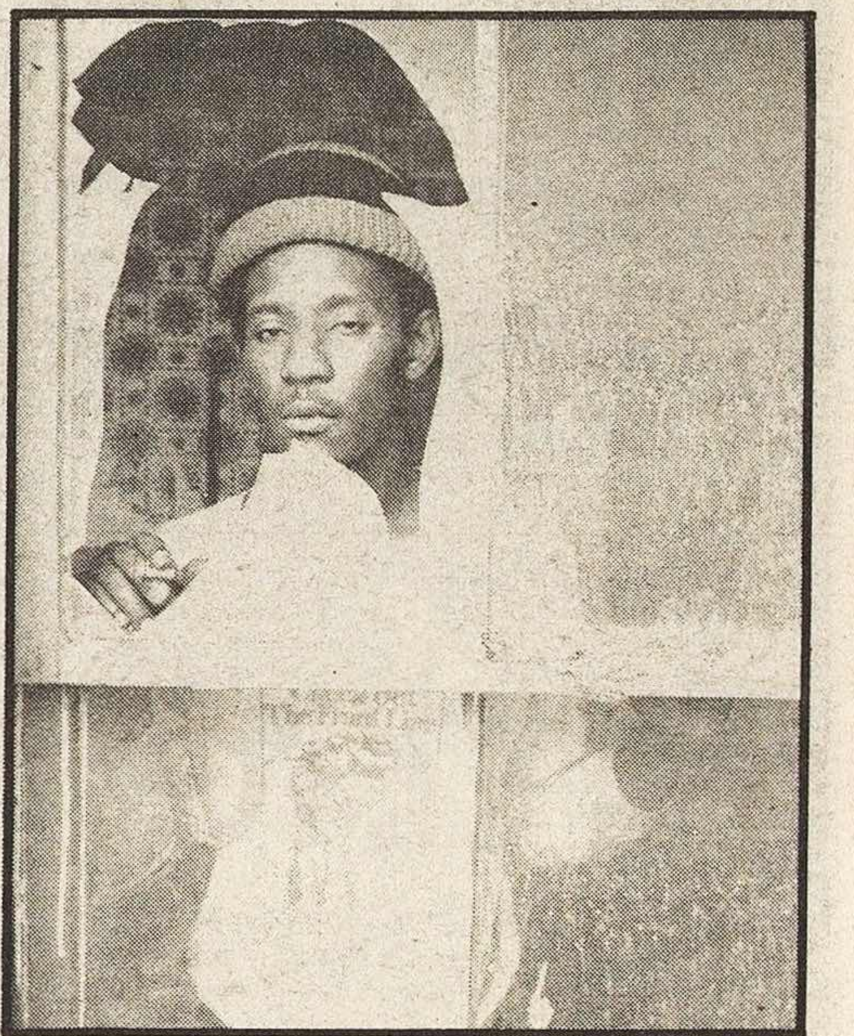
Lou Reed (to Paul Morley, in Dusseldorf): If you hadn't have said what a great show it was, I was going to have you deported. *(21.4.79)*

Sting: We're too young to have been into Woodstock and all that, and we're too old to be punks. *(28.4.79)*

Gregory Isaacs (on the British climate): See, in England where you have all that snow and t'ing . . . the way I check it is as a certain amount of *sin and wickedness* that makes all them t'ings go on: snow and all them t'ings.
In the recording business right now I sight I-self as one of Jah messengers, seen? The Father put me on earth to deliver a certain message to people; to wa-a-arn them sometime, sometime to comfort them. *(28.4.79)*

Pete Shelley: You've got to believe a thing to make it matter. Therefore, nothing matters. Nothing matters unless I want it to. Nothing is important unless I believe it to be. Therefore everybody's happy nowadays.
If I get a cigarette and stub it out on my hand, I will get a sensation of pain and it will leave a scar. But my hand need not necessarily exist. My brain need not necessarily exist. *(28.4.79)*

Linton Kwesi Johnson: The possibility of a Conservative government in this country led by Margaret Thatcher is extremely disturbing, you know.

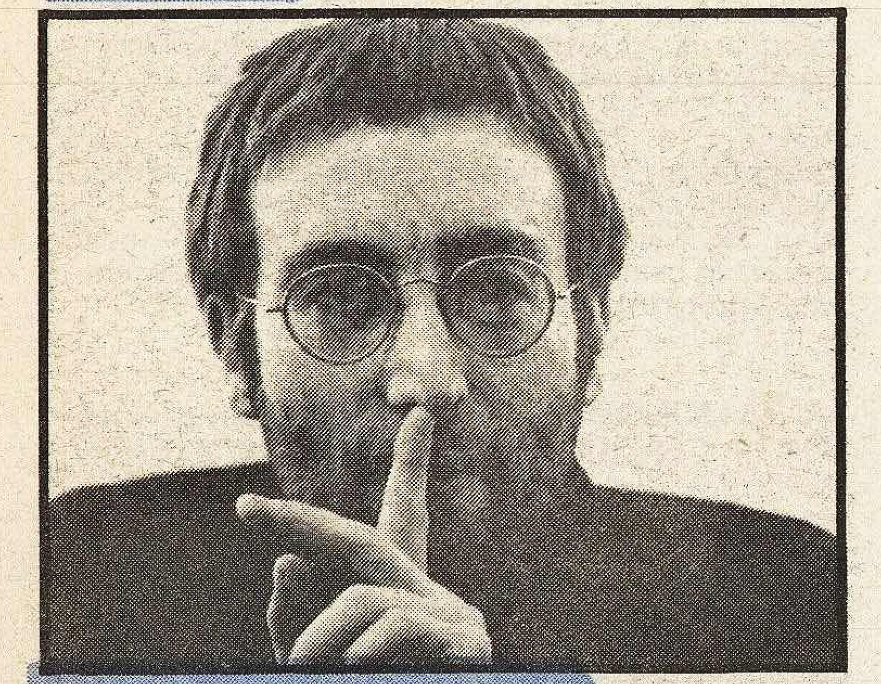


Pix by: Above — Justin Thomas Above right — Barry Plummer

Pix by: Above — Dennis Morris Above left — Kevin Cummins

Quotes Of The Year

MAY


Pic: Annette Green

John Lennon (accosted on New York street): Mmmm OK . . . sure . . . Yeah. *(19.5.79).*

Debbie Harry: I'm very nice to people. I mean, I have my bitchy side, but I don't think I'm really nasty. I think that a lot of other people probably think that I am. Fuck them. *(5.5.79).*

Ted Nugent: We saw that club in London . . . Dingwalls. Pitiful. Just pitiful. That place would be bombed in Detroit. They would bomb it out of sheer pity! I met some guys from The Clash there . . . Their hair was so silly I tried not to look at it.

If I'd made the army we wouldn't have had all that trouble in Vietnam 'cos I would have won it in a year.

Roger McGuinn (on going religious): Jesus is the only way. I felt peace. My fear evaporated. Right there it was, Like, whoosh, the Holy Spirit overtook me. Last year my pastor advised me to pray for a miracle instead of declaring bankruptcy. I did, and within several days I received unexpected royalty cheques amounting to $30,000. *(12.5.79).*

Tom Waits: The only trouble with going to heaven is that I'm scared there's no nightclubs there. *(12.5.79).*

Barry Gibb: If you're an innovator you've got to be real careful not to get involved with all the spin offs . . . we have our own merchandising company and it's all done with taste. We're doing things like nice T-shirts. But we don't deal in wristwatches because if watches break children tend to blame the artist who's on the face of the watch. *(12.5.79).*

Captain Sensible: All we try to do is earn a living and have a good time, and we seem to get slagged for no reason at all. *(19.5.79).*

David Bowie: I wanted to be the rock Tony Newley. I've never been convinced I'm a musician. *(19.5.79).*

Fee Waybill (The tubes): Maybe we watch a little too much TV . . .*(26.5.79).*

Pete Townsend: I'm still working class, because I give most of my money away. If you really want to know, at this very moment, I've got an overdraft of £250,000!

Sometimes, during the depths of a really bad day I really would like to crawl off and die, but I realise that there's something very magical about being on stage and part of a band that's working together. It's very fulfilling because it's always been kinda dangerous and risky and that's what rock has always thrived on — risk.

Rock should have its Godfathers. *(26.5.79).*

Ron Wood (on tax-exile): Maybe it'd be better for the country if all the prodigal sons could come back there and spread their money around and help out some of the people who the government won't be helping out, bring some of the money back home . . . that doesn't make much sense, does it? *(26.5.79).*

Nick Lowe: As a producer my biggest break came during working on 'Watching The Detectives' and I discovered where the echo button was on the tape machine. *(26.5.79).*

JUNE

Ian Dury: If somebody's looking at me with rapture all over their face, I want to throw a bucket of water over them.

David Cunningham (on working with Wayne County): What I want to do next is an album with one side Wayne and one side Lena Zavaroni . . . I won't work with anybody unless there are women involved, and I think that Wayne just about passes the test. *(2.6.79)*

Richard Thompson (on the Islamic practice of amputating thieves' hands): I can't see it as barbaric if the man's a habitual thief. If all you believe in is this world, nothing beyond molecular matter, then it makes no sense; but if you believe in something beyond this world, in some inner capacity, then it makes more sense. *(2.6.79)*

Cindy Wilson (of The B-52's): When I was a kid I saw two hairy beings walk down the hall. At the time I thought they were the famour Boogie Men . . . Now I don't know what they were. *(9.6.79)*

John Lennon and Yoko Ono (in a letter to the *New York Times*): More and more we are starting to wish and pray. The things we have tried to achieve in the past by flashing a V-sign, we try now through wishing. We are not doing this because it is simpler; wishing is more effective than waving flags. It works. It's like magic. Magic is simple; magic is real. Magic is logical. Try it somethime. *(9.6.79)*

Pic: David Corio

Honey Bane: I always used to be a bit weird. I went to school with knickers over me head when I was ten and had red and green streaks in my hair. *(9.6.79)*

Dave Knopfler on Dire Straits' debut album: We'd get so sick of hearing it on the radio that we'd jump stations only to hear another song from the album being spun. One day I got three different tracks being played simultaneously on three different stations. *(9.6.79)*

Mark Knopfler: The one thing our American tour taught me was just how complacent and how utterly boring that whole scene is. *(9.6.79)*

Vi Subversa (Poison Girls) on her age: 42: Rock 'n' Roll is the music of protest and life, it's everybody's. I mean, what's youth? When does it start and when does it stop, who's got it and who hasn't? I know middle-aged people under 20. *(16.6.79)*

John Lydon (on the death of Sid Vicious): It wasn't a shock when he was killed, and I know who I blame though I'm not going to be stupid as to say it. But it was pretty obvious he was given a hot shot. Is that what they call it when they lace it up with everything from arsenic to boot polish? He was a fool. Fell for it. *(16.6.79)*

Jah Wobble: I've got a lot of time for the Stan and Hilda Ogdens of this world. Me included. *(16.6.79)*

John Lydon: The Pistols were just a wanky bunch of turds who took the piss out of rock music, gloriously. *(16.6.79)*

Peter Tosh: The injustices to me because I smoke herb are not because I smoke herb. They are because of my so-called political stand against imperialism, colonialism and fascism and all forms of ism that are here to discriminate and to kill and to gwan with all the evil forms of fuckracy in the world. *(16.6.79)*

Robert Fripp: Discotronics is defined as that musical experience at the interstice of disco and Frippertronics. *(23.6.79)*

Annie Lennox (of The Tourists): Peroxiding my hair was a very dramatic thing to do. My hair was a different colour and I myself was a different colour.

(23.6.79)

Nick Kent (on The Cramps): The Cramps have got a million of 'em. Great stories of about how Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash used to stay up for five nights dropping bennies and singing gospel tunes that would get more and more manic until the first one flipped out and did something like Jerry Lee used to do a lot — i.e. when the mood and chemicals caught him he'd pull out his machine gun and blow out the entire recording console.

Or how when The Cramps first met Sam Phillips himself, he appeared from nowhere wielding a huge chainsaw still in full-tilt operation. *(23.6.79)*

JULY

Charlie Harper (UK Subs): We're one of the few bands carrying on the original excitement of 1977. At the end of 1977, the trouble was that everyone was getting so worried about what was cool and what Johnny Rotten said was hip. *(7.7.79)*

Tom Robinson (at Gay Pride Rally): We'd like to thank the enormous number of gay policemen who turned up. *(7.7.79)*

David Lee Roth (Van Halen): I tell you man, the lowest — the lowest scum on earth are those suckers who . . . sometimes I meet them and they give me the line 'Aw man, my manager fucked up on me, my record company fucked up'. I just tell 'em 'listen you fuckers, it's down to you'. You've got to put out that energy. Fuck that self-pity, loser shit. Cos those people, man — they're a disgrace to rock 'n' roll, because rock 'n' roll is just pure fucking energy. *(7.7.79)*

John Cooper Clarke: My relationship with rock and roll is like Lenny Bruce's with modern jazz — I like the clothes and the attitude. *(7.7.79)*

Tom Waits (in concert): Don't be too hard on me, I'm a long way from home. *(7.7.79)*

Johnny Rotten (being introduced to The Monks on *Juke Box Jury*): Nice to meet me. *(7.7.79)*

Les McKeown (ex-Bay City Roller): I can see my career stretching our to perhaps 30 years. Y'see, I'm talented . . . and that's different from people who are untalented *(7.7.79)*

Malcolm Owen (The Ruts) on playing their first RAR gig: It was a shambles, but it was fantastic. There was all these pogoing Pakistanis.

Malcolm Owen (on Sid Vicious): He was such a lovely guy. You could see it in his eyes. All of a sudden when you were beating him up or he was beating you up he'd just stop and go "I don't really want to do this". *(14.7.79)*

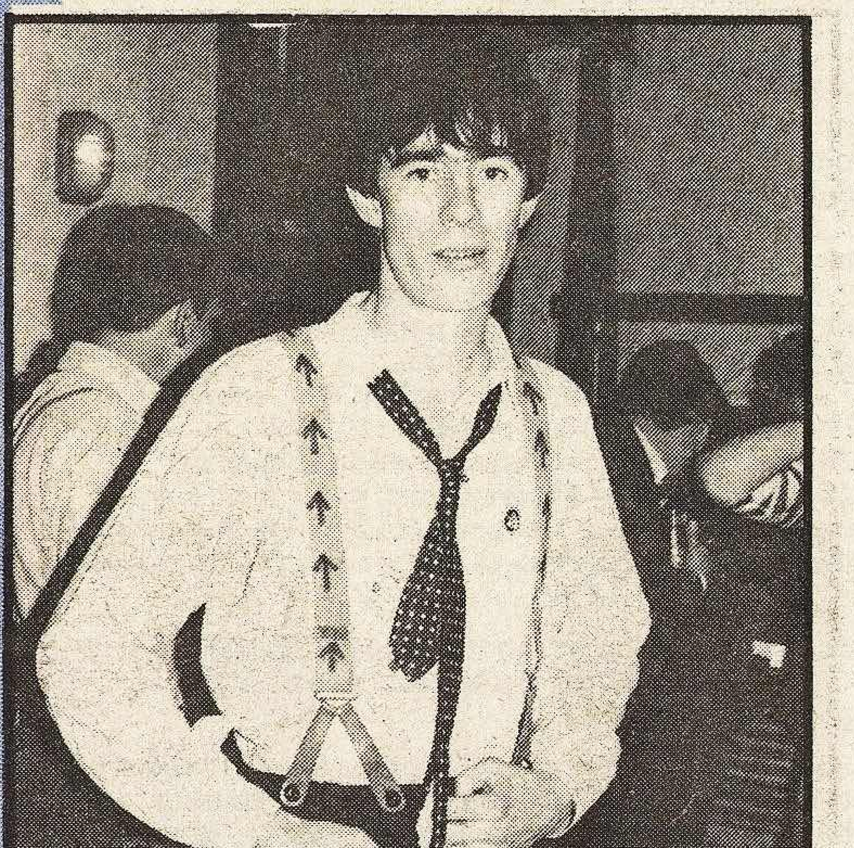
Commission for Racial Equality (on the Blair Peach inquiry): Is it likely that had the person who struck the blows been anyone other than a police officer, or possibly a member of the armed forces, that there would be any reservation about using the term 'murder inquiry'? *(14-7-79)*

Jerry Casale (Devo): The British people are ill-tempered, depressed and bitchy. *(14.7.79)*

Jimmy Pursey: Can you imagine, there's National Front kids out there and I'm telling them what I think of them. It's not like standing up in front of a lot of nice people who all live in nice places, and who all hate the NF anyway. I'm singing to kids who are in the National Front and I'm telling them that it's a load of bollocks.

Johnny Rotten's Public Pisstake or whatever it is, y'know to me that just sounds like a public convenience.

I think I'm very wise to the facts of what this world's about. I think I've got this world sussed a little bit. *(21.7.79)*


Pic: Paul Slattery

Jimmy Pursey (on 'If The Kids Are United'): This song will always be the greatest song in my heart. *(7.7.79)*

Billy Idol: At first I didn't look like an idol. But with experience the dream figure I imagined in the mirror became a reality. *(21-7-79)*

Chrissie Hynde: It's ridiculous to denigrate the music press . . . *(28.7.79)*

Epic Soundtracks (Swell Maps): As far as I'm concerned our LP is definitely the best of the year. *(28-7-79)*

David Byrne (Talking Heads): Anyone who tries to be naive these days is a fool. The 'innocent' rock band that isn't aware of the history and the mechanisms . . . these people are in a dream world. *(28-7-79)*

Chuck Barry (on the brevity of his Alexandra Palace gig): I was contracted to appear for 45 minutes and I gave them 49. Anyway my last number is a disguised encore. *(28.7.79)*

AUG

Joni Mitchell (on the death of Charlie Mingus): Charles died at the age of 56 in Mexico. The following day he was cremated. That day, 56 whales beached themselves on the coast of Mexico, and not knowing what to do with them, the people there burned them. So 56 whales were cremated the same day as Charles! *(4.8.79).*

Jimmy Page: I voted Conservative in the previous election because I believed in Heath. And I still believe that Edward Heath was a very honest man. He was too honest to be a politician in fact. Wilson was very slippery, but a good politician. But I suppose that's politics. *(4.8.79).*

Southside Johnny: Out in Cleveland there's a phenomenal rock 'n' roll radio station, the best in the country, and every year they stage this huge festival they call the World Series. We played there one year with Ted Nugent and Todd Rundgren and it was insane. The kids were throwing things at every act. When Ted Nugent came on and started throwing out his stuff at one hundred million decibels, all his fans, who are legion over there and all crazy, started throwing beer cans filled with rocks at him. They *love* Ted Nugent. They love him so much they throw rocks at him. *(11.8.79).*

Joe Jackson (on being compared with Costello): I don't know how much longer I'm going to stick with this fucking Costello thing. I feel like banging me head against a lamp-post. *(11.8.79).*

Ry Cooder: I have the good fortune, y'see, to do what I do on a large record label. That's the main thing. If I did it on a little label, no-one would pay a bit of attention. But I've been lucky to grease by with some stuff that normally wouldn't be a part of any label's roster. *(11.8.79).*

Julian Cope (Teardrop Explodes): When we started there were all these 'bleep bleep' bands going around, and we were a reaction to them. All the papers were going on about the 'new musik' with a 'k' and I hated all this I-have-no-heart and 'metal' and all this crap that people like Siouxsie were coming out with. I mean who's interested in *metal?* It's just not on, is it? *(18.8.79)*

Chas Jankel (The Blockheads): I refused to write the music for ('Plaistow Patricia') as I didn't really get off on the words. I thought any song that starts off 'Arseholes, bastards, fucking cunts and pricks' is not exactly going to be a major No. 1 world hit. *(18.8.79)*

None of me mates have anything to do with the music business. I used to know someone in the Pink Floyd but I haven't seen him for a while. I think knowing amazingly few people in bands helps me keep my perspective. But when I get to see The Undertones, all reason deserts me.

My father told me that I couldn't get a job on the BBC unless I was a Catholic or homosexual or both. He had a rather distorted view of life, I think. Nice chap, but funny views. *(18.8.79).*

Taj Mahal: Disco - . . what is that? It's a party at someone's house, a houseparty for everyone. I like to give people the choice — listen or dance or both, but with us you don't *have* to know the steps. *(11.8.79).*

Lemmy (on Hell's Angels): It can be a very violent career for a young man. Sure, it can be very negative in some ways, but it can be very positive in others. As an alternative to disco-dancing you must admit it has its merits.

Lemmy (on the Save The Whale Campaign): It's all very good, but if they *really* wanted to save the whale they'd start by blowing up a few harpoon boats.

Lemmy (on the pre-gig intake by himself and Dik Mik at an early Hawkwind gig): We had about a gram of amphetamine sulphate each, ten black bombers each, somebody gave us a tab of acid each. We ate them and then somebody gave us two more and we ate them as well, and somebody gave us cocaine and somebody gave us a Mandrax. We were both stiff as boards. They had to wedge our legs onto the back of the stage and push upwards. I'm going "where is the crowd?" Doug, our manager, says, "That way." "How far?" "About five or six yards." "Oh, that's about right." *(25.8.79).*

Neville Staples (The Specials): A rude boy is a rebel that don't go around causing unnecessary trouble. He enjoys himself and dresses nice. *(25.8.79).*

Pic: Alain De La Mata

Quotes Of The Year

SEP

CBS executive (addressing CBS conference, brandishing handful of independent-label records): Where's this coming from? Why haven't we got it? *(1.9.79)*

Spokesman for British Phonographic Industry Ltd (on illegal home-taping): The idea has been kicked around that maybe we should bring a prosecution against a private individual as an example. There are ways of getting access to people's premises provided one has reasonable grounds for suspecting they are breaking the law. *(8.9.79)*

Clint Eastwood: I couldn't live in Britain. Most of me black bredda, me sorry fe dem 'cause more time the police jus' beat them up . . . see them SUS SUS!! . . . Pure sufferation. *(8.9.79)*

Bob Dylan: I can see God in a daisy . . . It must be wonderful to be god. *(8.9.79).*

Meat Loaf (to Bob Edmands): You're lucky. This is just a tame moment in my life. I have a tendency to rough up interviewers. If I make any quick moves, leave. *(8.1.79).*

James Brown: Y'know, sometimes I look back on my life and wonder just how one man could achieve all I've done. *(15.9.79).*

Ernie Isley: We see ourselves as a rock'n'roll group. We're only in black music because that happens to be the colour of our skin. *(15.9.79).*

Feargal Sharkey (Undertones): The way some people go on about us, you'd think we were the greatest thing since sliced bread. (15.9.79).

Don Arden, ELO manager (to Roger Cook on Radio 4): Roger Cook, you go fuck yourself . . . You are guilty of slander and I'll take your last five pounds for it. I know you people got a tail on me and if I find that tail I'll break his neck. You're not a man, you're a creep. I've been making enquiries about you and I've heard rumours about homosexuality. *(15.9.79)*

Jake Burns (Stiff Little Fingers): I'm not mentioning any names, but sometimes I think some people on the music papers make a point of liking bands that are horrible just because they know no one else will. *(22.9.79)*

Eric Idle, (on *Life Of Brian*): Last time we opened in New York, with *Monty Python And The Holy Grail,* somebody asked me what our next film was going to be called and I said *Jesus Christ: Lust For Glory.* It's a joke that's backfired rather badly since people now think that Brian's about Jesus Christ.

Ari (The Slits): Every sound that you hear is rhythm! Everything is part of the pattern. Humans are my drugs and rhythm is sex! Fucking is rhythm and so is the earth going round and every footstep and every heartbeat!

The way you go about your music is the way you go about your life. *(8.9.79)*

things for reasons of their own. These are people with a vested interest in selling. They are the merchandisers of God. There are 540 churches all claiming they have the monopoly on God. They can't all be right. *(29.9.79)*

Bob Geldof (on Margaret Thatcher): What she's doing might be ignorant, pig-headed and essentially stupid, but I consider it brave. *(29.9.79)*

Def Leppard (heavy metal band): Look, if we wanted to do something different we'd be a new wave band. But we're not interested in that, we're interested in doing what we're interested in. *(29.9.79)*

Debbie Harry: Over here (America) they put girls in two categories; either you're a sweet clean cut girl or a real nasty bitch. And I know which one they've figured me out to be. *(29.9.79)*

OCT

Steve Diggle (Buzzcocks): The idea of breaking America is a big bore. It's no achievement. It's more trouble than it's worth *(6.10.79)*

Steve Harley (on the Punk Boom): I couldn't understand what was happening. Couldn't pretend to. Look, it was '77, and I was 26 — I'm 27 now, okay — and believe me to be 26 and find a generation gap is very strange.

I'm a very ambitious person. America means a lot to me. I can break America at any time! *(6.10.79)*

Ray Davies: Yes, I was a socialist. I was brought up to think that way, and then I had a success and it made a lie out of what I was. I made a gesture and it wasn't accepted, so I left it physically and emotionally, but I didn't become a capitalist. I hate ultra-capitalism *and* ultra-socialism, but I'm not a liberal. I believe in anarchy with order *(6.10.79)*

Tom Verlaine: I don't subscribe to the view it's wise to be delirious and I don't think Rimbaud did after the initial excitement. *(13.10.79)*

Sammy Hagar (on his intended public arm-wrestling match with Ted Nugent): I wanna legitimately be the baddest fucker up there. When I hit the stage, bring Ted Nugent out and I'll show you who can stand the intensity the longest! When it comes to physical fitness, I am the baddest fucker in the business. I run 5 miles a day. I can knock off 50 push-ups for you right here, 10 with each arm. *(13.10.79)*

Joe Strummer: For every satin-suited, platform-soled, macho-strutting guitarist, for every one of those up there in the lights sniffing coke, right, there's like 50 or 60 blackmen starving in the same town who invented the music with their own sweat, and this guy is ripping it off and posing away. It's shit! *(13.10.79)*

Jon King (Gang Of Four): A lot of our inspiration comes from living ordinary lives, like being able to go to the pub and nobody gives a monkey's. *(13.10.79)*

Andy Partridge (XTC): I desperately want the press to see that we're not just a bunch of smart-arses constantly scrabbling around thinking up clever riffs and 'oh let's throw in a dischord here. Let's disorientate the listeners. Let's alienate them with our self-indulgence. Ho Ho!' *(20.10.79)*

Pauline Murray on the demise of Penetration:

What really grieved me was making the new L.P. in Yes's studio or something, and putting money into these hippies' pockets. Recording in 32-track studios isn't supposed to be what it's all about. *(20.20.79)*

Joe Strummer: I don't want to see punk as another slavish attitude and image and everything is pre-planned and pre-thought out for you to slip in comfortably. Like, say, mod is. Let's all put on mod suits and feel less nervous.

I vote for the weirdo. I vote for the loonies. I vote for the people off the left wall. I vote for the individuals. *(20.10.79)*

Mick Jones (on radio interviews in the States): We were getting out the Foreigner and Boston LPs at one of the stations we were at, scratching them and putting them back. *(20.10.79)*

Lene Lovich on her withering relations with Polydor: The seven of us were at this reservoir in the middle of winter to photograph the cover. And Polydor came up with a four-man dinghy with a hole in it . . . I think then we got the message. *(13.10.79)*

Kate Bush: Whenever I see the news it's always the same depressing things. Wars, hostages and people's arms hanging off with all the tendons hanging out, y'know. So I tend to watch it much. I prefer to go and see a movie or something where it's all put much more poetically. People getting their heads blown off in slow motion, very beautifully. *(20.10.79)*

Jimmy Pursey: Sham 69 is still naive, and thank God for that I tell yer. I really consciously try to retain some remnants of my innocence. 'Cos if I lose that, I'll be just like Johnny Golden Bollocks Rotten or the kind of prat John Lennon turned out to be.

Julian Temple (director of *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle*, I really like the bit where Sid shoots the audience, especially singing 'My Way'. It's a very good example of The Sex Pistols attitude, especially given Sid's character as a kind of social actor, or whatever he was, with the annihilation of the song. To me it is tremendous. All the egotism and the individualism and the hypocrisy involved in that song and the audience lapping it up and getting shot to pieces is just wonderful to me. *(27.10.79)*

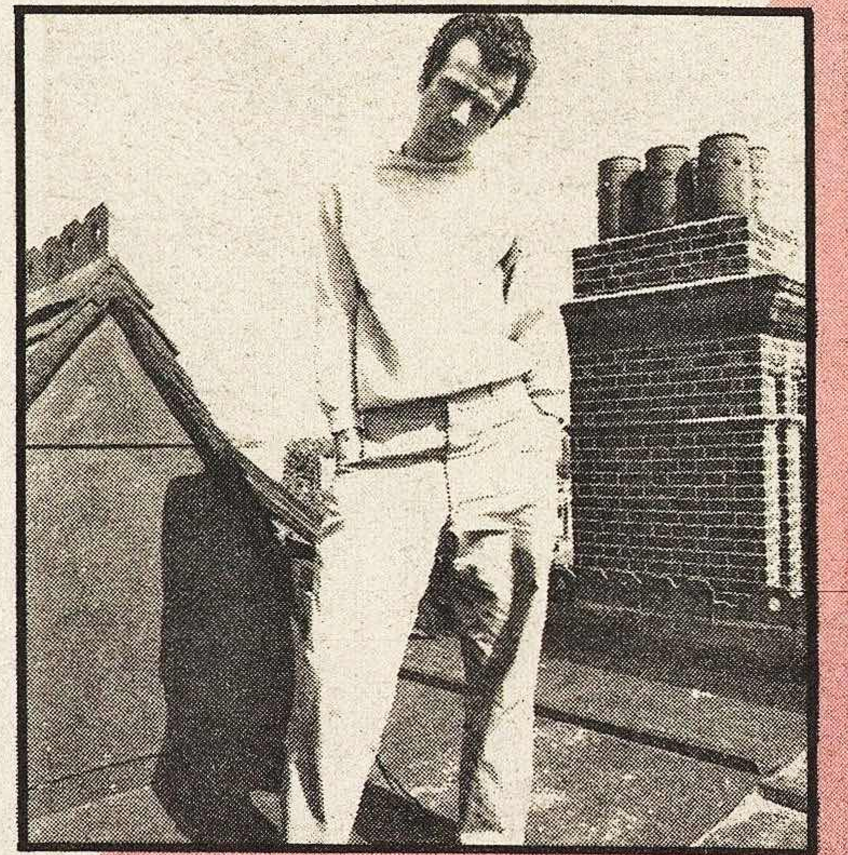
NOV

Hugh Cornwell: We're never going to use a producer again. What the fuck for? Producers are just shitty little parasites. Period. All they're good for is telling jokes. And *we* know better jokes than any of 'em! *(3.11.79)*

Paul Weller, (on 'Eton Rifles'): It's a piss-take on class. It's an imaginary setting and that — the two classes clash, like the trendy sort of revolutionary saying in the pub 'Come on, sup up and collect your cigarettes cos there's a row down the road', and it's like 'The revolution will start after I've finished my pint'. That's how a lot of people feel. That's how I feel. It's a lazy attitude, but in another sense it's a realistic one. There's all this going on in the world and that, Cuba and that crap and nuclear threats and everything, but as long as I've enough for a pint I can tolerate all this. *(3.11.79)*

Wilson Picket (on disco): It's a wretched, puny form of music but it's the contemporary sound, dig, so I decided to take — uh, some of the stronger aspects of the whole sound and jes' add my own thang to it.

Wilson Pickett (on his early career: That was the music business then. Whitey owned it, whitey called the shots and we wuz all used, abused and ripped off by the motherfuckers. *(10.11.79)*



Bob Marley: We no lean on anyone cos we is Rasta . . . But I and I no fight fe nothing, y'know — we is what we is, we supply the way prophecy run it, that in this time now we come to our heritage of culture, our ancient culture on earth. As it was in the beginning so shall it be in the end because in the beginning everything was perfect and so everything to go back to perfection again. *(10.11.79)*

Ian Page (Secret Affair): . . . That is the function of youth, to bring about change. To change laws made by old men for young men that old men would never break.

We stake our claim to be ourselves, and we do it, and we will be ourselves and we will fight to be ourselves, and we will resist the conglomerate mass, the wheeling, circling kaleidoscope of media overkill.

Teenage revolution is practising at being someone. *(17.11.79)*

Magistrate (to defendant in Southall anti-NF demo trial): However you've come by your injuries is of no concern to this court. *(17.11.79)*

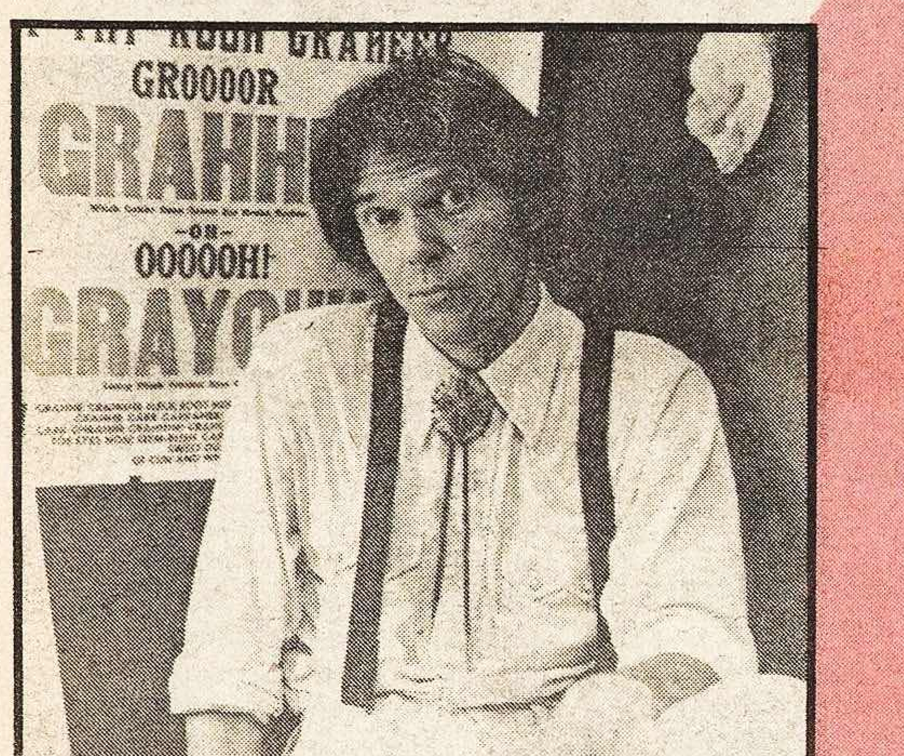
John McNally and Mike Pender (The Searchers): At a gig we did last year in London, there was this guy down in the front dressed in what looked like one of our old stage suits . . . black tie and winkle pickers, that sort of thing . . . I said "My God. There's a guy down there who looks just like one of our old album covers". So this guy looked up at me and he said: "That's what it's supposed to be, you silly prat". *(24.11.79)*

Rat Scabies: All I want from life is plenty of booze, plenty of women, and as many drugs as I can take. And somewhere to live while I'm doing it. *(24.11.79)*

Vi Subversa (Poison Girls): I've been told that I'm in my second childhood, but I think the threat of middle-aged people chucking up the system is really exciting. You don't have to give in when you're over 20 and we want to exhibit that fact. *(24.11.79)*

Suggs (Madness): I believe that every band has their 10 minutes of glory, but I like to think we've left enough options open to give us 20 minutes. *(24.11.79)*

DEC



Neil Young (asked of the possibility of a Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young reunion concert): Maybe in my wildest imagination there might be. It's possible. Who cares? *(8.12.79)*

George Clinton (describing his newest stage persona, Uncle Jam, the fatigue-clad leader of the Funk Army — a groovilistic urban guerilla): We were just looking for a serious emotional vibe. We take the edge off it with roller-skates and things 'cause we din't want to be called terrorists. We're really defusing an emotional bomb. Free your ass and your mind will follow. *(1.12.79)*

John B. 'Sparko' Sparks (Dr. Feelgood): Opinions are like arse-holes. Everybody's got one.

We're thinking of learning a new chord. That's our project for next year *(1.12.79)*

Richard Jobson (The Skids): Paul Weller to me is like the English Che Guevara.

I'm not in a band to become a rock'n'roll star. To me rock 'n' roll is abysmal. *(1.12.79)*

Randy Newman, (on singing harmony tracks for the Eagles): D'ya ever see on vacation a fat kid that's all sunburnt trying to swim around a pool? That's how I felt trying to sing with them.

Elvis Costello, I understand, is real nasty, but I can't make it out. I can't understand a word. I've sat in front of the speakers. They say this guy's a great lyric writer . . . well, let me hear him, right? Put 'em down, I know they're not poetry. *(8.12.79)*

Joe Strummer (outlining his requirements in making the video pop show of the '80s): What I need is a maverick, left-field, off-the-wall, renegade, rebel TV producer. The aim hopefully is to get past the blinkered, half-dead nitwits who control the media *(8.12.79)*

Ian Hunter: The best possible thing anyone can do is tell me I'm washed up, a has-been, 'cos I'll fight back until I'm right there in the forefront.

The time factor doesn't even come into it. You're either alive or dead. That's all that matters. Simple as that. *(15.12-79)*

Mick Ronson: Actually I never liked Dylan's music before I played with him. I always used to think he sounded like Yogi Bear. *(15.12.79)*

Roger Daltry (commenting on the strategy that claimed 11 lives at Cincinnati's River Front Coliseum): If it happened whilst The Who had been on stage . . . if one person had been killed because of us, I would have been on the first plane back home and I would have never gone on stage again in my life. *(15.12.79)*

Francis Ford Coppola (director of *Apocalypse Now,* on Marlon Brando): Brando's big thing is he thinks everything is baloney, and he hates baloney. If he believes he can participate in something different, he will. He's spoiled. He's a great man.

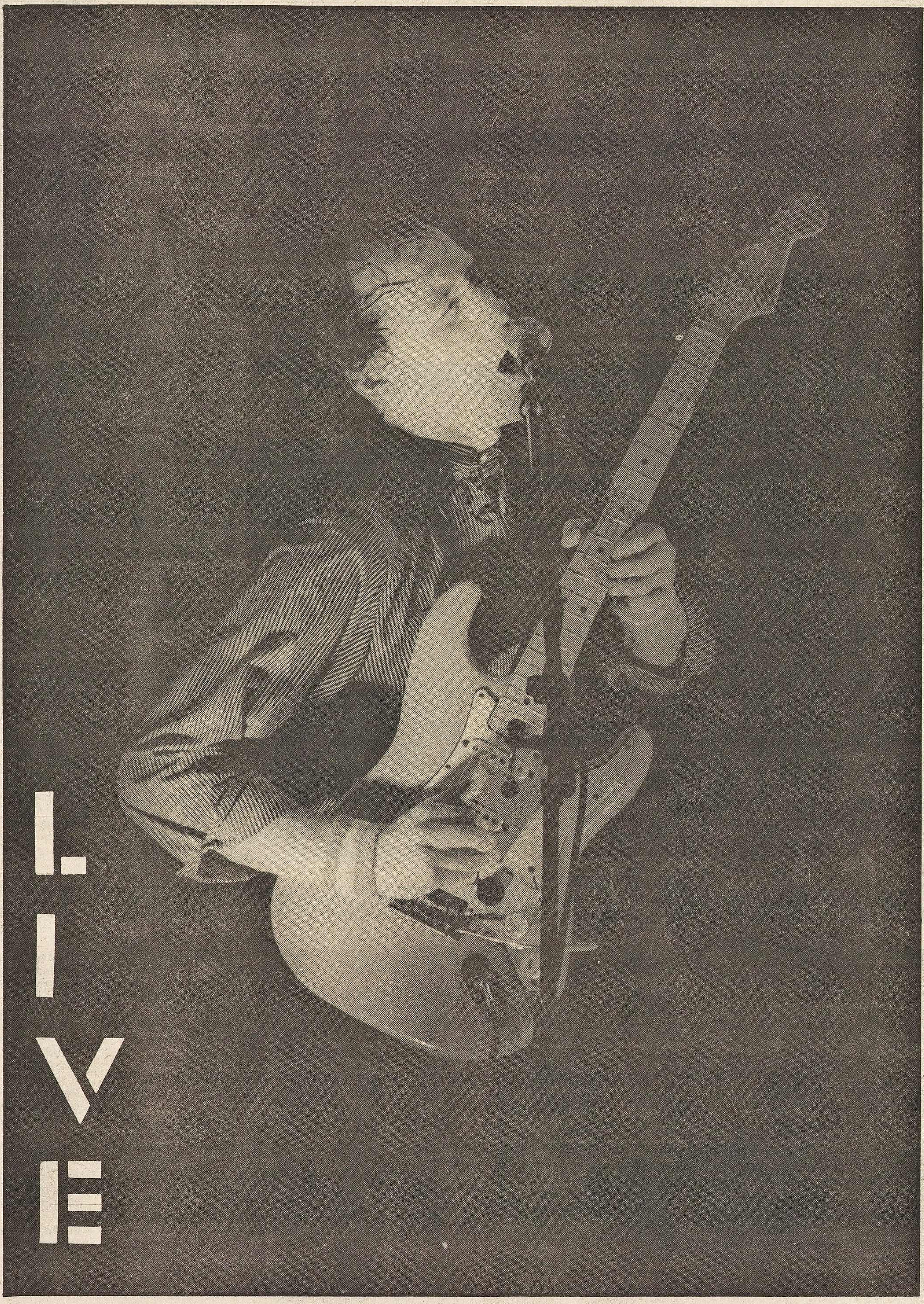
I'm not interested in Academy Awards. I have a lot of them. *(15.12.79)*

Jackie Leven (of Doll By Doll): I need everyone in the course of my life — from the girl in the supermarket to these involved in my business life — to see that I'm not just some tit with a gimmick, any more than I'm some dangerous looney with an idea that is going to spell fiscal disaster. *(15.12.79)*

Joe Jackson: You know . . . I looked at myself in the mirror this morning, and I just laughed. *(15.12.79)*

Pix by (Page 68 l to r) Annette Green, David Corio, Paul Slattery, Alain De La Mata (Page 69 l to r): A. N. Other, Pennie Smith, Mike Laye. Adrian Boot.

Your Policemen Are Really Wonderful



Strait Mark Knopfler: a backward step for rock. Pic: Santo Basone.

Pity About Some Of The Others

Dire Straits

Belfast

IN THE foyer they flog T-shirts, programmes and all the paraphernalia of a rock band's promotional department bar embossed wellingtons and inflatable underwear. Rumours that future Dire Straits' gigs will see the distribution of tuinol, sleeping bags and copies of *Rolling Stone* should be taken with a pinch of salt and a large measure of tequila.

Actually the Straits seem to have become a little bored with cocking their legs over barstools and making commentaries on the sultry and sleazy side of existence. The Knopfler brothers now have the shambolic demeanour of the Glimmer Twins as they slouch onstage to the fading strains of 'Gimme Shelter', and this seems to offer a general indication of the direction the group intend to follow. Mass adulation has given them a distant platform on which they work through farces worthy of *Crackerjack*— theatrics and mannerisms practised by bloated superstars since time immemorial.

The atmosphere is conducive to such puerile antics as this is an event of communal reassurance and sedate satisfaction with a few mild exhortations to play some arse kicking rock'n'roll. The bevy of new songs featured display a desire — albeit terribly self-conscious timid and sluggish — to haul the tired and tiring music of Dire Straits to a snappier, sharper, more alert reference point.

'Twisting By The Pool' is the most memorable, though naggingly predictable, of their new offerings. A sturdily concocted hybrid of dynamics and '60s embellishments, it seems a natural contender for a future single, destined to become as much of an overplayed jukebox stalwart as 'Sultans Of Swing'.

The opening 'Down By The Waterline' and the closing 'Nadine', represent the two monotonous dimensions of Dire Straits' sound: the first is an exercise in awkward musical urbanity; the latter a strained and flustered attempt to rock out.

Dire Straits have foolishly allowed their skills and resources to become embellishments rather than weaponry, and subsequently they flounder hopelessly. They rely heavily on the measured fluidity of Mark Knopfler and his over-rated and unsensational axework which is by now painfully compulsory rather than active or invigorating. Having developed an eminently commercial style, he now seems musically inert — unwilling and unable to examine or develop the limits of his style, and being presented with endless clusters of crisp melodic guitar work used with little ambition or invention, quickly becomes numbing and irritating.

But the playing and shallow neatness receives polite appreciative coos from an audience of curious couples, serious musical scholars and lots of would be Knopflers with invisible guitars. After all rock'n'roll is a man's game. Even a group as supposedly innocuous and apolitical as Dire Straits carelessly enforce stereotypes and invite sly knowing smirks.

'Les Boys' is a worthlessly voyeuristic, barely sympathetic or perceptive foray into musical motives with an everyone-sing-along type chorus. Written while slumming it in a gay German disco (must make a pleasant change from grooving round with the 'Wild West End'), Mark tells us that "these guys were really awful" to resounding and strangely over-assertive cheers. He then feebly proffers that "It's not meant to be a put down," and chuckles sneakily to another resounding roar.

Morals aside Dire Straits continue to ramble and shuffle their way through a stagnant pool of lethargic and lackadaisical stylisms. Who needs the piddling cliches of 'What's The Matter Baby', the misplaced raunch and restrained power drives of solid rock or the silly country how-down called 'Quit Your Messsin' Around'? There's enough music making admirable use of traditional structures and techniques without having to resort to this redundant blandness.

The set culminates in an inevitable requested brace of encores, although endlessly repeated cries of a rerun of 'Sultans' are left unanswered. They probably wish to rid themselves of that particular albatross, yet the irony is that the heaviest burden is the complacency of their music. As the evening draws to a close one wonders where the passion, the pride, the power and exit are.

Gavin Martin

The Police

Birmingham

THERE'S love here tonight: you can see it in the balcony where it spills out over the edge in all those thin arms stretched at the stage. It rises from the stalls as the audience dances, lurching and dipping, swaying and stumbling, hampered by the cinema seats.

I'd thought that the sound of The Police was purely decorative: an open, airy, economical structure that achieved balance, harmony, grace. Like all the best modern architecture, it gave an impression of space and light; the smooth loops, curves and circles, the soft explosions of sound merely confirmed my suspicions; I smelt something bland.

I was wrong.

Standing near the front of the hall, joggled by other joyful dancers, constantly shifted from side to side by nervous security men threading their way through the crowd (whose fears Sting tried hard to allay), I found that instead of small talk and sweet nothings I was listening to a vital discourse, a constant civilised conversation between three quite separate instruments.

This was best illustrated by 'The Bed's Too Big Without You': the bass bounces as it repeats its own argument, the quietly chatting drums interrupt the soft reasoned strokes of guitar; everything's saying the same thing in different rhythms and speeds and the song is so strong that when Sting sings *"without you"* as his voice stops the empty space in the air is filled with a silent scream from your own imagination.

Bass, guitar and drums coalesce, dissolve for a second into each other then each instrument slides away and circles the others, dissatisfied and mistrustful yet reluctantly, mutually, eternally attracted.

Neither did I expect a delivery so powerful and sincere that the sound scythes straight to the back of the hall. The trap of the supergroup has been placed and set (you can see the signs in the fast succession of slides that flash colour pictures of those pretty Policemen on a huge screen at the beginning and end of the performance and in fact that 'Message In A Bottle' is saved for the obligatory second encore) but it hasn't yet snapped shut. The Police are still free and for such seasoned professionals there's a strange disarming innocence about them.

They take an innocent pleasure in their own performance; there's an innocent enjoyment in their ability to move a huge audience without manipulation; there's even innocence in Sting's happy, unconcerned acceptance of his own sensuality.

And their performance does not rely on the standard, stagnant pattern of preconceived call and response or the laboured rabble rousings of preaching, hollow heroes. It's simple, joyous and spontaneous and it doesn't pretend to have implications greater than enjoyment of the immediate experience. The Police are rewarded by a response that isn't yet worship nor profane idolatry and is still based on friendship, respect and generous warmth.

'Hole In My Life' sees thousands of arms shooting up in unison with Sting's as he shouts *"Yeah!"*; 'Roxanne' has a tune that turns in the pit of your stomach and a rhythm that hits you in the hips, catches you in its current and insists you get moving; 'Born In The 50's' seems Sting's personal anthem and as he sings it, the strong stream of his voice loses a little of its awesome control. During a long, loose 'Can't Stand Losing You' a small girl is suddenly onstage, standing quite still and watching quietly as Andy Summers turns towards her smiling.

That's there as well, the lost urge to touch, mentally and physically; a gentle yearning for a closer proximity that can perhaps be directly attributed

One small step for Sting; one giant step for The Police. Pic: Al Johnson.

to the fact that this has the largest preponderence of female attendance that I've yet seen at a concert.

Of the three components of the triangle, Sting is breathtakingly beautiful but does not belabour you with his looks. His pure, sharp, shining voice lances, splits, slices and impales the songs; his bass is the anchor around which everything floats and revolves. Andy Summers is smaller, introverted and anxious looking; his polite, restrained, retiring guitar is infinitely effective and gives the sound its soft, colourful substance. Stewart Copeland's drums are far more than mere background; they are assertive, integral and as he sits with long limbs flashing around the range of his percussion, he's only restrained from joining the two at the front by the physical demands of being behind a drum-kit.

I still don't quite understand the cause of my conversion but I know that The Police have set something adrift that's found thousands of recipients.

Lynn Hanna

Madness

New York

THERE'S no tradition of ska being popular in America. Millie Small and Desmond Dekker each had one novelty hit a piece, and that's it. But Madness have enough of the classic R&B crunch in their sound to make an American audience feel at home.

The Madness album is great, but this group has to be seen in the flesh. The music and the motion are inseparable — watch this, feel the pulse and get swinging. Madness are speed, rhythm, unbridled motion and a great time.

So they come to Hurrah for their US debut. No record out here yet, but the place is packed full, and not curiosity seekers, but with fans; it's the making of a cult. People shout out the group's name, mob the stage and jump around.

Madness get the best, the wildest, the loudest reception I've seen any band get at this particular club.

Chas Smash does the intro and they're off into 'One Step Beyond'. Purely on the basis of prejudice, I'd have thought a bunch of white yobs playing ska to be an unlikely proposition, but they do it. Speed it up a bit maybe, but the feel is there, it sounds right and it's irresistible.

There's nothing tentative about this lot — they jump right into the groove and give everything: plenty of muscle in that chunka-chunka guitar; classic Farfisa organ sound, tinny and sweet; drums kicking right in there. Lee Thompson's sax has echoes of King Curtis — or some other great unknown hero of the instrumental dance-rock of the '50s, like the guy who played sax for the Rockin Rebels — lending an air of a hot sock-hop band blowing out some juke joint Saturday night dance party.

One step beyond in New York. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Super-charged ska is their speciality, but this isn't a one-trick band and the set did have the virtues of pacing. 'Razor Blade Alley' was a particularly good reggae-fied break, slowed down, sexy and insinuating.

Front-men Suggs and Chas are a non-stop visual treat — lively, funny and captivating.

For 'Night Boat To Cairo', they remove their pork-pie hats and put on fezzes. During 'Swan Lake — a Tchaikovsky reworking that is itself a great joke — they engage in a comic display of head bumping and mock-aggro shoving with arms and feet swinging in time. They're natural comics, rooted in the best Laurel and Hardy or Three Stooges slapstick tradition.

The only trouble is that if Madness gigs here were threatened by the kind of violence that disrupts gigs in London, this mock-aggression of Suggs and Chas wouldn't seem quite as funny. Our distance provides a certain innocence; the concerns about National Front audiences that figured prominently in Deanne Pearson's recent Madness article wouldn't ordinarily arise here, so it's possible for us to accept Madness as exactly what they profess to be: a good time dance band.

All that incessant motion onstage radiates onto the dance floor, where it is picked up as a cue to let loose, but with more good-natured energy and abandon than is usual for a New York audience. This — following the tumultuous reception accorded Buzzcocks a few weeks back — means that New York audiences had better watch out or they'll loose their reputation for having a hard-assed attitude.

Madness are one of the most appropriately named bands I've encountered. That's what they projected; that's what they inspired.

Richard Grabel

To Hell And Back With The Boys

The Boys The Drill

Nashville

STRAIGHT into a powerhouse drive of punk/pop rock, after a year's absence The Boys are back with a vengeance, back from Hell (in Norway) with a new album, a new single and a new tour.

Ambitious? Optimistic? Confident? Cocky even? The Boys prove they have reason to be all of these.

Little Boy Duncan 'Kid' Reid kicks off, bright and bouncy with a cheeky grin, dancing in front of rhythm guitarist Honest John Plain, who in a reversal of roles takes the backseat usually reserved for the bassist. But there's no way the effervescent Kid can be kept back, not only is he too bubbly, but he's too small to be seen back there.

He monopolises vocals, although Honest John — who looks like a slightly larger, and infinitely mellower Rat Scabies — comes forward once to sing on their latest single 'Kamikaze', a song about bikes and racing the kid with the Honda. Although the story's an old one, and the lyrics do nothing to redeem this particular version, it is renovated and personalised by Matt Dangerfield's guitar work skidding and veering and finally running completely over the top with ruthless vehemence.

It's not your macho rock band drive though, more a sneer at that strut, as their lyrics, if not sneering then faintly ridicule the fire and brimstone lyrics of the punk social order which The Boys never did subscribe to. Thus were they criticised a couple of years ago for being too (power) poppy.

But their '76/'77 roots and spirit still shine through, raw energy now coiled and encompassed in a tight rhythm section, gutsy guitars and a bass pulled right to the fore. Their style hasn't changed much, it's just more streamlined, bright and efficient.

They mix old numbers — their second 'First Time', 'Brickfield Night' and 'Sick On You' — new numbers off their latest third ablum 'To Hell With The Boys', and newer, as yet unrecorded material, all to equal audience acclaim. It seems everyone is affected by their racy Ramones style and by Kid Reid's — the only 'Boy' who really does beget that label — appealing childlike excitability as he dances and sings like a kid at his first Christmas party.

The Boys back in town. Pic Paul Slattery.

He tells the audience he likes them and the feeling is obviously mutual.

Appropriately 'Rub-A-Dub-Dub', a Christmas single, "bootlegged" by The Boys turning about face and recording under the name of The Yobs, again appropriately in this case, is their next number. It is shouted with the gleeful rowdiness of a football chant, creating a definite aura of Christmas cheer, and people pogo nostalgically as The Boys carol on through an even more raucous rendition of 'Silent Night'.

Noise and people are jostled around the building and pushed and spilled out onto the street — The Boys, it seems are back in town.

Support band The Drill, after dubious beginnings, made their presence felt too; the dubious beginnings being the arrival of the band members onstage — a limp, pasty-faced singer wearing one black glove and smudged mascara, a *Thunderbirds* puppet clone for a guitarist wearing gold translucent make-up on face and hands, hair artificially coloured and deadened with talcum powder, and bass and keyboard players in semi-cavalry regalia *and* a semi-naked drummer.

Later on the singer changed into black plastic mac, pink-rimmed plastic sunglasses and cloth cap. Hmmm.

A number of thoughtful, innovative numbers fought through the feed-back, 'Don't Tell Me The Blind Can't See' and 'I Can't Help It' springing immediately to mind. But I could have done without the fancy dress parade, which was more in the *Playschool* than the Artschool mode.

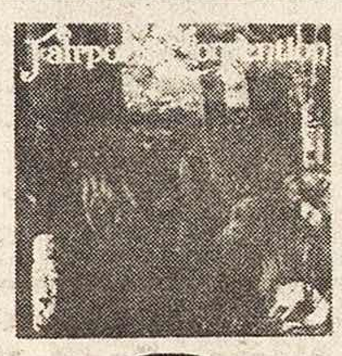
Deanne Pearson

It's always sad when a band you've been following for a long while breaks up, so here's something to remember them by.

'Farewell Farewell' was recorded live at Fairport Convention's last concert in Spring 79, and includes some of the great old favourites like 'Meet on the Ledge,' 'Matty Groves' and 'Mr. Lacey.'

What better way to say Farewell Farewell?

Also out now, Fairport's great sing-along single Rubber Band not on the album).



SIMONS RECORDS

Cohen: the Buster Keaton of despair? Pic Al Johnson.

Leonard Cohen

Hammersmith Odeon

STANDING centre-stage in a crumpled grey suit, his white shirt carefully undone at the collar, with a darkening 5 o'clock shadow and greying hair swept back from a furrowed forehead, Leonard Cohen looks so damn haggard and sensitive and fragile you wonder if he hasn't spent the last hour in the dressing room getting it *just* so.

But with his sound equipment held up in customs for six hours and his first set delayed for 40 minutes as a result, that worried, weary visage is probably for real. In fact, the show begins slow and stiff, as if the musicians are dragging up their energy from deep reserves, and it's not until late in the second set and through the series of seven (yup, that's *seven*) encores that things really hang loose and there's a perceptible charge of emotional commitment from the stage.

The show is a three-hour marathon, featuring 27 songs, only four of which come from Cohen's two most recent albums. The bulk of the programme is drawn from the first three records on which his fame still largely resides — tracks like 'Suzanne', 'Sisters Of Mercy', 'So Long Marianne', 'Bird On A Wire', 'Nancy' and 'Famous Blue Raincoat'.

What saves this selection from being merely a parade of pure nostalgia are several beautiful new arrangements and the delicacy and sensitivity with which the musicians perform them. In particular, John Bilezikjian on oud and Raffi Hakopian on violin provide a constant stream of impeccable solos, fine moments of flair and flourish that enliven even the most respectful performances. As on Cohen's new album, they're accompanied by fusion band Passenger, who are more than competent at sympathetic backing but prove a little inadequate on their few attempts to rock out.

The show's major flaw is a reverence and politeness of execution which becomes somewhat monotonous over three hours. It's the songs which depart from this consistency of tastefulness that linger in the memory — a gutsy, swinging 'Lover Lover Lover'; a poignant acoustic 'Chelsea Hotel'; and an hilarious doo-wop spoof on 'Memories', with the girl singers stepping through a hammy dance routine, Cohen actually crooning and a lovely, throaty sax break that soars up to the roof.

The encores provide as many highlights as the rest of the show. Cohen gets the biggest laugh of the night when he comes out for his fifth encore and begins *"I tried to leave you/I can't deny"*; but there are also trenchant readings of 'There Is A War' and 'Why Don't You Try', while Hakopian's violin is at its most smokily romantic on 'Nancy' and 'The Gipsy Wife'.

The show closes, as it began, with 'Bird On A Wire', delivered now with all the depth, tenderness and passion that the first set lacked; an eventual triumph for the Old Groaner. And, yes, he did natter on at one point about how nice to be "relieved of existence in this vale of tears". But he also cracked a few jokes, sent himself up and even smiled once or twice.

True, he's not exactly Basil Fawlty but I still think he's a lot funnier than most people will credit. A stone-face Lenny Bruce; the Buster Keaton of despair?

Graham Lock

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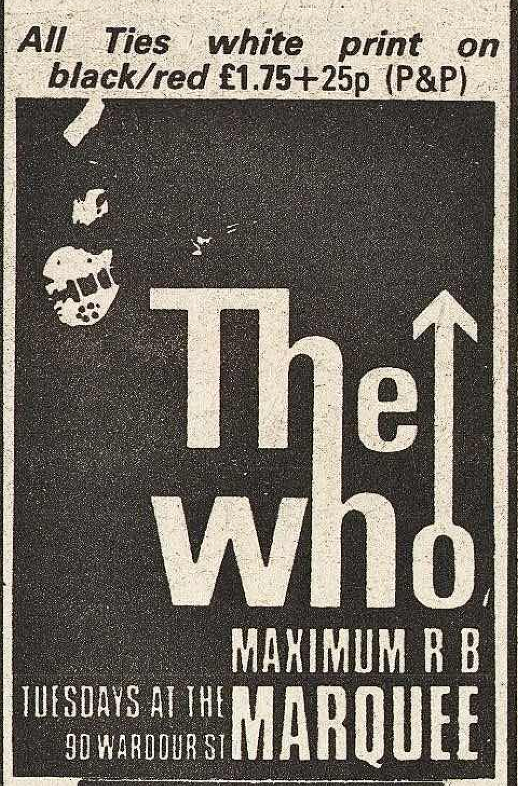

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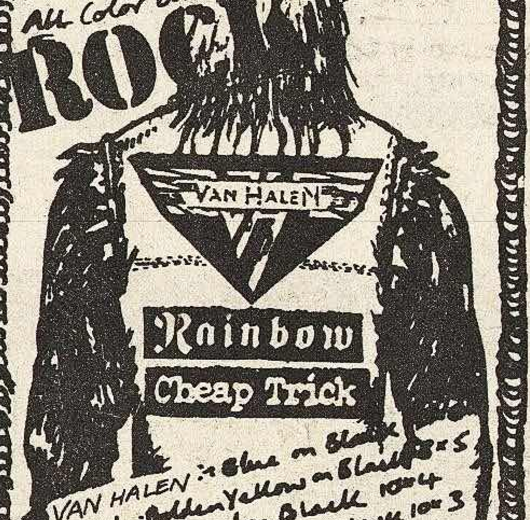

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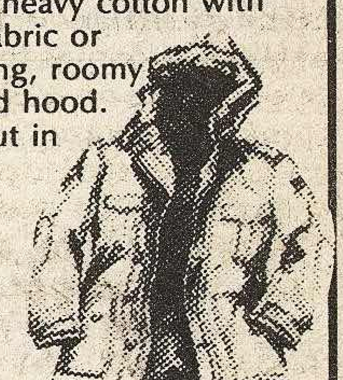

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XMAS QUIZ ANSWERS

And now ... the nail-biting conclusion to *NME's* faberoonie Kristmas Kwiz ... the answers:

1: a. 2: c. 3: d. 4: c. 5: c. 6: b. 7: a. 8: c. 9: a. 10: d. 11: b. 12: b. 13: a. 14: d. 15: d. 16: d. 17: b. 18: d. 19: b. 20: b. 21: b. 22: a. 23: c. 24: c. 25: c. 26: b. 27: c. 28: b. 29: d. 30: b. 31: b. 32: b. 33: c. 34: c. 35: c. 36: b. 37: a. 38: b. 39: d. 40: a. 41: c. 42: b. 43: a. 44: b. 45: c. 46: The three luverly Judies in the picture are the front line of New York band The Stilettoes. The Judy on the left in the hot pants is Debbie Harry. 47: The mean looking dude in the picture is Johnny Cash, and his son-in-law is none other than Nicholas Lowe, who recently hitched his wagon to Cash's step-daughter Carlene Carter. 48: a. 49: d. 50: b.

NO-ONE but a cheat or Fred Dellar will have scored full marks in our brain-racking festive diversion. If you're not a cheat or Fred Dellar and you still got every answer right you must be some kind of living encyclopedia and we doff our thinking caps to you. For the benefit of the rest of us average, unretentive mortals, here's the trivial and fascinating fax behind some of the more obscure questions.

1: Link Wray is 54.
2: The Ray Davies lyrics come from '20th Century Man', written in '71.
3: Bowie staged his '1980 Floorshow' once at the Marquee with Lulu in the cast.
5: Mick Ronson played with Dylan during the Rolling Thunder tour, with McGuinn on his 'Cardiff Rose' album, and with Annette Peacock on 'X Dreams'.
6: Costello brought Richard Hell over to tour with him in January of this year, and Jake Riviera released Hell's first single during the foundling days of Stiff.
10: The Blockheads rate Earth, Wind & Fire tops "on account of their revolving drum kit," says their PR person Kozmo Vinyl.
11: A Patti Smith poem was printed on an insert that came with Todd's 'A Wizard A True Star'. Todd also dedicated a song to Patti Lee Smith on his previous album, 'Something/Anything'.
12: Bernie Rhodes was The Specials' manager for a short time.
13: The 'heavy, heavy monster sound' was Dave and Ansel Collins' description of the sound of their early '70s hits 'Double Barrel' and 'Monkey Spanner'.
14: Tony Wilson, a journalist with Manchester's Granada TV, used to present *So It Goes* and now runs Factory Records in his spare time.
18: Yes, Paul Anka has had an album sleeve designed by Andy Warhol, in the style used by the NY pop artist for the Stones 'Love You Live'.
19: 'Don't Fear The Reaper' can be heard on a car radio that two of the victims of *Hallowe'en's* bogey man are listening to on the night of their deaths.
20: *Brian Of Nazareth* was thought to be a bit too directly satirical a title for the film.
22: Woodstock '79 toured Europe earlier this year, and John Sebastian, amongst numerous others, didn't play.
23: Phil Rambow's band The Winkies backed Eno on his one and only concert tour, which had to be cancelled halfway through when the intellectual one fell ill.
24: Joe Loss's massive worldwide hit — there have been at least 20 cover versions — was actually written by Tony Carr. Roy's dad, no less,
27: Uwe Nettelbeck of Faust is mentioned in the book *Hitler's Children*.
29: Cliff Richard recorded the Stones' 'Blue Turns to Grey', Ellen Foley did their 'Stupid Girl', and The Who once cut 'The Last Time' and 'Under My Thumb'.
30: Albert King is 56.
35: Paul McCartney cut an album with reggae maestro Lee Perry that was never released. The Clash cut 'Complete Control' with him.
36: 'Anarchy In The UK' was withdrawn by EMI before it reached the Top Twenty.
37: Elton tickled the ivories in his simian guise at a Stooges gig somewhere in Atlanta in 1973.
39: *Death May Be Your Santa Claus* is notable for being the only movie ever to feature the Pope performing a basic human function in the men's room.
40: Lose ten points if you answered "Don't even know what label they're on."
41: Mick Jones tries not to make a big deal of this, but it's true.
42: Cat Stevens' real name is Steve Georgiou.
43: Take our word for it. You don't really need to be reminded of the kind of awful dross that filled the charts in 1970. Benny Hill brought street credibility to the chart with 'Ernie' over Xmas '71.
44: Pearlman coined the phrase when he was a writer for *Crawdaddy*.
45: After being described as 'laid back' by *Sniffin Glue*, The Jam burned a copy of the fanzine on stage at the Marquee in retaliation.

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GUY STEVENS

■ *From page 7*

Their single is out and warmly received. Everyone who's heard the album thus far thinks it's marvellous, so everyone's telling their Guy Stevens stories.

Joe Strummer looks like a Ted on his way from a building site to an oldies shop hot on the trail of Jerry Lee Lewis outtakes. Paul Simonon looks like The King Of All The Rudies. Topper Headon looks like a punk rockaaaahhh. Mick Jones looks like Al Pacino in *The Godfather*.

"I well remember searching through all the pubs in Oxford Street looking for him," Strummer recalls. "I found a row of blokes sitting slumped over the bar staring in their beer. I looked down this row and I spotted him because of his woolly hat. I went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder, he looked round and it was like son-finding-father in one of those corny films. He looked up at me and said, 'Have a drink'.

"He had a few rucks during the sessions," Mick Jones chips in. "He had one with Mister Oberstein (Maurice Oberstein, big boss man at CBS) where he lay in front of Mister Oberstein's Rolls Royce. He had fights with Bill (Price, engineer of That Ilk) . . . why'd he have a fight with you?" he calls over to roadie Baker Glare.

"He threw something of mine across the room," elucidates Baker.

"We highly recommend him to *anybody* who wants to make a record," announces Strummer.

"There was this big pile of chairs," reminisces Jones, "all stacked up on top of each other like at school and he rushed out during a take and grabbed for the top chair and they all started to come over, so he pushed them back, then went for the top one, pulled it down and *smaaaassssshh!* Then he says, 'I'm Guy Stevens and this is what I do . . . especially when I'm thinking about my mother' and then he starts behaving . . . *eccentrically.*"

During the sessions, Guy would periodically phone Ian Hunter in the States for pep talks. Guy was telling Hunter that he couldn't go on, and Hunter would tell him to stop pissing about and get on with it. He would hang off the hallway phone for hours while The Clash worked in the studio.

"We paid for the calls. We paid for his minicabs as well. He brought in about a year's worth of minicab slips — every minicab he'd taken since the '50s. We'd told him he could have minicabs in and out, so he brought all these other ones in. One day he hired a bodyguard . . ."

The bodyguard eventually turned out to be a cab driver who'd come in to get paid when Guy didn't have the cash. He ended up staying at the session for 18 hours.

The Clash received considerable opposition from CBS when they proposed to use Guy Stevens. "They hate his guts! They said they wouldn't use him again until he was *bankable. We* plan to use him again, and we're going to get all of CBS' acts to use him. We're gonna make him their house producer.

"It gives me heart when Guy tells us about his business history," continues Strummer. "At least there's someone around who's as bad as us if not worse. All the dreadful, life-wrecking things that've happened to him . . ."

Jones: "His presence in a studio definitely makes all the difference. It's like all the mess goes to him like Dorian Grey's portrait or whatever. All the messy sound goes and it becomes *him,* and what's left on the tape is . . . clarity."

Strummer: "People tend to be afraid of him because he's off the wall, to put it mildly. And they should be. There's a little bit of an act in there, but it's not entirely an act. It puts a lot of people off. They just think, 'Christ, get this man home'."

Jones: "But even when he's unconscious he can still recite his address."

Apart from applying time-honoured Guy Stevens production techniques such as the Mott furniture-smashing standby . . .

Strummer: "He invented some new ones for us. Like pouring beer into the piano to make it sound better . . ."

Jones: "Like blowing the desk up. Like hitting the guitarist with a ladder. All these I could take, but not pouring beer into the piano. I nearly killed him."

Strummer: "When he poured beer into the TV I nearly killed 'im an' all. Lucky there were no Space Invaders about or he'd'a done *them* and then Paul would've killed 'im."

Jones: "He's obsessed with Liam Brady and Arsenal. He always wears his scarf and on the way to every session he goes and stands in the middle of Arsenal football ground and pays the cab to wait for him. And nobody in the group supports Arsenal."

The Clash unhesitatingly recommend Guy Stevens. Strummer pronounces him "the ultimate cure for musical constipation". How would they react to the dictum — oft-voiced by such worthies as PiL and The Stranglers — to the effect that all record producers are parasites.

Strummer grins broadly. "They should try him. They've never met a parasite like this one before!"

And the room explodes into laughter.

IT HAS BEEN ten days since the first interview session with Guy Stevens. Then he had arrived at *NME* blind drunk and bleeding. Now, he turns up punctual and sober. The shilling-sized flakes of dandruff in his hair have been washed away. He is wearing new sneakers. Suddenly, he's a hero. Suddenly, everyone loves him. He is in ecstasy.

"I'm buying some new jeans as well! I was tremendously unpopular at CBS until this record went in the charts. Now it's 'Hel-*lo,* Guy!' They've all cooled out!

"It's been tremendously refreshing working with The Clash. They've changed a *lot* since I first knew them in '76. Joe is great, because he always puts you straight if you're out of order. The whole thing happened very naturally. It just *worked.*"

Throughout his entire involvement with rock and roll, right from that first Jerry Lee Lewis flash more than 20 years ago, Guy Stevens has been lurching and screaming after one thing, one great blinding, deafening rock and roll epiphany.

"Well, the best way of explaining that would be . . . there's a quote from Jack Kerouac's *On The Road,* quite early on — about page seven or so — something like 'All my life I've been chasing after people who are mad, mad to talk, mad to play . . .' People who *want to.* And I suppose that applies to rock and roll. I was 11 when I heard 'Whole Lotta Shakin'' and I was never the same again. That intensity of feeling. I've seen performances by Jerry Lee Lewis that were just *unbelievable.* It was when he was at his most unpopular, 200 people in a 2,000-seater, and he played his *heart* out, and that's always stayed with me.

"That electricity, that manic intensity. It's a kind of madness, not a 'mad' madness . . . but like Dean Moriarty and Sal Paradise. Chasing, *chasing.* I've always felt that way about making records. Making a record is an event. Big letters: AN EVENT. It's not just 'another session': I *hate* people with that attitude. It's electricity. It's *got to be.*

"It may be hard for a company like CBS to accept a concept like this, but I could quite well *die* while making a record. *It's that important.* That's why — if it came to it — I could produce *anybody.*"

Right now, Guy Stevens is out of the dumper with a vengeance. The plan now is to get rid of the booze problem and take advantage of his redeemed credibility to make a lot more records.

"I can't very well afford to take out a small ad in the classifieds, so . . . you couldn't print my phone number so that people can get hold of me, could you? It's 699-4999.Ask for Guy.

"Record production a speciality."

OZ ROCK

■ *From page 33*

THE GREATEST Queensland band was not The Saints, but The Sperm Weals. This entirely mythical band surfaced on Thursday Island (the northern tip of Queensland) in October 1977. It was lead by a guy called Lazarus, who claimed to have been recently risen from the dead. The band began with only one number, 'I'm only getting drunk, baby, cos I can't get no fucking heroin'. At their first gig they played this song over and over until the crowd rioted and looted a fish processing factory.

Local civic leaders and police were so incensed that the band had to retire. They later resurfaced as Billy Tiptruck and the Hitlers with a new song, 'Ar fuck, I farted'. Lazarus/Tiptruck said, "I think there has been too much shit about punkers being the frustrated generation, straining against the impersonal industrial age. People should be brought to realize that we're just shits, in it for the money and love of music for art's sake, like Liszt and them." He adds that he likes Liszt cause it rhymes with pissed and Bach cause it rhymes with fuck.

Of such things legends are made.

I've explained how Queenslanders have a hard time of it because of a repressive state government and police force. And the effect this has on the music scene. But all is not totally barren. Although at present a depressing number of bands are breaking up or pissing off.

Foremost of the bands about to piss off are the GoBetweens. These particularly unlikely lads are Brisbane's Mousketeers. They're like early Jonathan Richman and Laurence Welk and Patti Smith and The Monkees. Their music is more than pop it's completely disposable. Or is it?

Recent fatalities have been The Leftovers and The Apartments; while the Sharks and Razar keep threatening to split-up. Razar are close to being Brisbane punk. Featuring such greats songs as 'Stamp Out Disco' and 'Shutdown Countdown', the lads are a touch on the simplistic side lyrically but all good clean head-banging fun.

And in the great tradition of Architecture bands comes the RipTides. They have a positive aversion to covers so feature their excellent original material. The RipTides are Brisbane's — possibly Australia's — closest thing to a mod band. And they're good at it; tight without losing excitement and fun. Melodic without being wimpish.

Many of Brisbane's bands are on the local Able Label or are producing their own singles. As are bands all over Australia. Of the seven major record companies operating in Oz only one is Australian owned. And the rest just aren't really interested in the local product.

The problem here is that the ABC and commercial radio aren't in the slightest bit interested in giving air-time to independently produced singles; even when the singles appear on their charts. But small bands are getting a lot of support from independent, community radio stations. In Brisbane, 4ZZZ-FM encourages local talent. Triple Zed not only plays their music, but gives them work supporting the interstate and international bands they bring to Brisbane; besides running a pub venue for local bands.

Alternative radio is one of the most heartening aspects of the Austrlian music scene. And it not only exists for rock music, but also classical, jazz and ethnic music. By not programming a continual succession of Top 40 shit, and by being educational/political in direction, these radio stations are entertaining and often, dare I say it, thought-provoking. A legacy from the Labour government of the mid-seventies.

YOU'RE probably wondering about where the handful of Australian acts who have made some sort of international impact fit in. No? Well . . . The Little River Band are a prime example of a band missing in action in the American Dream. They culminate a history of bands singing in a Wooloomaloo club about going home to Memphis.

In Britain we cringe before the updated Rolf Harrisry of AC/DC. There is a moral to be drawn from the fact that Rolf is also far more popular in the maternal-type country than in Oz.

Then there's the invasion of the new-Old Guard, like Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons or Skyhooks. They've burnt themselves out on the Australian circuits long enough to have earned British recording contracts years after the excitement has gone.

But treating those bands as representing the state of activity of Australian rock is like hailing Britain's old pub rockers as the future of rock and roll. There are young bands in Australia who have realised that America and Britain don't own rock music anymore.

Then what's the future of rock music in Australia? The last few years have been interesting. Punk/New Wave was influential in Oz with many bands apeing the Pistols etc. But it doesn't have quite the relevance. Life's a bit too comfortable Down Under. Although with youth unemployment rising, who knows; there may be a note of desperation creeping into our music to give it that edge.

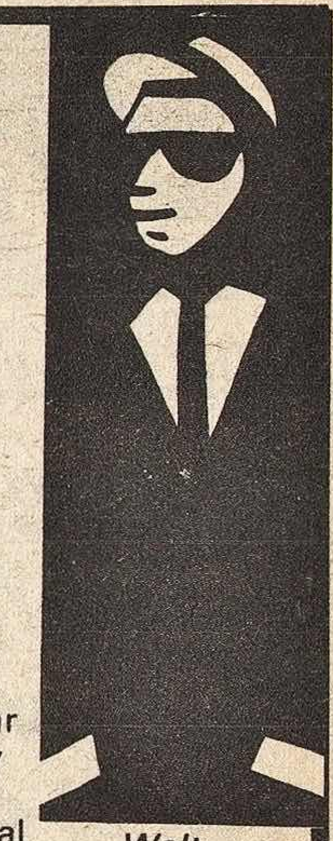
Certainly the last few years have seen the growth of a musical nationalism. Although obviously still influenced by what's happening overseas, the best bands are using different facets of an emerging Oz-style rock.

The only problem at this stage is apathy by the media and many sections of the public, forcing a lot of bands to piss off. And be swallowed up 'over there'.

But stay tuned listeners, those primitive noises from Oz just may begin to sound interesting . . .

GANGSTERS OF SKA

■ *From page 31*



Walt.

curious direction. He would like to see The Specials and their 2-Tonian cronies moving into the muzak market!

A whacky idea it may seem on the surface, but Dammers is not jiving. He'll even go as far as comparing the day he discovered "groovy party records and movie theme music" with the auspicious night two years ago that Lynval Golding brought some old ska records around to his Coventry flat and the whole 2-Tone trip suddenly clicked into place in his head. He waxes enthusiastic on the potential of muzak.

"It's the type of music they play in city rail bars. It's mainly instrumental and it always has an absurd mixture of instruments. I'm not saying that we're going to be doing instrumentals, just that we want to use that source and mix it with ska. A lot of the original ska had a very strong movie-theme influence to it anyway.

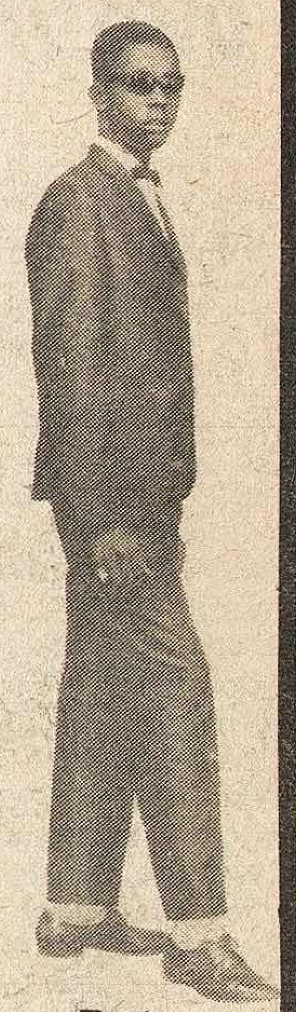
"You could use that type of music against a very heavy rhythmic backing. The idea is to use all those different instruments, like going from an accordian to a really fuzzed guitar or something!

"The thing is, a lot of that film music and TV theme music, like all that John Barry stuff, is got by mixing styles. That's the way they get the sound. It's the same idea as 2-Tone!"

Dammers is particularly keen to get hold of one record of the genre — 'A Touch Of Velvet, A Sting Of Brass' by Mood Mosaic. "If anyone's got that record, I want them to get in touch!"

Is this the dawning of a new era?

I doubt if even Walt Jabsco knows the answer to that.



Tosh.

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MERRY XMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Pic: GREG HOULGATE

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WINTER WONDERLAND '79 STYLE

In the meadow we can build a snowman
And we can pretend it's Adolf H.
He'll say, Are you Nazis?
We'll say, No man . . .

. . . Except it seems we've got a couple of berks here who would rather say yes. Monty Smith holds his nose and answers some highly malodorous correspondence.

"Himmel! Is this any job for an Xmas murderer? (Shouldn't that be ex-mass murderer? — Ed.) When that nice Mr Branson said he wanted me to do promo for the new Sid Vicious album, I never dreamed it would come to this! Just goes to show my old pal Benito was right: Never trust a hippie!"

HOW about giving it a miss this year? I really don't feel up to it.
F. Christmas, N. Pole.

Dear 'Promoter', I know this may be an unusual request — after all I *can* write — but please would you consider me as one of your hired thugs at your venue?

I have always admired your bouncers and road crew at many of the concerts you have staged and I think it is a credit to yourself that in these days of half-measures and weak-willed mincing fairies you have taken the time to search for (and offer to pay off the parole board) the services of such gorillas.

I think I would be an ideal hired bootboy and so offer my services. I have watched on numerous occasions beautiful examples of a 'good kicking' being handed out, and have studied these at every available opportunity. Although I understand I would have to go through an extensive training course before I could go round beating the shit out of those damn hairy headbangers, and later after I became fully qualified, laying into those 'poor helpless fans', as the music papers call them, that ask damn silly questions such as "Where's the bogs, John?", "Is the bar open?" or even "Could you please leave him alone/stop hitting him/stop performing open-heart surgery?"

I think you would find me, an ex-middleweight boxer and a member of the Tyne & Wear Police Force (retired pending an inquiry), a valuable asset to your staff, especially in the light of recent events where I have seen some of those bleedin' mincing queers who help those bloody freaks to find their seats and who, God forbid, don't even get in the papers for taking nubiles behind the trucks and screwing the arse off them.

Enclosed you will find my qualifications; mentally unstable certificate, CSE Grade 4 Woodwork, a photo of dad, auntie Elsie and me meeting Stanley Baldwin in Wales on holiday, and my football hooligan's licence.

Looking forward to hearing from you.
The Lone Surveyor, Cleveland.

In a recent issue (December 8) you had an article on a swastika motif. This article was full of shit. You say six million people were killed in Nazi concentration camps. So what! The Russians (Lefties, Commies) killed 10 million of their own people along with millions of innocent German women, children and babies when they invaded Germany. The Russians killed just as many or even more Jews than the Nazis ever did. Just because they didn't lose the war doesn't mean they and you can cover this atrocity up. The Russians didn't stick their Jews in camps to die, they put them in uniform and sent them to fight without arms. Evidence of this is in several books written by Sven Hassel.

No one ever mentions the Russian atrocities which were committed such as burning Jews, Poles and Germans alive, crucifying people to doors, trees etc., or throwing German babies up into the air and catching them on the points of their bayonets. *(Difficult, that — Ed).*

Just leave the Nazis alone, it's the Russians who you should be against. The Russians haven't paid for their crimes, the Nazis have.
Jan, Grimsby.
Look, I know it's Christmas but patience is still at a premium. The only reason we've printed your garbage (Sven Hassel *is* the 20th Century's literary genius, isn't he?) is to point out to our readers that some amongst them are inconceivably cretinous. I don't know why you read NME, Jan, I really don't. — M.S.

How can Danny Baker claim that his article on swastikas was a record review? It was a load of crap. I know what John Lydon meant when he said about journalists being "so full of their own ego trips that they don't actually write about the record anymore." *NME's* readers buy the magazine for record news and articles, not to be lectured by a dildo like D.B. on a Nazi sign which has nothing to do with the record he was reviewing. Why ram that down our throats when we want to know what's on the record?

We don't expect to be lectured like schoolkids.
Annoyed Bastard, Cambridge.

When reading your 'review' of the album 'Sid Sings' I began to question the role of your paper. This article with its paragraph devoted to a discussion of the swastika could easily have come from a Tory 'National Front Bashing' leaflet. You must be very narrow minded if you think you can write such biased crap under the heading 'album reviews.' I do feel that you could keep your personal views as far as possible to your pig-arrogant selves. You don't even mention the content of the record, but use it as a pedestal for your well-known but little thought of views. Surely you realise that people will buy the record whether some jerk in a pokey office likes it or not? The likes of Danny Baker who admits to writing the article makes me sick — from now on I will be buying a *music* paper like *Sounds* where I know I can get an honest opinion of records.

Why not play safe and start reviewing Blondie LPs again and keep away from the raw punk?
A slightly annoyed reader, Ian Harvey, Plymouth.
***Sounds* are entirely welcome to the likes of you, mate. Jesus, I don't know where all you pricks are crawling from. Cambridge's Annoyed Bastard can join you. And if our more sensible readers are wondering why we're printing this ill-informed tripe, it's because it's, pathetically, representative of a large amount of this week's intake. — M.S.**

I wrote a letter about the moronic Chas Smash of Madness and his puerile acquiescence to the shithead racist views of his fans a couple of weeks ago but I didn't post it. But I've just read the two letters written by snivelling apologists of Adolf Schiklegruber *(Gasbag* 8.12.79) and I'm incensed.

The refusal to take a political stance is in itself a political stance because it makes it appear that you agree with the status quo (which at Madness gigs, apparently, means being a member of the Fourth Reich). As a fan of Madness' music I sincerely hope they don't respect their Nazi followers. The membership of the NF or BM are the cretinous arse-licking equivalents of being a prefect at school — boring elitists without a mind of their own.
Rudolph Hess, Spandau Social Club

The geezer in Madness who was spouting off in your rag about right wing tolerance should bear in mind Fuehrer John Tyndall's recent tirade against white youth — ". . . it's no use rejecting the black man if we don't reject the black man's culture." He is distressed to see "fine young white people . . . gyrating around a dance floor more like performing monkeys at a circus . . . we have to imbue into our young people a sense of grandeur . . . and a total rejection of everything represented by the world's nigger art and nigger culture."

There is a simple conclusion. NF=no ska, no dancing, no good music, above all no Madness. Leave it out mate.
Saturday (Downstairs Bar) Ska Boys, Coventry.

Dear Danny and Charles, thanks for re-asserting *NME*'s and your anti-NF views — it was like a tonic for me. I thought *NME/Snouds* was concentrating too heavily on violence at gigs and the tufty club members who were disrupting them. These attitudes should be printed far more often for recently we have all allowed the problem to get out of hand and consequently arrived at the present situation. Your stance has been a great re-assurance to me and I look forward to follow up statements on the evils of the Nazis and the NF. It's time we came out of the dark and put these dangerous problems away for good.

Doubtless now I'll be accused of approving the 'leftist' indoctrination of the youthful hordes of Britain. But people must wait, is it not through choice that they read this rag?

There are good words to be said for *NME,* and I'm sure the standards of you paper will rise.
Robert Johnson, Bodmin, Cornwall.
So there are some 'good' people out there, after all. Let's just make this plain once and for all: any of you scum who support racist views — be they Tyndall's, Webster's or any other crazy politician's (they know who they are) — are not welcome around here. Merry Christmas — M.S.

The 8.12.79 issue of *NME* really exposed your hypocrisy. There was an article in *Thrills* expressing disgust at Virgin Records' use of the swastika. Also in the same issue there was a review of the Sid Vicious 'Sid Sings' LP, which again heavily criticises the useage of the swastika symbol.

Yet one looks at the *NME* mail order section and there is an advert by 'Individual Trading Co.' offering swastika flags and German battle flags to *NME* readers. On the one hand you can heavily criticise the commercial use of, and people making money out of, the swastika symbol, yet your paper then prints adverts which openly sell merchandise with swastikas etc. on it, which probably is at a very profitable price. Your paper has also probably made some profit out of the printing of the actual advert.

Are you planning in future to print adverts that sell *Mein Kampf* or *Did Six Million Really Die?*
Mark, Leicester.
Sussed. What can we say, Mark? That ad has been withdrawn. We have enough trouble getting out the paper without overseeing the (entirely separate) ad dept. They'd neglected to spot that particular piece of trash. And they feel sick as parrots etc. — M.S.

Yeah, ain't all this Nazism sick. Gonna publish any more Emerson, Lake and Hitler cartoons from the direction of Manchester?
Father John, Cynical Somerset Front
If you fail to see that Lowry is mercilessly ridiculing the most evil twat of the 20th Century then you shouldn't be reading this paper either. — M.S.

I have just finished reading *NME* 7.12.79 and I've seen how you stick up for a good cause. Please stick up for mine: Heather, I love you, take me back.

Keep your fingers crossed.
Tom, N. Ireland

You and your views on the anti-nuclear campaign are boring the arse off me. For Christ's sake, just leave it all to the Americans, like Jane Fonda and Bruce Springsteen. Don't you understand? Yanks are wankers, *they* don't realise the potential of nuclear power and all that radiation. Believe me, it's great. Okay, so some people may die. Should rock be banned cos some Yanks die at a Who gig? *No.* If people die because of nuclear power, it is for the *love of mankind.* (You see, I love mankind).

Ever since the age of 10 I have benefited greatly from radiation. Because at the age of 10 I was on a school trip to a nuclear power station. I fell into the reactor! Not to worry, they picked me out, dried me and put me back on the bus.

And now I am a new person. I lead a much fuller life. No longer am I *just* the insignificant man in the crowd, people take notice of me, and are concerned about me. I feel so complete, so happy, as the 'conversation piece'. This is life.

If you ever get the chance, don't miss it.
Ray Gamma, The Radiation Mutation, Bedford.

Evolution has brought us a new life form, a mutation called simply 'Hippimodipus'. This strange creature is an old hippy turned mod turned poseur. It can be found in most places and is thought to be quite tame. A must for *World About Us.*
Adiarm, Tor-B, Scotland

Is Randy Newman going to do a regular pools forecast? If so could he tell me when we're next going to win away from home?
Brian Clough, Nottingham
Sorry, Bri, but Randy doesn't see Forest qualifying even for the UEFA Cup. — M.S.

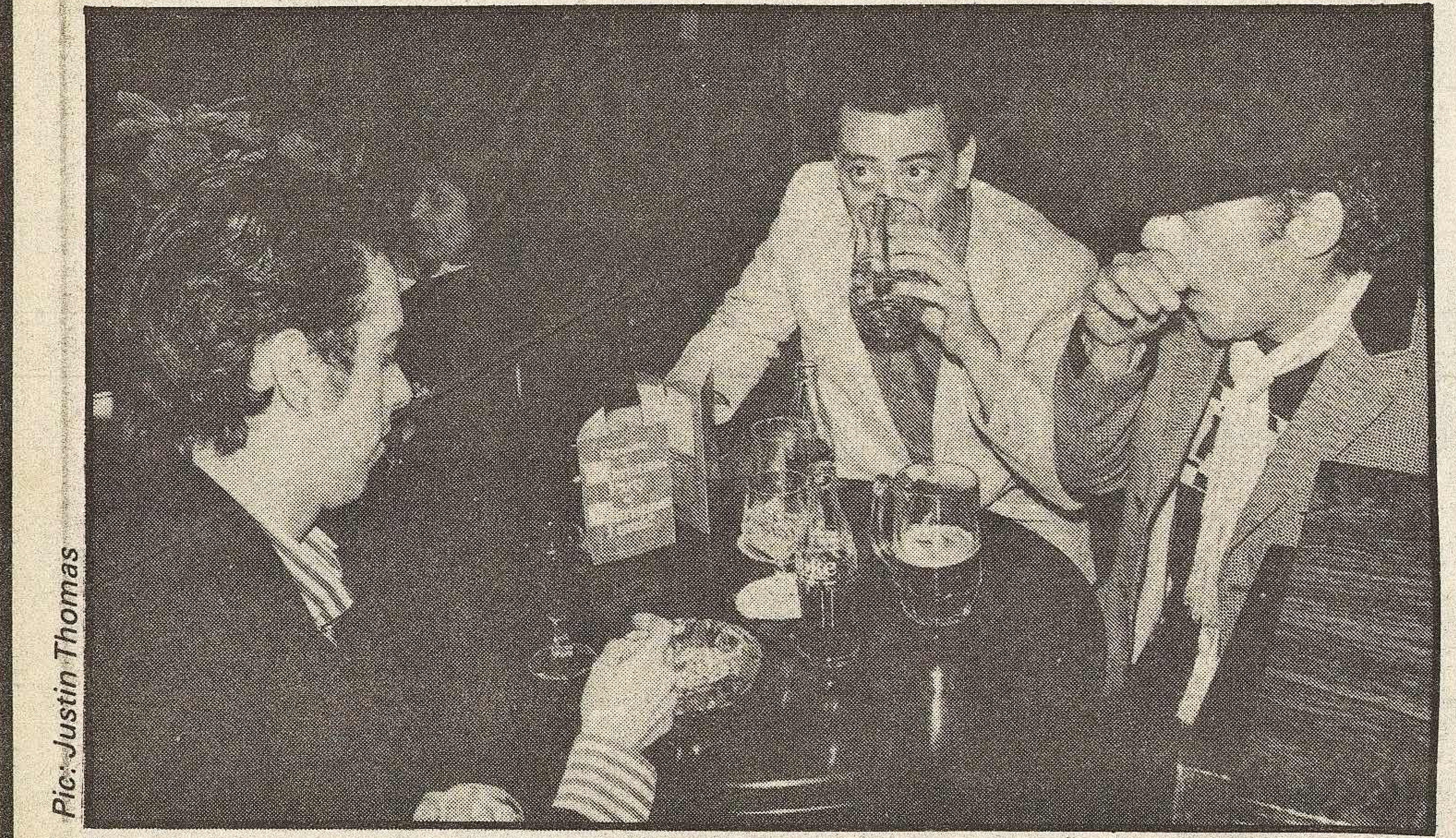
Did you know that astrologer Roger Elliot has predicted that the following events will occur in the '80s? HRH Prince Charles will get married, nuclear war will break out and soccer commentator Brian Moore will move on to a better job. Not a word about the next big thing on the rock scene!
Zoot Horn Polo, Blackheath, London SE13.
My God, no! *The Big Match* will never be the same. — M.S.

After reading your paper (the letters page in particular), I decided to write a letter. Here it is.
Mykul, Brighton
P.S. This *is* the third draft.

Is it realy tru tha you have temps in to edit letrs? I'm sory, bt I jst cn't belve yo wld do suc a thng to yur redrs.
And Kent, Bracknel, Brks

Woke up this morning / Don't believe what I saw / Hundred million Santas / Coming through my door. ('Message In A Grotto')
A. Prol

T-ZERS GETS CUT *(the libellous bits, anyway . . .)*



Pic: Justin Thomas

Three halftime suppers in the break of the Albertos' recently premiered classic 'Never Mind The Bullocks': Ian Dury, in hat, scotches those rumours that he no longer exists, and can be seen alongside Blockhead Norman 'There aren't many rock'n'rolling Indians called Norman' Watt-Roy, who is having difficulty extricating a mug from his lower jaw. Opposite this worthy duo is one Mick Jones of The Clash. Mick sports a new addition to his make-up — that all-important second chin.

Pic: Richard Young

Meanwhile, at some other free booze-up, Freddie Mercury goes one better than Mick by previewing his just-flown-in-from-Paris working-man's beer belly. The belly can be worn under any tight-fitting garment and is especially disgusting with 'spray-on' jeans as perfectly demonstrated here. Also in shot are Ms Gertrude Shilling the well-known self-publicist and Brian May.

POP! Zip! Sproing! **Douglas Bader!** . . . Douglas Bader??? The *T-Zers* were running riot, fuelled on a lethal mixture of Tip-Ex, carpet cleaner and fisherman's friend. They were legless, didn't have a leg to stand on, couldn't put one foot in front of t'other. But then neither could Douglas Bader. **Rolling Stones** guitarist **Keith Richards** knows this and isn't bothered at all. Old Doug, the WW2 fighter ace, is Keef's hero and, as you may have read, plans to write a proper book explaining why. Richards has said he'll write every word himself but he isn't getting any joy out of Bader, who refuses to cooperate with the waxy white one. "Absolutely not. My biography has already been written. And *who* is this Keith Richards? He's one of those **Beatles,** isn't he?" Good show Dougie, we fully understand your banter . . .

Pooh! **Ted Nugent** turned up for a **Ronnie Montrose** concert in Detroit recently smelling rather the worse for wear. Explained the ungroomed Nuge: "It takes someone good to get me out for a concert in the deer season" . . .

It's not true but it's a great story dept. **John Cooper Clarke** has lost or broken so many pairs of specs over the past year that he wants to find a surgeon who'll graft a permanent pair onto his ears. A Swiss medic has quoted JCC a nine thousand dollars fee, but a British doc reckons that the operation is too dodgy because Clarke's ears might reject the graft. Contact lenses? Nope — Johnny says the idea of putting 'em in makes him sick. Should get a couple of good songs out of the experience though . . .

And in the same week that **PiL's** 'Metal Box' set was released on Island in America, the popular combo **Chelsea** were being run out of Newcastle-on-Tyne posse-style by the local law after their City Hall concert was curtailed due to some upfront seat smashing. **Gene October** dialled this office to explain that the situation was beyond his control although the fuzz tried to provoke them into retaliation by threatening charges of inciting a riot . . .

Clash obscurantists might be interested to learn that the 'Wrong 'Em Boyo' track on the new double was originally recorded by rock-steady outfit **The Rulers** . . .

Polite boy **Taj Mahal** has just completed a genuine Heart of Darkness tour of the African continent taking in such exotic locations as Abidjau on the Ivory Coast and Ouagadougou on the Upper Volta. The results of this extravaganza can be seen in London's Venue this week when the fab T.M. returns to cooler shores . . .

Pic: Kate Simon

However, in New York there's not an ounce of flab (not on the outside anyhow). In our photo a whole bunch of meaningful people stand about being chronically whacky and off-beat on something called Glenn O'Brien's TV Party. How we laughed. You may also notice one Deborah Harry in the sun-glasses and bowler hat. But that's made your Christmas, huh, guys?

A more worthwhile cause. **Bette Midler** follows up her triumphant performance in *The Rose* (Broadway, Oscars, kudos) with a book about — you guessed it — herself. The title is *A View From A Broad* . . .

But life ain't all a bed of roses for **Stevie Wonder.** 'Secret Life of Plants' is bombing with the fans and the triumphant homecoming gig at Cobo Hall, Detroit (Steveland's birthplace) is far from sold out . . .

Our lads **Sham 69** had no such difficulty packing out the Hurrah's club in NYC. Visitors were heard talking about the gig in hushed, reverential terms, 'future of rock and roll', etc and there were lots of front-stage fights for added verisimilitude . . .

But for those of you who like to seek out fertile pleasures somewhat closer to home, all-girl seven-piece band **The Body Snatchers** are worth seeing again and again . . .

Of course schoolgirls are not what they were. Three members of Yeovil College had a song and dance routine from their 'Starman' school panto all ready to perform on *Blue Peter* as part of the programme's relief appeal but were cut in full flight when a Beeb bod tuned in his hearing-aid and caught the refrain *"We're gonna live for our libido, satisfy our needs, always be seductive in thoughts, words and deeds".* Spoilsports . . .

Chris Spedding, 35, may be joining **The Necessaries** in NYC to bridge the gap left by the departure of heart-throb axe-man **Randy Gunn.** Spedding, never noted for his sharp line in wit, has a new song he wants The Necessaries to play called 'Musical Express', a piss-take at rock journalism. Why not reform **The Wombles** instead and give us all a laugh? . . .

Richard 'Bouncing' **Hell** has called it quits for his **Void-Oids** and will further his interest in films, acting and all the other things that rock folk believe they're so good at . . .

Why don't CBS release **Roky Erickson's** latest lunacy? Even as we speak tapes of 'I Walked With A Zombie', 'Cold Night For Alligator' and 'Stand For The Fire Demon' are rusting away in Soho Square . . .

Elton John's over-zealous manager **John Reid** has been ordered to spend three months working with the San Francisco Japanese Community Youth Council rather than stand trial on assault charges. Reid suffered delusions of grandeur when he beat a doorman at swank Fairmont Hotel with his cane . . .

Quite so. An East German newspaper has levelled charges against **The Village People** for their 'In The Navy' ditty, claiming it's "an example of musicians seeking to direct attention to the right wing political power groups in an attempt to amass consciousness in favour of capitalistic powers". Phew, and there we were, thinking it was just some dumb pop song . . .

Under controversial circumstances the volatile **Tapper Zukie** toasted himself out of his deal with Virgin's Front Line recently. Mr Zukie, **Judy's** bro', has had a bunch of numerous unos on the Brit reggae charts and is currently out buttering up new deals . . .

Bruce Springsteen wasn't amused to find that some of the gigs he'd been recording for a live LP were in the possession of bootleggers and that his new studio magnum opus had also disappeared out the back door, only to turn up pressed and packaged for sale at his gigs. **Roy Carr** was in England at the time, yer honour . . .

Keyboards tinkler **Allen** 'Dutch' **Lanier** of **BOC** frame has expunged the memory of **Patti** 'Do you wanna be sick' **Smith** by tying his knot with model **Dory Hamilton** . . .

David Bowie will break his vow of silence early in the New Year when he appears on *Saturday Night Live* . . . And his old pal **Lou Reed** plays a record producer in **Paul Simon's** up coming rock documentary flick. **B-52s** also feature . . .

Some people can't take a joke. When, during a recent charity concert at Royal Albert Hall in the presence of **HRH Princess Margaret, Dusty Springfield** acknowledged that "with deference to your Royal Highness, I'm delighted to see that royalty in the audience is not confined to the royal box", the large section of the audience whom this was directed rose to roar their approval. Not so Yvonne, she upped and left for the bar and didn't return until Dusty's last number. The following day a letter arrived from an aide demanding an official written apology. This was sent and accepted on Yvonne's behalf by a minion . . .

The abominable **Queen** combo threw a crazy hat party to celebrate selling out the Lyceum last week. European dignitaries presented them with all manner of dreadfully common gold discs. After hours the band and friends cavorted before a drag act and sundry strippers. In attendance were **Mrs Gertrude Shilling, Susan George, Chris Reeve** (who?), a **Midge Ure, Phil Lynott** and **Paula Yates. Bob Geldof** is in America . . .

Blighted by ill-fortune yet again, **Darts** were recently held up at the German border when Munich rozzers decided that **George Curry** was a terrorist . . .

"I'm still a bit of a mod," says world's loudest ex-receptionist **Gary Crowley,** whose reported rejection of the movement last week caused the whole thing to virtually fall apart until a frantic series of phone calls confirmed that he had in fact made no such rejection, and it was all just malicious slander on the part of a *T-Zers* spy who is right now being chained to a chair where he will be forced to listen to *both sides* of the Bridge House album. Nor did Gary ever have the slightest doubt about **The Jam's** position as the most wonderful group in the entire history of the universe. "I love The Jam," he pleaded. "I wouldn't ever say anything bad about them, But you printed that and now none of me mates will talk to me!" Accept our apologies, Gal. But are you *sure* that's why your friends won't talk to you . . . ?

Stop press: front runner for the *T-Zers* Award for Most Sensitive Press Office Of '79 has to be Polydor, on account of their newly announced Rock Press Awards, which — shucks — little ol' *NME* appears to have mopped up in virtually all top categories. So a smattering of applause, please, to **Danny Baker** (Personality Of The Year), **Tony Stewart** (Layout Artist), **Pennie Smith** (Photographer), **Derek Johnson** (News Editor), **Angus MacKinnon** (Most Persuasive Person), **Kathy Kelly** (Personal Assistant), and heading the vote for Most Disorganised Person, uh, the all too inevitable **Nick Kent.** Right, that's it. Back to work, slaves . . .

Well now the '60s are finally over, it's time to revive the '80s. And **Ayatollah Khomeini,** this is your starter for ten, nine, eight, seven, six ...

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley

Designer
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Steve Clarke
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Mark Ellen
Paul Du Noyer
Deanne Pearson

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
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(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

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Editorial Consultant Andy Gray
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MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

1	(1)	Madness 'Two Tone'	20p
2	(2)	Police 'A&M'	20p
3	(7)	The Jam 'Union Jack'	20p
4	(6)	The Specials 'AKA'	20p
5	(9)	Eton Rifles	20p
6	(4)	The Jam Tubestation	20p
7	(5)	Setting Sons	20p
8	(8)	All Mod Cons	20p
9	(3)	The Selecter	20p
10	(10)	The Jam B/W	20p

20p. Buzzcocks Green/Red (not green/blue), Poison Girls, Lora Logic, Dangerous Girls, We are all Prostitutes, Everyone has their Price, On my Radio, The Beat, Madness Big M, Ants Whitesox, Hybrid Kids, Pop Aural, The 80's, Brian Saves, Animal Lib Otter, Badger, Kangaroo, Elephant, U.K. Decoy, Wire 154, Mike Malignant & the Parasites, English Subtitles, A Certain Ratio, Dodgems, Iggy Pop Solder, Spizz Capt Kirk, London PX, Purple Hearts, The Cure.
25p. Mother Gong, King Sounds, Black Slate, Killing Joke.

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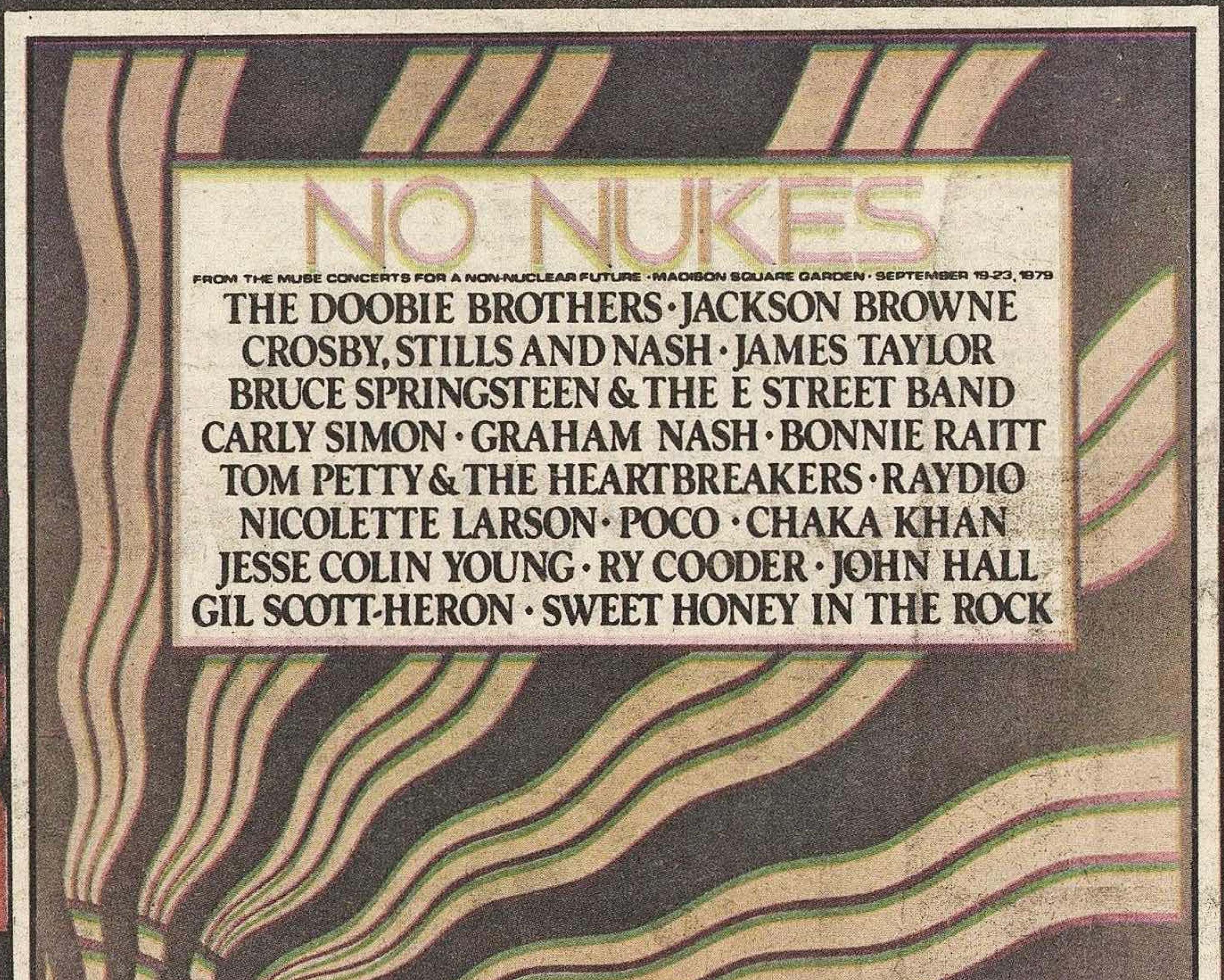

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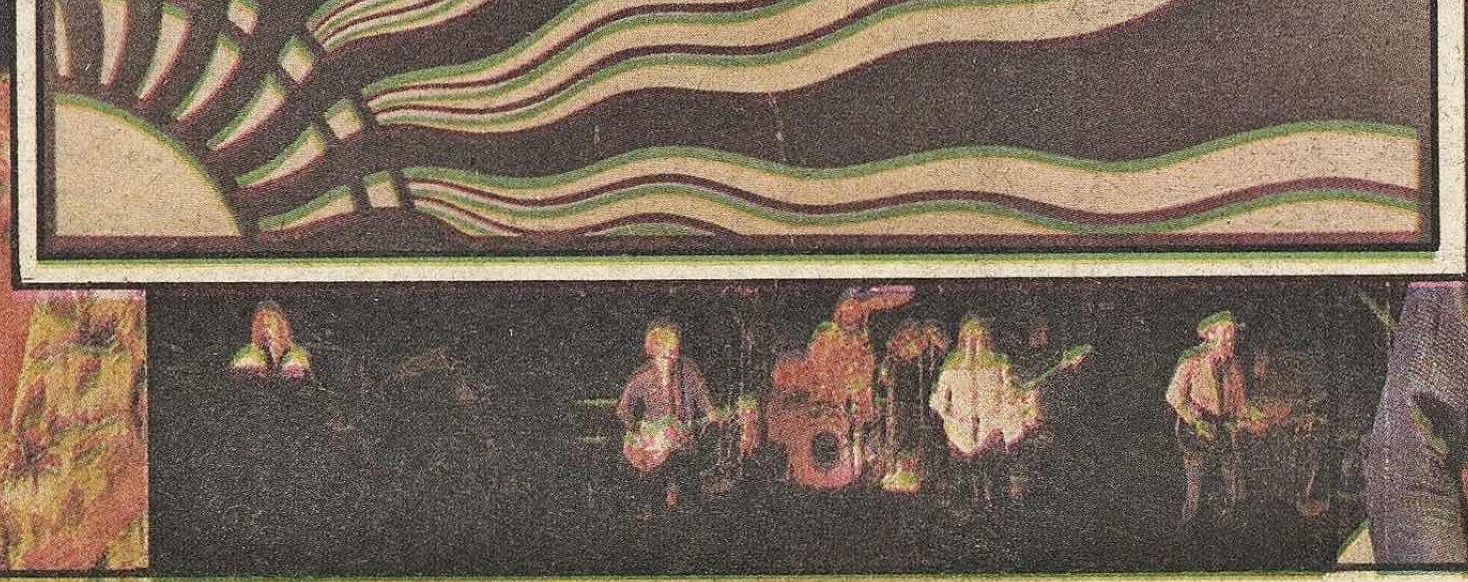
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